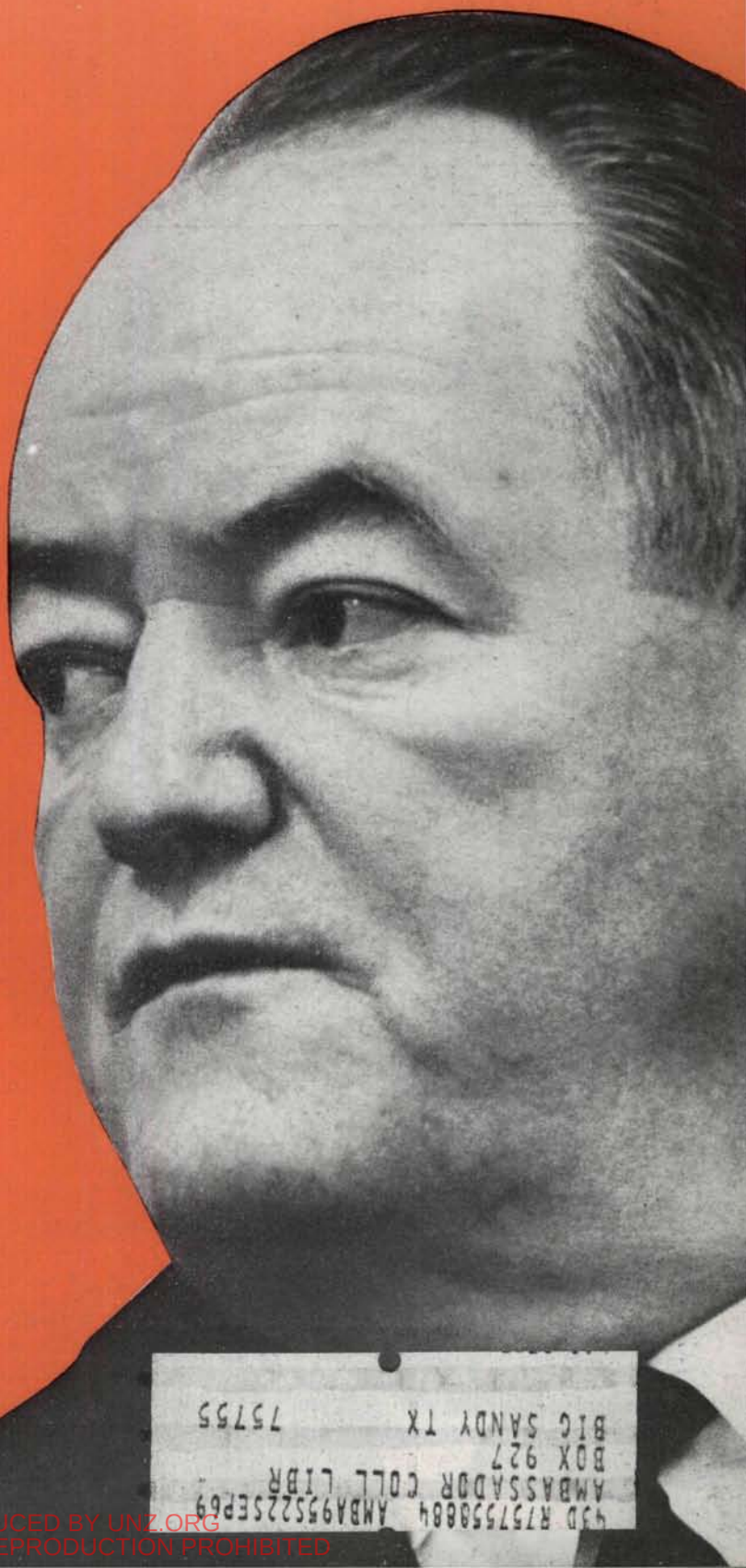
Saturday Review

October 12, 1968 35¢

This Process of Growth and Freedom...

An in-depth interview with Hubert Humphrey



The American Indian

A portrait in limbo

By Peter Farb

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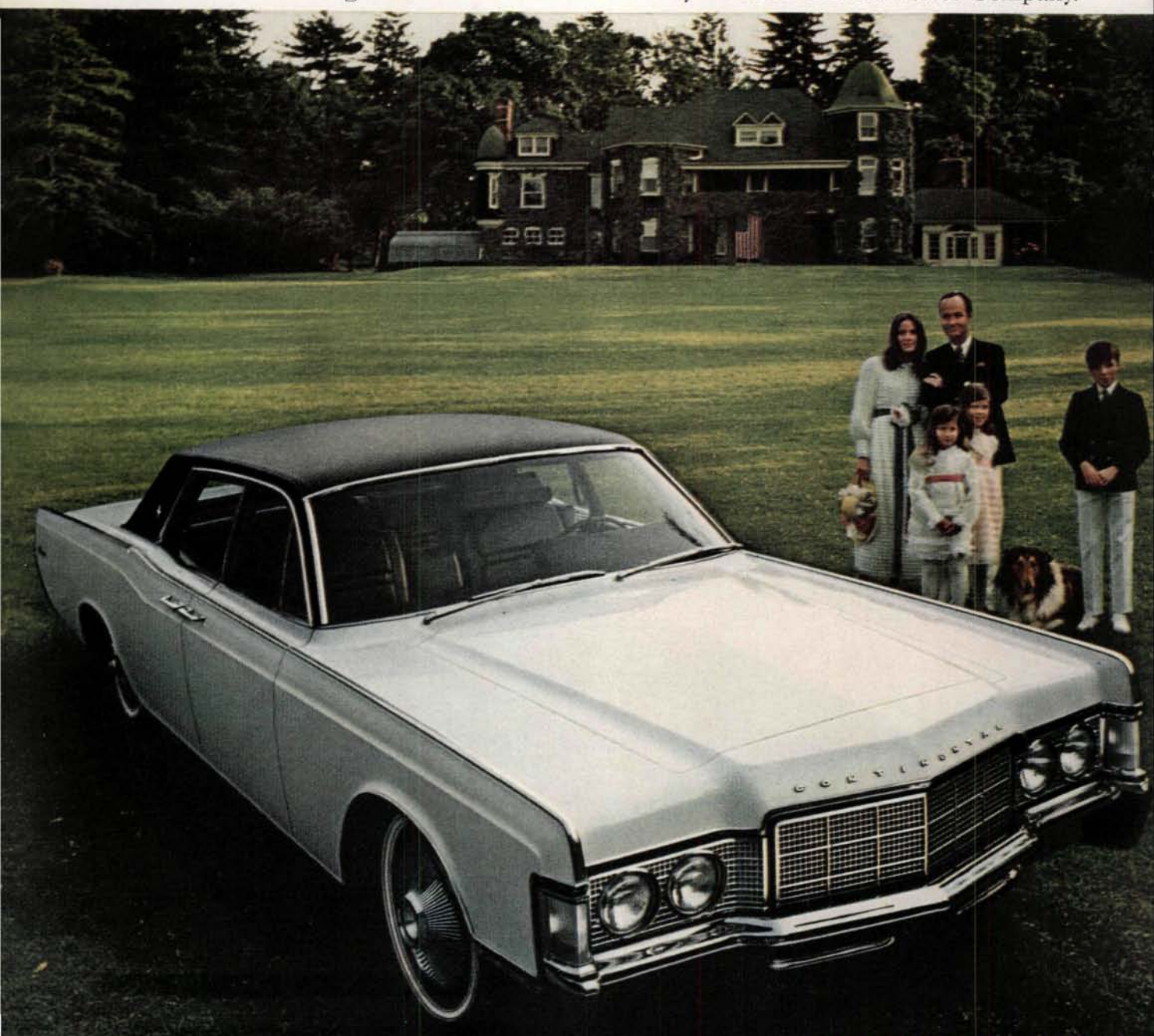

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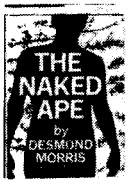
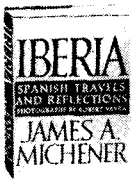


387. THE NAKED APE *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Ret. price $5.95)

408. COUPLES *by* JOHN UPDIKE (Ret. price $6.95)



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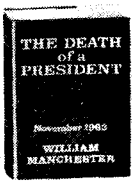

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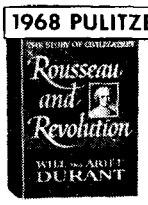
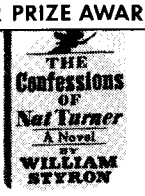


381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by the* DURANTS (Retail price $15)



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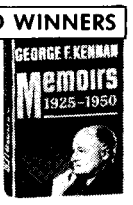

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168. OR I'LL DRESS YOU IN MOURNING *by* COLLINS *and* LAPIERRE. Photos (Ret. price $6.95)

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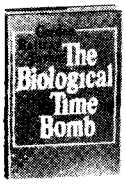

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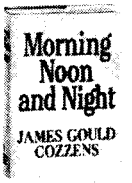

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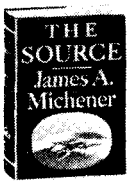

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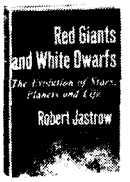

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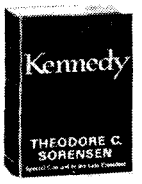

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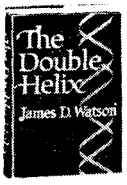

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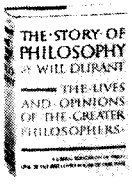

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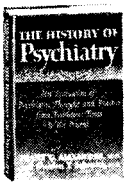

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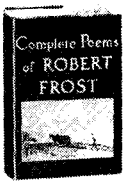

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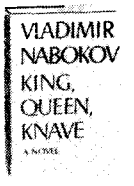

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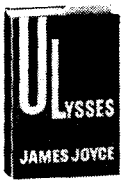

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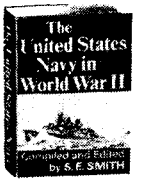

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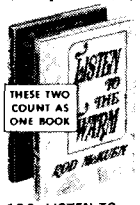

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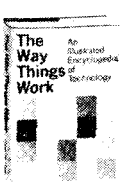

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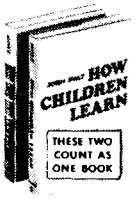

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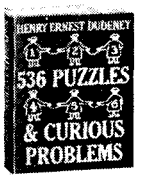

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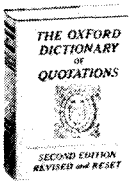

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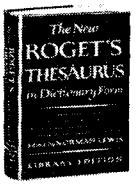

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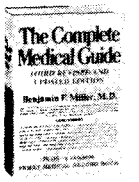

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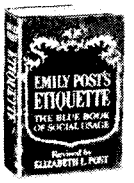

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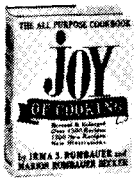

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The American Indian: A Portrait in Limbo, by Peter Farb
Are there solutions at hand for the nation's forgotten minority?

***U Thant and the U.S.*: An Editorial**

Heading Off the Postal Disaster, by Richard L. Tobin

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Press Under Assault:
From Chicago to Czechoslovakia, the news media face a mood unprecedented in virulence.

1. View from the U.S., by M. L. Stein

2. View from Europe, by John Tebbel

CATV: The Big Growth Industry in Broadcasting, by Stuart W. Little
Cable television is on the way to becoming the next decade's billion-dollar business.

Newspaper-Broadcasting Monopolies: The Problem of Combinations, by Walter B. Kerr
The Justice Department strikes at the exposed nerve of the communications industry.

Books in Communications
Krock and the Presidents.

Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks

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Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin

Top of My Head: Goodman Ace

Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.

***SR* Recommends**

Letters to the Editor

Literary Crypt

Literary I.Q.

The Theater: Henry Hewes
Robert Shaw's "The Man in the Glass Booth."

***SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert**
"The Charge of the Light Brigade"; "Funny Girl"; New York Film Festival.

TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
"Certain Honorable Men"—spotlight on Congressional ethics.

Booked for Travel: David Butwin
This Is Dixie? Huntsville, Alabama —home of hushpuppy and hush-hush.

World of Dance: Walter Terry
Joffrey Ballet's "A Light Fantastic" —courtly frolic.

As Others See Us: Nicholas G. Balint

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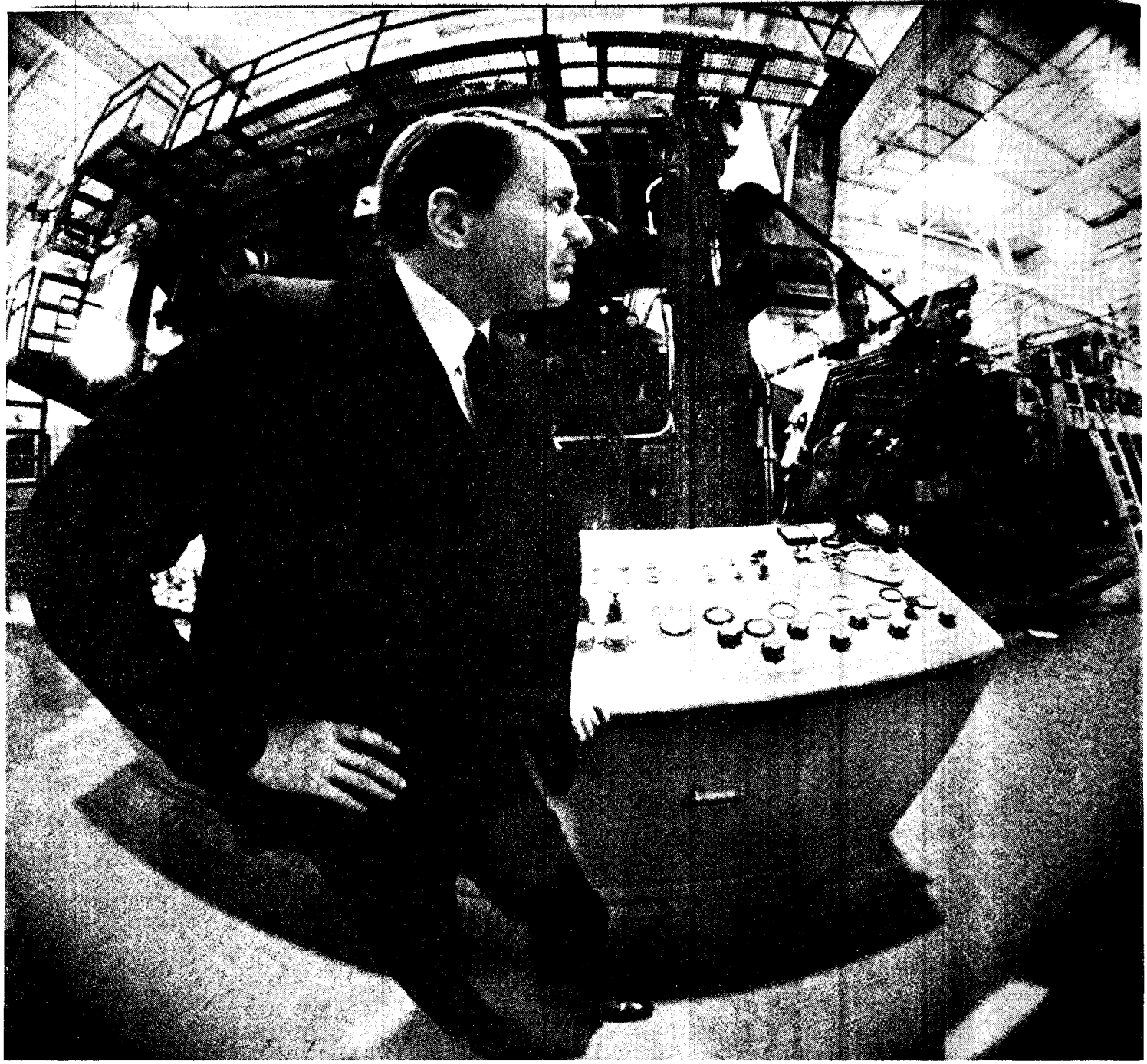

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Hlp

ONE MUST be an authority on *some*thing these days. Having recently emerged, bloodied, bowed, and more than a bit scathed from a long session of job-hunting, I am now an authority on HELP-WANTED ads. Do you know, for instance, what WPMs are, or is? If you are a whiz at typing, you can do 110 WPMS. If you're like me, you can do fifteen WPMS —on good days, perhaps eighteen.

That should read female want ads. I am no authority on what goes on in the male sections, but I do know that there's an Oppty for some male who isn't an authority on anything. True, it isn't a Tremen Oppty nor is it an Oppty for Growth—at least I cannot see a Gd Future in it. Just a modest Oppty, that's all it is.

There's practically no Oppty for a Mature Woman, which is what I am, and none whatsoever for a Mature Woman with only fifteen WPMS. Occasionally, there is an ad for a Woman Fri, and once in a while there's one for a Woman with Abil hndle peple. Mostly, though, it's Gal Fris who are wanted, and it is preferable if the person with Abil is yg. Yg people just graduated from high school with ten years of bis exp are in great demand. So are keypunch opers. According to the ads, keypunching is a fun-thing and an in-thing to do.

If a female can take shthnd, the Career Oppty is unlimited, or, as a certain telephone company puts it, "The Sky's The Limit." If she's also Alert! and Intell, there's simply no limit, not even the sky. She can work in plush front offices, midst busy yg executives and enj heavy public contact.

There were many jobs I didn't get just because I didn't have "a passion for details." Some ads ask if "you are good with figs," while others wonder if you have "a flair for accuracy." Still others don't care about those aspects. All they want is a "personable" person, "neat-appearing," and with a "friendly smile."

Lucky is she who wants only a temp job. She can choose her own hours, work when she wishes, not work when she doesn't so wish, and can decide whether she'd rather work in, or at, a Gd Loc or an Ideal Loc. She will always find cong people, but it's doubtful if she'll receive frnge benefits.

The permanent worker is promised frnge benefits that range from Gd to Excell. The social Opptys for the permanent worker are Gd too. There are "parties galore" attended by a "swingin' group" or a "swingin' bunch" of fellow employees and maybe a few of those busy yg executives as well.

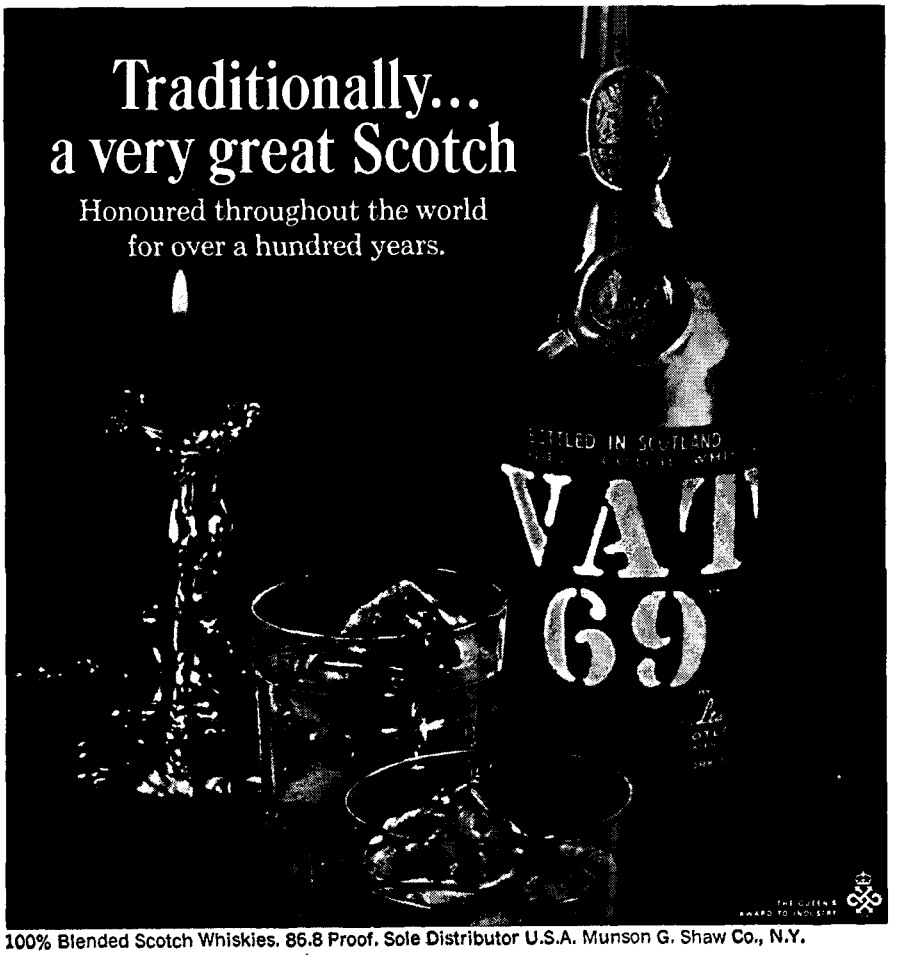
Naturally, if you have exp in anything you are better off than if you have no exp. This is particularly true in the case of waitresses. Absolutely no one will have anything to do with an inexp waitress. On the other hand, some ads want people with no exp. These wl train. On the third hand, there are cases where no exp is nec but some exp is preferred.

If you want to work in a busy, bustling front office, there are two essentials. Firstly, that friendly smile, and secondly, you must be wl groomed. Presumably, the slack back offices are for poorly groomed workers with unfriendly smiles, or perhaps with no smiles at all. The action, obviously, is in the front offices, all of which are busy, bustling, and, above all, plush.

Thousands of openings exist at all times for assts. Asst secys, asst editors, editorial assts, asst clrks, and asst file clrks are needed, wanted, and will be wl paid.

Of all the enviable, exciting jobs I saw advertised, the most enviable (and least scrutable) was one for a beautician. "Short hours," it said, "no shampooing, no tension."

—ANN WARREN GRIFFITH.



100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

Area Era

THIS IS the Recreation Area Era. Nobody talks much about it because Area Era is so hard to say. Nonetheless, the country now has lots of places called "Recreation Area" which used to be called "Swamp" and "Field" and "Weeds." Vacation brochures and advertisements describe these places in glowing terms.

As a boy, I spent most of my time messing around various New Jersey recreation areas without knowing it. I never appreciated them because there were no brochures then. Stone tablets were very expensive. Today, these spots would be described as follows:

THE GASHOUSE BROOK

A slow-moving brook flows past a Victorian gashouse on the outskirts of a peaceful town. This nature-lover's paradise hums with wildlife. High weeds line both sides of the brook, allowing

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From Tom Wolfe's exploration of Ken Kesey's drop-out world: "And the cop, all he can see is a bunch of crazies in screaming orange and green costumes, masks, boys and girls, men and women, twelve or fourteen of them, lying in the grass and making hideously crazy sounds — christ almighty, why the hell does he have to contend with . . . So he wheels around and says, "What are you, uh-show people?" © 1968 Tom Wolfe

161. THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST. Tom Wolfe. Publisher's edition $5.95

A hip, flip, fascinating look at Wall Street: "Guys are bearing down on the specialist and he can tell that if he bends over in a reflex from the first chunk of Motorola that hits him in the stomach, they will hit him over the head with the rest. That's not an orderly market. So they blow the whistle. No more trading in Motorola." © 1967 "Adam Smith"

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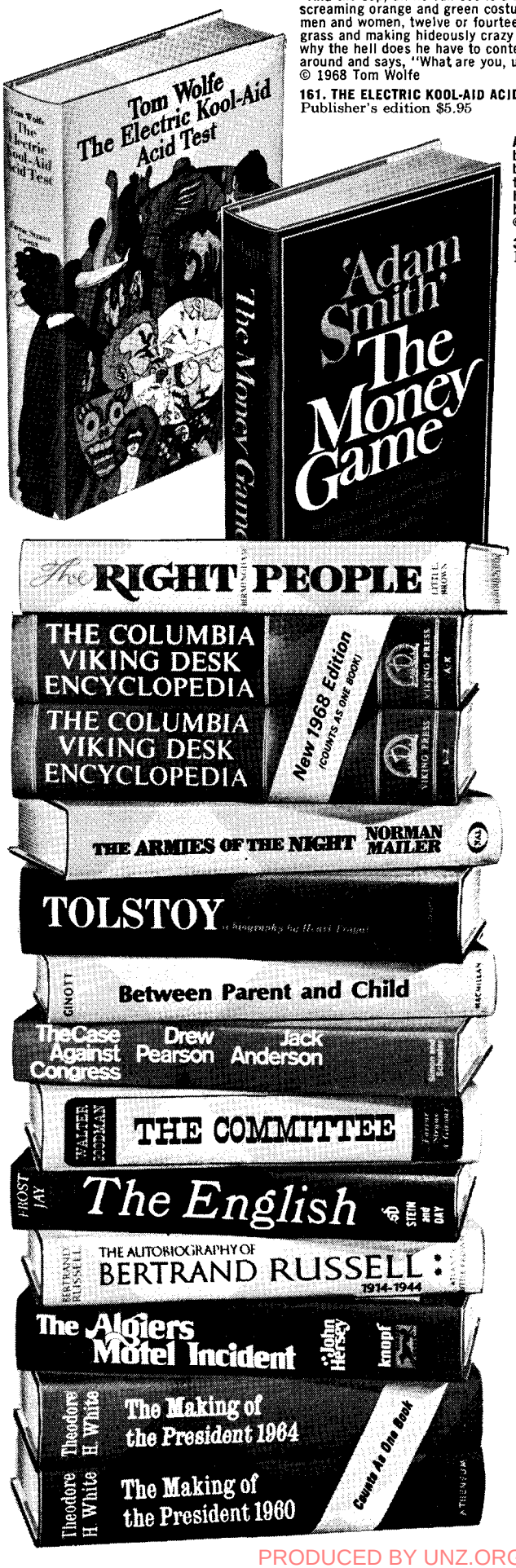
71. BRIEF AGAINST DEATH. Edgar Smith. Pub. edition $5.95



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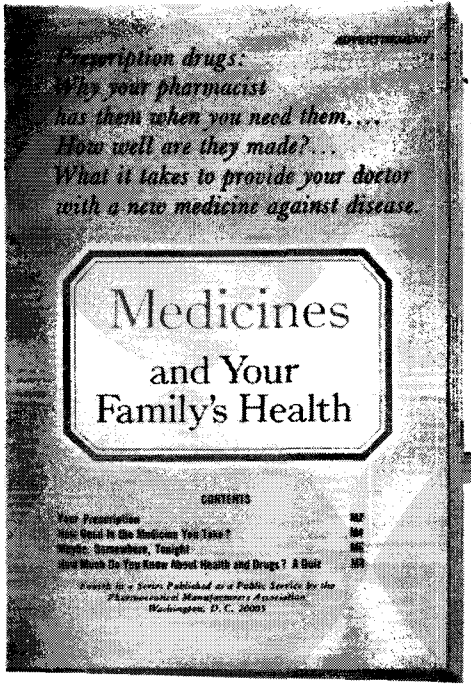
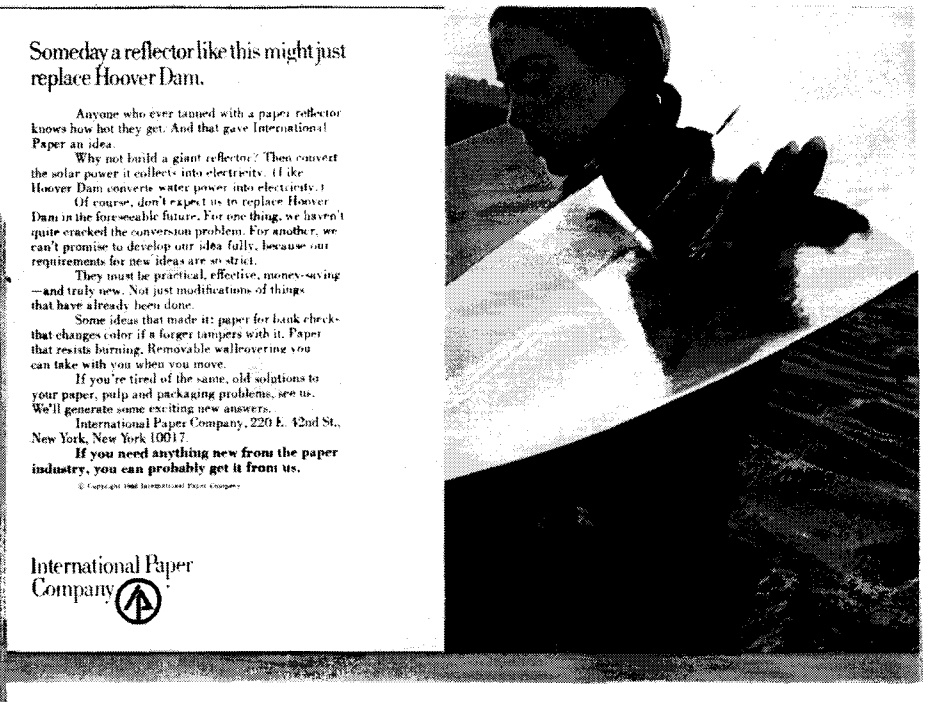

Prescription drugs:
Why your pharmacist has them when you need them...
How well are they made?...
What it takes to provide your doctor with a new medicine against disease.
Medicines and Your Family's Health
CONTENTS

Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association gets high readership from its informative 8-page sections, which appear nationally in The Digest four times a year.


Someday a reflector like this might just replace Hoover Dam.
Anyone who ever tanned with a paper reflector knows how hot they get. And that gave International Paper an idea.
Why not build a giant reflector? Then convert the solar power it collects into electricity. (Like Hoover Dam converts water power into electricity.)
Of course, don't expect us to replace Hoover Dam in the foreseeable future. For one thing, we haven't quite cracked the conversion problem. For another, we can't promise to develop our idea fully, because our requirements for new ideas are so strict.
They must be practical, effective, money-saving—and truly new. Not just modifications of things that have already been done.
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hink pieces like these:

Mary is a highway statistic you don't hear much about.

She's one of the hundreds of people who escaped serious injury in 1967 GM automobiles. Automobiles made safer by our many years of safety research. And they'll continue to be safer, because our research continues to develop new safety features.

The 1968 GM automobiles will again have the outstanding GM-developed energy absorbing steering column as standard equipment. But they've also got several new safety features. Like side marker lights. Parking lamps that operate with your headlights. And seat belts for every passenger position. Features you'll find on every new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Mary is a wonderful reason why we take such pride in our mark of excellence. And why you should look for it on your 1968 car.

The more you look, the more our mark of excellence means.

GM

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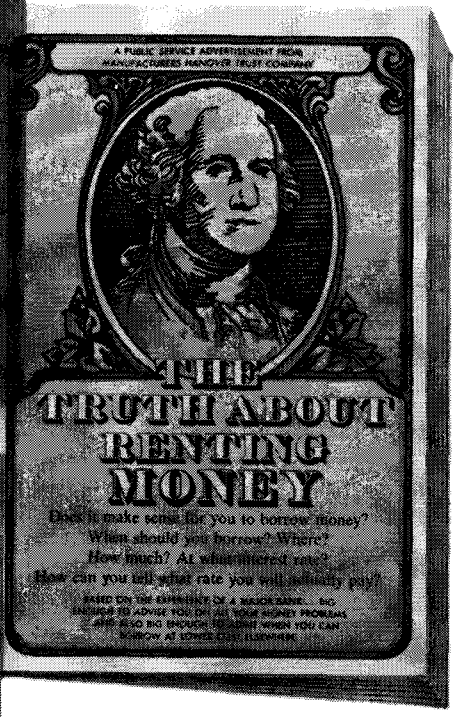
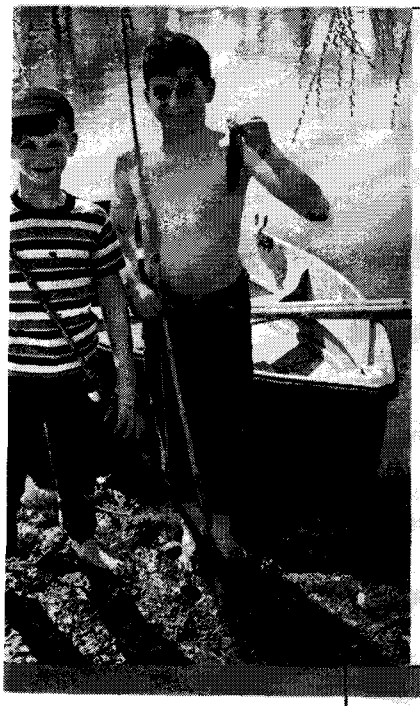
Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company ran this 16-page detachable section in the September New York edition of The Digest.





Last year we saved a lot of fish from drowning. And made a lot of kids happy.

Fish are born swimmers. But they can drown too.

They need oxygen just as we do. When the water they live in becomes polluted, the oxygen is cut off. They're in trouble. And so are we.

No one wants to swim in polluted water. Or drink it. And as for fishing in it, that great American pastime could quickly become the great American waste of time.

So we've been doing something about water pollution.

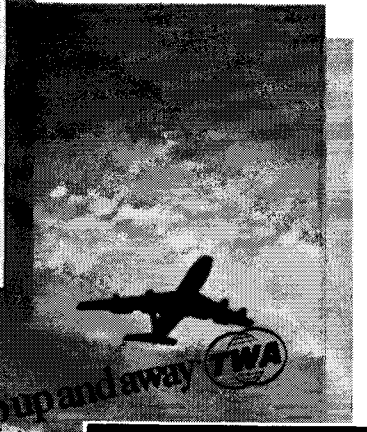
For instance, we spent $2,500,000 for a remarkable water treatment system at our Anacortes plant in the state of Washington. It turns waste water into safe water for fish and other wildlife.

Soap and detergent suds can also pollute the water.

Shell did something about this, too. With a product called AE1000, 25%. It makes detergents lose their sudsability before they reach our rivers and streams.

Fish no longer have to swim in bubble baths. They can breathe a little easier.

Now they have a sporting chance.



In the next twenty pages
if you don't find a plan that makes you want to go to Europe...we'll invent one.

TWA ran this 20-page booklet in The Digest's "Top 10 Markets". It's their biggest investment ever in one magazine at one time.

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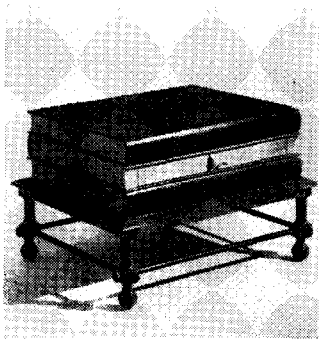

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abingdon press

the keen observer to creep unseen to the very edge of a stagnant pool and watch mosquitoes breeding. No one under eighteen admitted unless accompanied by an adult.

For those who have often asked themselves the perplexing question: "What's the difference between poison ivy and poison oak?" this tranquil spot will supply the answer, right between the fingers of the recreation-seeker. Later, before his eyes puff shut, he will be able to examine on his own body what an ivy rash on top of an oak rash looks like, and vice versa.

Mean depth of brook, one inch. No boating.

The Double Signboard

Located conveniently along a major highway, the double signboard with its ever-changing display of competitive products offers unusual recreation opportunities for those active people, young and old, skilled and unskilled, who like to climb on signboards.

In the center of the V formed by the boards is a towering dead elm. Special recreation facilities include frayed ropes affixed to key climbing points on limbs and board braces.

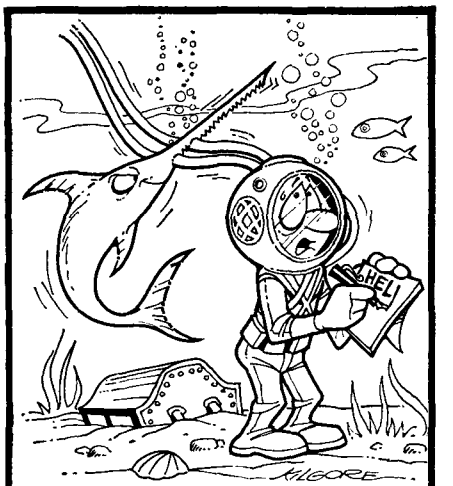
Open year-round. Doctor's office within one-half mile.

The Town Dump

A thousand subtle scents and a few overpowering ones waft through an area teeming with scavengers of all shapes and sizes. Here, on a sunny morning, one can view life without adornment, unhampered by "landfill" disposal methods which in some localities are forcing these quaint old-world communities underground.

See the largest collection of old roofing shingles on the East Coast. Watch the ceremonial "Burning of the Inner Tubes." See "tramps" in their native costume, poking around looking for stuff.

—Dereck Williamson.



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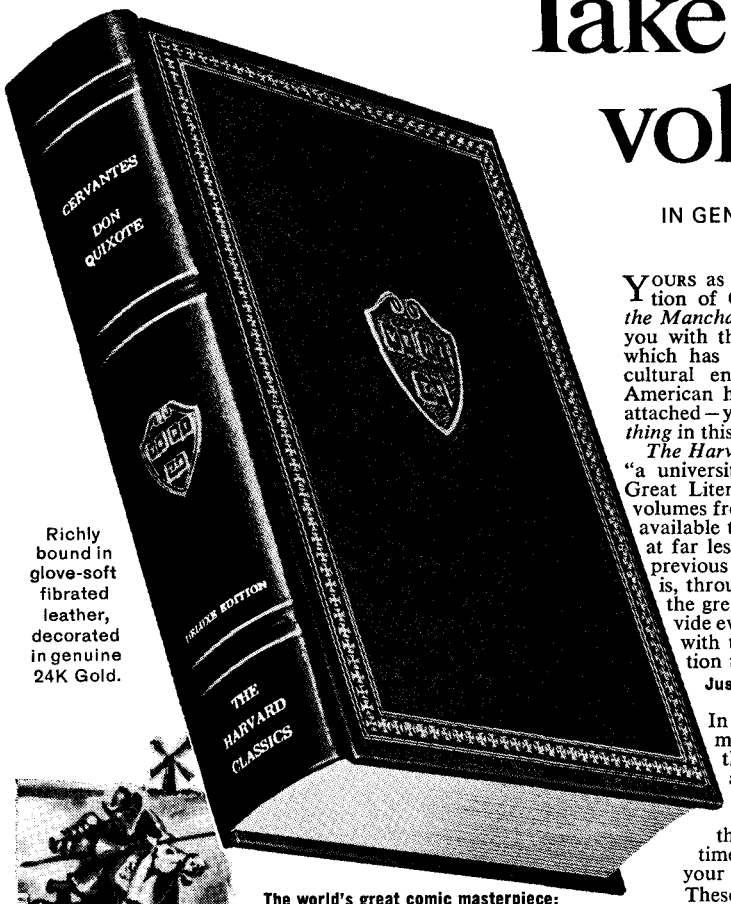

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Now Hear This

TO THIS CONFUSED member of the world audience, it seems that the time has come to widen the communications gap. In these days of fast listening, when radio and television are communicating at us in an overwhelming plethora of information, opinion and fact have become indistinguishable.

Of course "a little knowledge is dangerous." (Thomas Huxley.) But the other side of the coin tells it the way it is: "He that hath knowledge spareth his words." (Proverbs 27.)

Too often TV viewers come away from listening to so many talk shows that the food for thought goes through the ear and travels to the brain before the salivary glands can digest the overflowing potpourri.

(Mixed metaphors are par for TV. As witness this generous helping by Governor George Wallace: "These liberals created a Frankenstein. And now their chickens are coming home to roost.")

As an example of our hearing too much and not listening enough, and as a remedy for it, I offer a playlet:

SCENE: *The outer office of a hearing aid consultant. A small office, complete with three or four chairs, and a small table on which is an assortment of various magazines. Make that only copies of SR, in all of which the Kingsley Double-Crostics have been filled in from Nos. 1642 to 1799. In one of the chairs sits an elderly woman awaiting her appointment. As the curtain rises, a second elderly woman enters. She sits in a chair across from the first woman.*

SECOND WOMAN: Good morning. I guess I got here a little early for my appointment.

FIRST WOMAN: Yes it is, a lovely day. Much warmer than yesterday.

SW: Oh no, I wouldn't dream of taking your turn. I don't mind waiting.

FW: Of course. Here you can have mine. I'm through with it. *(She hands her the copy of SR.)*

SW: No, thank you. You're very kind. I went off and forgot my glasses.

FW: Yes, they already did the Double-Crostic. They've done it in all of them, more's the pity.

SW: Yes, I will. It is rather warm in here. *(She stands and removes her coat.)*

FW: Oh, that's a very lovely dress.

SW: No, I usually walk over here. I live nearby.

(The hearing aid consultant enters. He has two hearing aids in his hand. He speaks to the second woman.)

CONSULTANT: I thought you'd be here a little early. So I got yours ready too.

SW: Yes, it is a lovely day.

C *(to first woman)*: And here's yours. Now attach them and use them for about five minutes, and if they need an adjustment, I'll be back and make them. (He *exits*).

FW: Oh, mine fits perfectly.

SW: Oh, I can hear you so plainly now.

FW: Me too. Aren't these wonderful? I'm sure glad my son told me to come here and get this. He's paying for mine, you know. I'm a widow.

SW: I am too. But my son wouldn't buy me anything. He's too busy being one of those disreputable hippies.

FW: Disreputable! All that the young people want is a better government.

SW: You must be kidding. The way they upset Mr. Daley's convention?

FW: Dick Nixon said . . .

SW: Nixon! Don't tell me you prefer Nixon.

FW: I suppose you prefer that Communist, George Wallace.

SW: Communist! Boy, do you need a hearing aid!

(The consultant returns.)

C: How are they, ladies? Can you hear distinctly?

BOTH: They're too loud.

C: Well, I'll take 'em back and adjust 'em. *(He takes the hearing aids. Exits.)*

FW: Honestly, in all my life.

SW: Well, I should think you would. I accept your apology.

FW: Well, that's different. I accept your apology.

SW: I hope he hurries. I haven't had lunch yet.

FW: WHAT?

SW: I HAVEN'T HAD LUNCH YET. I'M GOING OVER TO SCHRAFFT'S.

FW: ME TOO. I EAT THERE ALL THE TIME.

SW: I GO TO THE ONE ON THIRD AVENUE.

FW: HOW NICE! I DO TOO. LET'S GO.

SW: OK. I'M STARVING. *(Consultant returns with hearing aids.)*

C: Ladies, just a moment! You can't get along without these.

FW: I hope they have chicken pie.

SW: Oh no, let's walk; it's only four blocks.

FW: I always sit by the window.

SW: No, no, we'll go Dutch.

(They laugh gaily and walk out arm in arm.)

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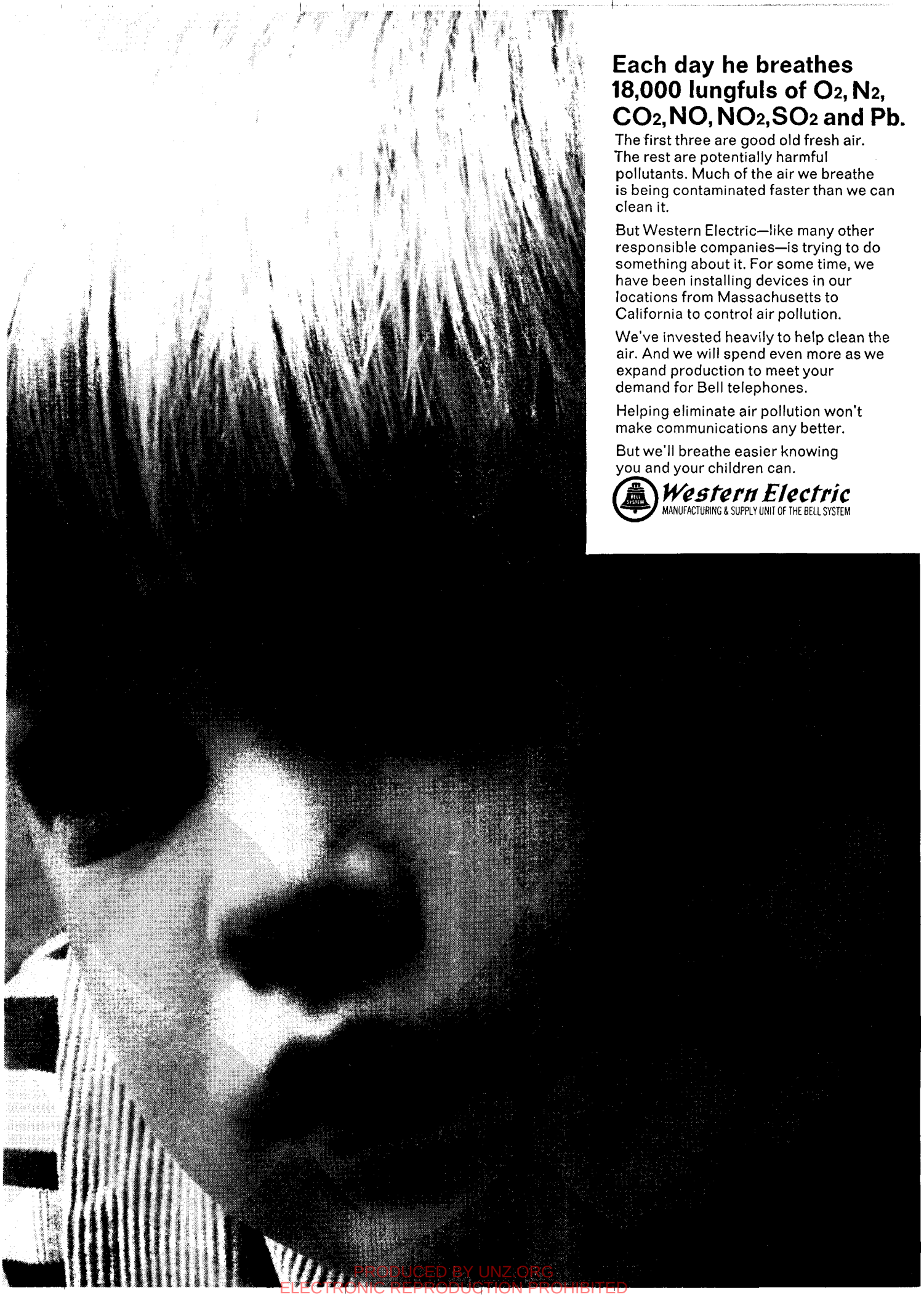

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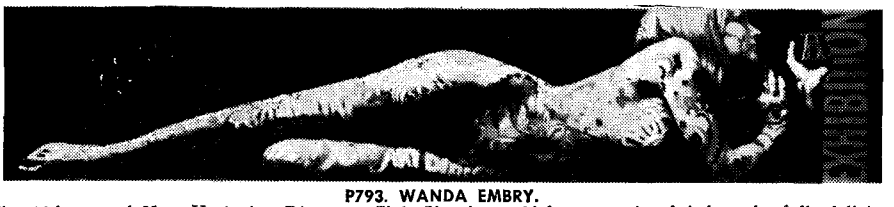

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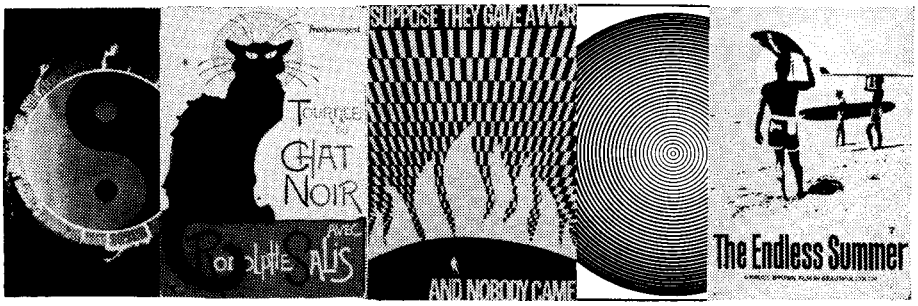

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Dialogue overheard on a Long Island Rail Road train by Charles McHarry: "Is your son one of those alienated youths?" "I dunno, we don't talk to each other."

Do you know what a Cramproll is? It's two toe digs, or a sharp strike, followed by two heel cramps, and a heel drop with weight. That's a tap dance step, man, and tap dancing just might be on the way back. They are teaching it at a professional school in Boston to embryonic dance teachers who never saw Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly. Not that these folks will necessarily teach tap, but it is about the only way to learn rhythm these days, and the way to impart it to kids who can't even dig simple triple-time. That's apparently a world-wide problem, what with the kind of music that is heard now.

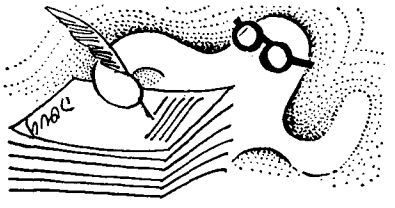
The Bumborshay, the Triple Cincinnati, the soft-shoe Virginia Essence—boy, those are the fancy steps that Ginger and Fred knew so well. Then there's the Grab Off, which is simply a Maxie Ford with a heel cramp added, and the old double Pullback, the Shim-Sham Break and the Scrape Shuffle. Oh, Tea for Two, and Two for Tea. . . .

Listen, friends, if a car crashes into you from behind, and you feel okay, beware of the insurance claim adjuster who makes you an offer of a settlement on the day of the accident. Because the next morning you're probably going to wake up with such a stiff neck that you can hardly move, and you'll find that you gave up your claim for a measly $50 and your medical bills are now going to come to several hundred bucks for that whiplash.

In any negligence case where you are the claimant, watch out for the fellow who comes to the door, says he's "your insurance man," and writes down your version of the accident and asks you to sign it. He probably represents the other party. In fact, now they will phone you and get you to describe what happened while they tape it, unbeknownst to you, and use the recording as evidence.

A new book, *Sue or Settle*, written by a claim adjuster, Robert W. Constantin, offers advice that may save you thousands of dollars in a negligence case, according to the publisher (Crown). The odds are in favor of your being involved in something of the sort, as millions of accidents occur yearly from slipping on waxed floors to airplane crashes. You can also find out in this book that a baby-sitter can sue you for practically anything that happens to her in your house, like, say, she opens the refrigerator door and a bottle of beer falls on her big toe and breaks it. If you attend a baseball game and are hit by a foul ball, you can't sue the club, but if your chair collapses and you're injured, you've got a case.

Last June at the convention of the American Booksellers Association, one of the famous authors on display was Drew Pearson. He was there because Double-



day was getting ready to publish the political columnist's first novel, *The Senator*, and he answered questions about this great leap forward in his writing career. As far as I know, no one asked him, "Who ghosted it for you?" As a man of integrity, he would have replied, "Gerald Green."

For it now appears that Mr. Green wrote *The Senator*, and got paid $150,000 for doing so. The monthly newspaper *Books* interviewed the parties. Green said, "I did it for the money." The paperback publisher, Avon, said, "We think *somebody's* written a pretty solid book. It didn't matter to us one way or the other." At Doubleday, Ken McCormick admitted that Green did it. *Books* refers to the matter as "the column Drew Pearson chose not to write."

Sharps and Flats: A fourteen-year-old boy asked Bowen Kerrihard, "When you used to listen to the radio at night, what did you *look* at?" And no one could remember.

► It's a strange situation when the subways and air traffic can be brought to a halt by a strict observance of safety rules.

► Mike Ellis is confused by the statue-makers in New York who are selling "life-size" Cupids. "The last time I saw Cupid . . ." he muses.

► A new world record for a Monopoly game was established in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, this summer, when eighteen junior and senior high school students played nonstop for 754 hours. They broke the previous record of 700 hours set in 1967 by twenty Henderson (Kentucky) High School students. The Hattiesburg game started July 28 in a cabin in the back yard of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Ernest, Jr., and was under the leadership of Mac Ernest, fifteen. They played in two-man shifts and had to borrow money from Monopoly games around town. They received a congratulatory telegram and deluxe Monopoly games from Parker Brothers.

► Louise Olds writes from Eugene, Oregon: "Having seen the following notice in the Children's Room of the Public Library here, I thought it might be well to have the request made to a larger audience. It read: PLEASE DO NOT SPIN THE GLOBE."

► Little, Brown is on the ball. The copyright notice of Dick Bissell's new book, *How Many Miles to Galena?*, says, "No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems. . . ."

► Isabel Grayson saw a Fort Lauderdale garbage truck labeled USED FOOD PURVEYORS.

► Speaking of ghosts, probably the only book actually written, in the true sense of the word, by a Senator was *Pioneering With Wildflowers* by Senator George Aiken, which was first published in 1933 and which is being reissued by Prentice-Hall.

► Three years ago, a liberal-minded chap in a New York suburb put his house on the market and got ready to move to one where there was more room for his family and which was an easier commute. Just then the neighborhood acquired its first Negro residents. Rather than spend his life explaining, the guy canceled his moving plans and he's still there.

► H. Allen Smith deposeth: "Show me an idle scribble on Leverett Saltonstall's scratch pad and I'll show you a Yankee doodle."

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SYDNEY (J.) HARRIS:
LEAVING THE SURFACE

The personality of man is not an apple that has to be polished but a banana that has to be peeled. And the reason we remain so far from one another, the reason we neither communicate nor interact in any real way, is that most of us spend our lives in polishing rather than peeling.

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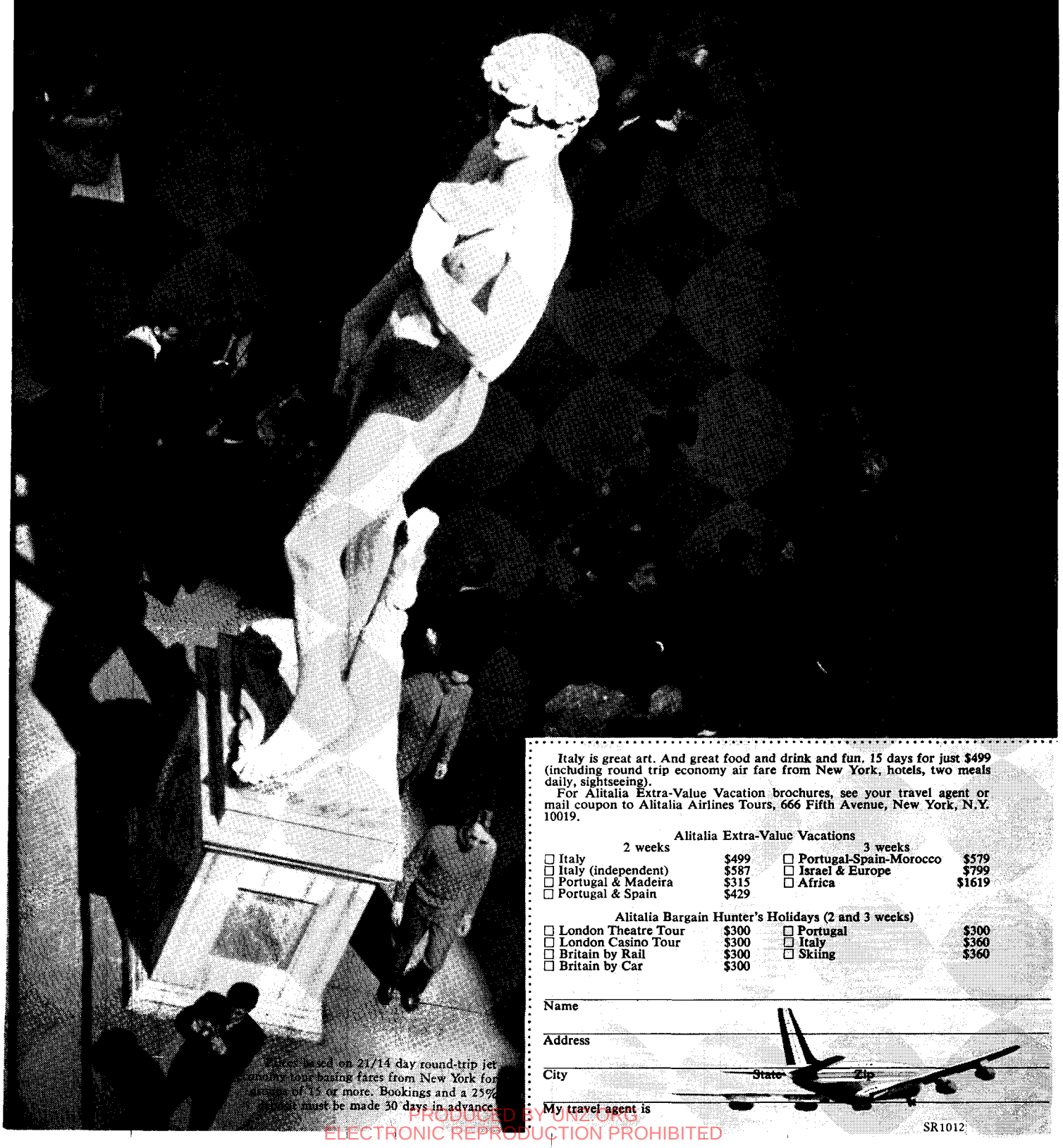

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BOOKS

Nonfiction

ANATOMY OF DIPLOMACY: THE ORIGIN AND EXECUTION OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, Ellis Briggs. McKay, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

THE ARAB-ISRAELI DILEMMA, Fred J. Khouri. Syracuse University Press, $10 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

COME ALONG WITH ME, Shirley Jackson, edited by Stanley Edgar Hyman. Viking, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

THE CONSTANT CIRCLE: H. L. MENCKEN AND HIS FRIENDS, Sara Mayfield. Delacorte, $6.50 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

DAYBREAK, Joan Baez. Dial, $3.95 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

THE FACES OF POWER: CONSTANCY AND CHANGE IN UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY FROM TRUMAN TO JOHNSON, Seyom Brown. Columbia University Press, $8.95 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

FIRES IN THE IN-BASKET: THE ABC'S OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT, John P. Leacacos. World, $8.95 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

THE GUARANTEED SOCIETY, Leonard Baker. Macmillan, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

H. L. MENCKEN'S SMART SET CRITICISM, edited by William H. Nolte. Cornell University Press, $10 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

HOW NATIONS BEHAVE: LAW AND FOREIGN POLICY, Louis Henkin. Praeger, $7.50 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

ISRAEL WITHOUT ZIONISTS: A PLEA FOR PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST, Uri Avnery. Macmillan, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

LAWRENCE AND OPPENHEIMER, Nuel Pharr Davis. Simon & Schuster, $7.50 (*SR,* Sept. 28).

SAM JOHNSON'S BOY: A CLOSE-UP OF THE PRESIDENT FROM TEXAS, Alfred Steinberg. Macmillan, $9.95 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

THE SECRET SEARCH FOR PEACE IN VIETNAM, David Kraslow and Stuart H. Loory. Random House, hardbound, $5.95; paperback, $1.95 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

TO HEAL AND TO BUILD: THE PROGRAMS OF PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON, edited by James MacGregor Burns. McGraw-Hill, $8.95 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

TOWARD A MARXIST HUMANISM: ESSAYS ON THE LEFT TODAY, Leszek Kolakowski, translated by Jane Zielonko Peel. Grove, $5.50 (*SR,* Sept. 28).

TWELVE YEARS A SLAVE, Solomon Northup, edited by Sue Eakin and Joseph Logsdon. Louisiana State University Press, $7.50 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

A VERY PERSONAL PRESIDENCY: LYNDON JOHNSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE, Hugh Sidey. Atheneum, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

Fiction

BENEATH THE WHEEL, Hermann Hesse, translated by Michael Roloff. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 28).

THE BLACKING FACTORY & PENNSYLVANIA GOTHIC: A SHORT NOVEL AND A LONG STORY, Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

THE FIRST CIRCLE, Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, translated by Thomas P. Whitney. Harper & Row, $10 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

FONG AND THE INDIANS, Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 28).

LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE, John Barth. Doubleday, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 28).

MOTHER EARTH AND OTHER STORIES, Boris Pilnyak, translated and edited by Vera T. Reck and Michael Green. Praeger, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 14).

THE OCCUPYING POWER, Gwyn Griffin. Putnam, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 7).

SOUTHERN FRIED PLUS SIX, William Price Fox. Lippincott, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

THE WAY IN, Eugene Mirabelli. Viking, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

WILLIE MASTERS' LONESOME WIFE, William Gass. TriQuarterly Supplement #2, $1.50 (*SR,* Sept. 21).

ART

Exhibitions

THE AMERICAN VISION, PAINTINGS 1825-1875, a multi-gallery exhibition at Hirschl & Adler Galleries, M. Knoedler & Company, and Paul Rosenberg and Company, New York. Genre, still life, landscape, and figure paintings of an important half-century are included in this survey. Opens October 9.

IMAGE AND IMAGINATION: OIL SKETCHES OF THE BAROQUE, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century baroque and rococo sketches never before shown in America are interesting both as preparations for great frescoes in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, and also as spontaneous works of art themselves.

FRANZ KLINE, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. A retrospective show of one of America's outstanding abstract expressionists.

CHINESE ART UNDER THE MONGOLS, at the Cleveland Museum of Art. More than 300 works from the Yüan dynasty (1279-1368) include paintings, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, prints, metalwork, lacquer, jade, ivory, and textiles, in the most comprehensive exhibition of this period ever held. Opens October 2.

ANCIENT CHINESE RITUAL BRONZES, at Asia House Gallery, New York. Borrowed from Europe and America, eighty bronze vessels from the Shang and Chou dynasties underline the majesty of this superb art form. Opens October 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Books

IN OPPOSITION: IMAGES OF AMERICAN DISSENT IN THE SIXTIES, by Benedict J. Fernandez. Da Capo, $4.95, softbound; $15, hardcover. Panoraming "American dissent," an adroit camera makes some telling comments of its own as it puts protest and the First Amendment into perspective.

TREES, color and black-and-white photographs and text by Andreas Feininger. Viking, $22.50 (after Jan. 1, $25). Feininger merits a full measure of our appreciation for his fine appreciation of forest and foliage. (See "Feininger's Trees," *SR,* Sept. 7.)

Exhibitions

EYEWITNESS: CZECHOSLOVAKIA, 1938–AUGUST 1968, at the Riverside Museum, New York. First in a series of shows that will place on museum walls a visual record of events that are part of the current news picture, this one mounts the work of four photo-reporters who have eyewitnessed history-in-the-making in Czechoslovakia.

PAUL CAPONIGRO, at the Edward Steichen Center Gallery. Museum of Modern Art, New York. A haunting harmony of impressions—from ancient stone monuments of Ireland, England, and France to the contemporary Connecticut landscape.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE CITY, at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. Charles Eames's sprightly installation is a handsome tribute to photography's role in exposing the changing form and nature of our cities.

CARTIER-BRESSON: RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS, at the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum. Opens October 16. (See *SR* RECOMMENDS, *July 6.*)

THEATER

FUTZ!; HAIR; HELLO, DOLLY!; JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS; THE PRICE; THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE; ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD; YOUR OWN THING.

MOVIES

WARRENDALE (*SR,* Sept. 28); **THE BOFORS GUN** (*SR,* Sept. 28).

Also: THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER; HUNGER; NAZARIN; RACHEL, RACHEL; 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY; ZITA.

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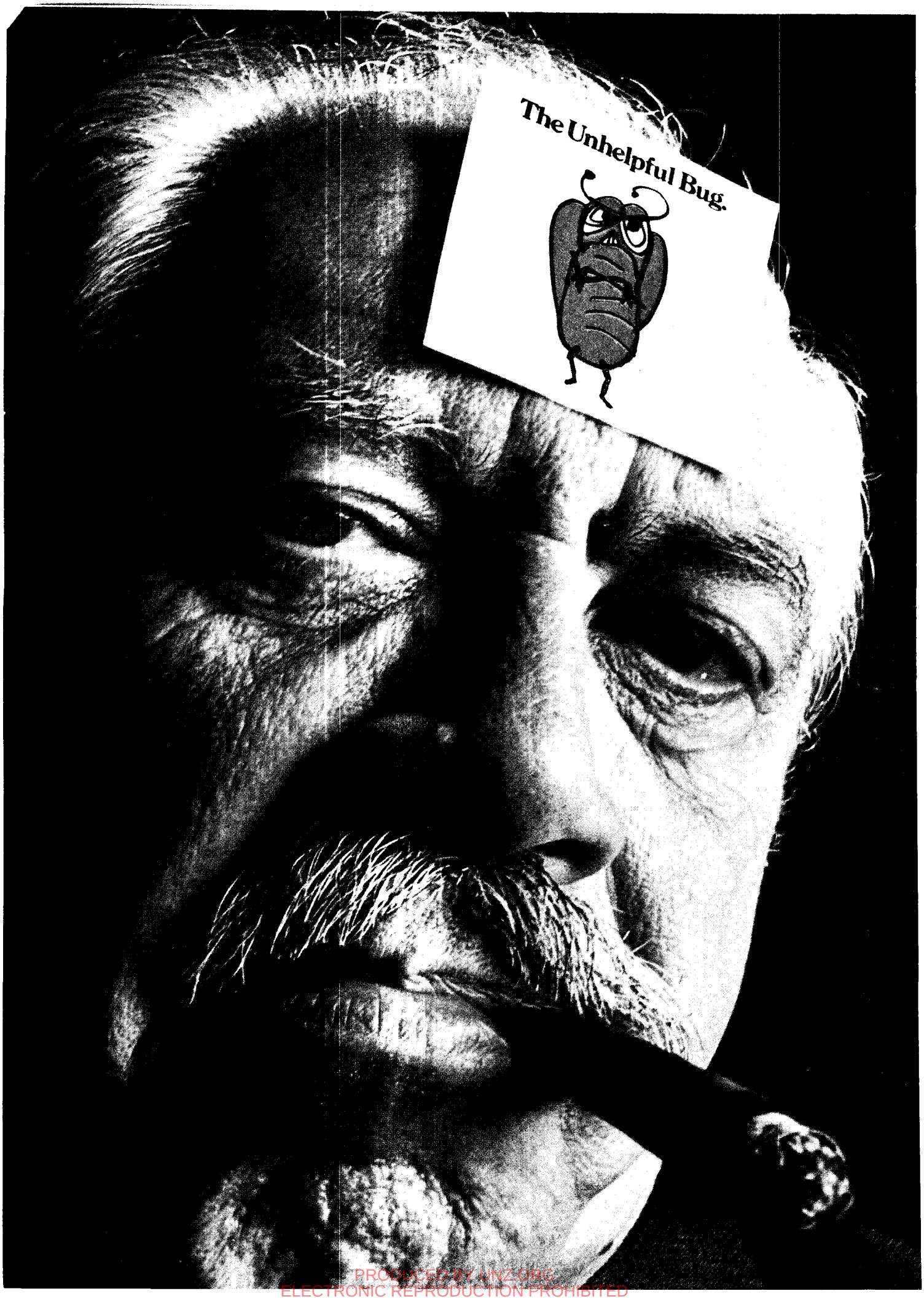

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THIS PROCESS OF GROWTH AND FREEDOM

An Interview with Hubert H. Humphrey

The following interview with the Vice President was conducted by Richard D. Heffner, historian and University Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University. A request for a similar interview with former Vice President Richard M. Nixon awaits reply.

Q: *First, about two of the major questions—of peace at home and abroad—why, at this moment in history, do we find such incredible conflagrations—those in the universities; the civil rights battles; the problems abroad; so many things relating to violence?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I think the first thing we have to keep in mind is that in any period of revolutionary change, there are always excesses. When we look back over the great periods of social unrest, we find people who go beyond what appears to be even helpful to the cause. I think we have some of that today. We have people who exploit the desire for peace. There are people—a handful—who exploit civil rights not for civil rights, but possibly for something else. But this should not cause us to misjudge or to be overly critical of the true meaning of what is taking place.

In the Soviet Union and in the countries associated with the Soviet Union—first Yugoslavia, then Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia and Poland and even East Germany—there's a restiveness, particularly among the young. I underscore this: among the young. This restiveness is an expression of the desire for individual identification, for individuality. There's a restlessness, and there's a disorderly process. But its objective is a more harmonious and free society.

I do not look with fear and foreboding upon what is happening. I think that it is essentially the process of the growth of freedom. Freedom is always imperfect. What you're seeing in Eastern Europe and in other parts of the world are the stepping stones, the primitive steps toward a broader freedom. Adlai Stevenson once said that there is hardly any problem which will not, subjected to the sands of time, have the rough edges rounded and be polished so it will become more manageable. Really, he was saying that this process of growth and freedom takes time, just as maturation does with an individual.

Q: *Is this cry for freedom and identification and individualism realistic? The sands of time have a way of eroding not only civilizations, but also concepts, and perhaps the concept of individualism doesn't fit into the space age, into the age of conformism that you were just discussing.*

MR. HUMPHREY: Well, I think it fits in more than ever, because the mechanized age, the space age, the electronic age, whatever you wish to call it, is so impersonal that the only counterforce that gives it any meaning is the extra identification of individuality, the projection of your personality. We have an economic system which, if we watch it at all, will just automatically produce vast sums of goods and services, so that we're going to have to learn how to live with affluence. This is the great moral test of our time. How can you stay free and democratic and have a sense of social concern and conscience with the vast majority of your people being affluent and prosperous? This is the only society the world has ever known in which the poor are a minority. People don't even realize that. So that the disciplines of bygone days, of economic necessity—those disciplines are not there.

The government is big. The country is big. The world is closing in through travel, communication, the news. Everything is on us all the time. I think that this has all built itself up into where people today are saying, even subconsciously, "Look, I've had enough of this. I want to be myself." I really believe that these talk shows that you have on radio and TV—all these people calling in questions—reflect a rising tide of individuality. And what's really being said by the student protester and surely by the poor, and surely by the Negro, is: "Mr. Establishment, here I am. Don't card-index me. My name is Joe Jones. Joe L. Jones." They even give you the middle initial. And they say, "I count. Don't take me for granted. I'm not to be had."

I know myself, coming from the Midwest, I feel the necessity for living space. I feel even the necessity to walk alone. When I get home, it may be 1 o'clock in the morning. But I will sit and look out my window for fifteen or twenty minutes, just to kind of slow down and let myself be Hubert Humphrey again, instead of something that's been manhandled all day or managed all day, or trying to manage somebody else.

Now, some students are not really students, per se. They're organizers, agitators. But you must not let a movement be judged by that, any more than you permit a forest to be judged by the fungus on a few trees. The beauty of nature is not to be determined by the few oddities and the few blemishes on the landscape. This student protest has real legitimate

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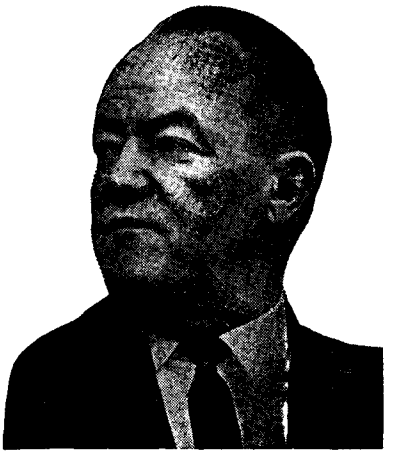
". . . restiveness is an expression of the desire for individual identification, for individuality. There's a restlessness, and there's a disorderly process. But its objective is a more harmonious and free society."



—*Dick Fish (Pix).*

roots to it, a real legitimate base. First of all, the university system, at home and abroad, is old-fashioned. Much of the university administration has been timid and removed from the realities of the students' life. These students today are not like we were twenty-five years ago. I don't say they're better or worse. They're just different. I wouldn't know what to do with a computer if my life depended on it. But they can talk a new language. Now, that means that they are thinking differently than we are.

Now, they go off to a university and they think they're going to get a Nobel Prize-winner as a professor. He's just a come-on. They're taught by a teaching assistant. They have auditoriums with 2,000 students in them. That's not a university. That's a mass meeting. Education is communication. It's dialogue. It has been said that a university is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other. The great scholars have not been educated, often, in the massive institutions. They are the product of individual tutoring and counseling.

Interestingly enough, there hasn't been a revolt at Antioch. Now, I don't necessarily buy all that Antioch does, but the student-faculty relationship there is very intimate. And I've noticed that some other colleges have done a little better with this. We're going to have to learn how to break down universities into small colleges. The British system for a long time had that: a series of colleges that make up a great university. We're going to have to learn how to break our universities into viable, intellectual, educational units where there is a kind of feeling of belonging.

Q: *Theodore Roosevelt said that Woodrow Wilson was an agrarian reactionary because, more than a half-century ago, he was concerned with bigness and with concentration of power and with much of what you're describing, and even then, he wanted to break down that bigness and return to the simpler environment of the past. Is it possible to recapture what it is that you've devoted your life to preserving and protecting? Is this realistic?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I don't think it's a return at all. I think there is an adaptation. Let me give you an example. We're learning in hospitalization to have a central service unit for a series of hospitals so that you can have the finest equipment that is too costly for any one hospital in one service unit. We're learning now, through electronics and computers, how one doctor or one competent nurse can monitor a hundred or more patients and do it very well in several different areas. I see the city of tomorrow as many new cities which we will have to think about and plan. There's no reason you should just have an add-on to an old city now. Our forebears built new cities all the way across the continent.

Most of the old cities were built on rivers because that was the way you got transport. Now we don't have to depend on rivers. We depend on airports. We depend on highways—high-speed highways. We're going to have to rebuild some of our old cities. I think that what you'll have is a center city that will be the apex of a confederation. It will represent, maybe, the best in the theater, the best in finance, the best in medicine, the best in many things. But leading out like spokes from this center hub will be a number of other communities that are, in a sense, served in part by the center city, but are strong enough in their own right to live and grow and prosper; and the center city will be like a super graduate school to add the extra refinements—the very best that man is able to create for his social environment.

What we have today is not that at all. What we have today are the leftovers that we call the slums, the obsolete, worn-out parts, which are not viable communities at all. They're mainly just places for people to sleep and, hopefully, to eat and to stand on the street corners. Or you have the bedroom community, which is not really a community at all. It's a place where you go to sleep, and you get up in the morning and you leave. It has no relationship to economics, to political institutions, to all that it takes to make up what you call a total environment or a wholesome environment.

Why should a man have to travel 20 miles to apply for a job? Why should he have to go 15 miles for a hospital? Why should he have to wonder how he can have any kind of family life because of the distances and the time involved in his economic life? We're going to learn that you can build most of what you need to make your world a pleasant place in which to live within reasonable distance of where you live.

Now, the same thing is true of a university. I know that

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It's a lot easier to put add-ons on a big campus. Many times it's done because they say that the faculty doesn't want to go to another community. It will. There are 165 Ph.Ds in Huntsville, Alabama. Huntsville twenty years ago was a sleepy little Southern town of 20,000 people. Today it's a wonderful community of 150,000. Why? The Government did something about it. No. 1, it put a space program there. Government policy has a lot to do with what's going to happen—government tax policy, the incentives to private enterprise, government planning, government highway policy, government airport policy. A hundred and one things can happen. If the federal government, through the National Institutes of Health, decides to put its largest health laboratories, its great experimental laboratories, in Dubuque, Iowa, Dubuque would become quite a city. Believe me, if the money is there and the laboratories are constructed and the funds are there and the facilities are there, that scientist, that doctor will go to Dubuque. And not only that, he'll build a whole new community life around it. Because, after all, all of these places that we think are so grand now were nothing just a few years ago.

Q: *Do you feel, from your knowledge of the American people, that we're ready for that kind of total social planning?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I think that we're not only ready for it; I think that readiness depends on necessity. The necessity of it is going to compel it. The American people are pragmatists. They're not doctrinaire. As a matter of fact, I think one of the reasons today that you're seeing such great social concern in the economic community over these problems is that its leaders are very pragmatic. We're the most pragmatic people in the world. We do what works. And we try—trial-and-error—and we're just beginning to find out that it's just plain bad economics and bad business and bad government to have riots and violence and the poor that are deprived.

There was a time that you could ignore all this, before television, before modern mass advertising, before radio. Now, you have to be able, somehow, to create a social and economic environment in which this man who has the whetted appetite can earn it. Right now, he's not able to earn it, so he takes it. And if he doesn't take it, he takes his vengeance out on those who have it. And he strikes at that which is closest at hand.

"All I can say to you, Monroe Eubank, is that you're a dirty old man."

Training and counseling these hard-core unemployed is the toughest job we've ever had. This is like heart transplants, in many ways. We're taking people who, for all practical purposes, have lost their heart, lost their spirit, lost their motivation, lost their sense of values, and lost their self-respect. And we're trying to find ways and means of bringing in to them a heart, motivation, spirit, self-respect. I keep telling people that what we are doing in the poverty program is the greatest laboratory of social experimentation that this nation has ever known. I don't think that it's a great success yet, but I know that some of the experiments are successful. In science, experiments are tried tens of thousands of times, and you get a little breakthrough here and a little there, and it keeps adding up, and somewhere it comes up to an aggregate where it works. Now, that's what we're doing in the poverty program.

We've found, for example, in Project Head Start something that we ought to have known a long time ago, that if you get to a child soon enough with proper diet, proper care, reasonably good environment, with modern teaching methods, he just blossoms. All at once, they're just changed people. In Project Upward Bound, we've gone into high schools and found young men and women who were potential school dropouts and who said they were going to drop out, who had poor grades but had reasonably good IQs. We've given them the chance now to move into a university or college setting, and they blossom. It's like what I've seen at home in South Dakota in the drought. One good rain, and the corn grew three inches, you know. The question is whether we will do enough of it to make this impact.

Q: *You mentioned that we are a very pragmatic people. What is the role of leadership in relationship to the pragmatism that you mentioned?*

MR. HUMPHREY: Well, as I see the office of the Presidency—and I addressed myself to this in 1964 in a lecture at Princeton, and also in 1960—the first thing that the President must be is a teacher. He must be able to persuade, to convince, and to prepare the way. Sometimes, you know, all the President can ever do is just to prepare the way for somebody else. If I may say, I think my greatest contribution, if I have made any contribution, is that I dared to try when it was unpopular. I built an environment in which somebody else, later on, could succeed. I know that I did this with the Peace Corps, for example. I know that I helped to do this with Medicare. I know that I helped to do this with civil rights. I know that I did it with the Disarmament and Arms Control Agency. Every one of these things was unpopular when we started out with it.

Now, I've done some other things in my life in which I knew I wasn't going to succeed, but it was necessary to make the fight, and not to make the fight in terms of being bitter because you didn't succeed, but to consider yourself as just one of those who come along who have to do certain things. Somebody has to plow the field. Somebody has to sow the seeds and harvest the crop. I'm not at all sure that, if I am permitted to be the President of this country, the things that I'm talking about can be achieved right away. But I know that you have to start. I know that we can do much more with the poverty program because we've learned some lessons.

Q: *As President, what would your attitude be toward those quantum jumps which you think should be taken? Which would they be in foreign affairs? Would they involve a greater concern for the workings of the United Nations? Would they involve total disarmament? Would they involve a kind of world federalism that we've not experienced in the past?*

MR. HUMPHREY: We have to have goals. Otherwise, you have

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no way to measure what you do. And our goal, as we've stated as a national policy, is universal disarmament. Now, we're a long long way away from it. But we have made some very important steps. For example, the nuclear non-proliferation draft treaty that is before the United Nations—in any other time, it would have been looked upon as one of the greatest steps forward in the cause of peace that we've ever known. But because of the struggle in Southeast Asia and the argument and the emotion over it, it was lost, somewhat, in public attention.

What does this represent? It represents that the two superpowers, which have the most to lose in a major confrontation, are sufficiently responsible to understand the danger of nuclear weaponry, and sufficiently concerned about the proliferation of that weaponry to arrive at the same conclusion and agree to the same treaty, not because their systems are alike, but because both of them wish, somehow, to preserve those systems because they have a great stake in them. I think this represents the beginning of a whole new period in international relations. The nuclear test ban treaty was highly significant, but this is much more so because this is the second stage of nuclear armament control. And while there is not necessarily a balance of power in the world, there is a kind of balance of terror. And that balance is conditioning those who hold that power and that terror to take a good realistic look at the world situation on every occasion. As President, of course, I would be as steadfast for the nuclear non-proliferation treaty as I have been while Vice President.

I do think that you can do much with NATO. NATO can be an instrument for détente with the East, as well as defense for the West. I see the strength of NATO not only as one of common defense but of common diplomacy in attempting to work out better relationships with the East. And I believe that that's possible, particularly when both the Soviet Union and the United States understand that their allies are not any longer lackeys or supplicants, that they're becoming more independent and they want the right to live, too, with a degree of autonomy and independence.

Q: *Your emphasis, then, is upon the two great power blocs. What about the United Nations, which represents a very different process in foreign affairs?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I'm very much dedicated to the United Nations. I think that the U.N. is the only international forum that permits the widest participation in the discussion of mankind's problems and the ultimate decisions relating to the problems of mankind. But the success of the United Nations, in a large measure, depends upon the cooperation of the great powers. That was, even in its inception, understood. And today the two great powers in the United Nations—not to minimize the importance of others—happen to be the United States and the Soviet Union. The U.N. acts, at times, as a brake on both of them. By that, I mean that it acts as a force that tends to reduce the tension. The U.N. represents, in a rather primitive way, world public opinion. And even the Soviets and the Communists cannot ignore world public opinion. Nor can we.

So the U.N. is a very effective conditioning instrument or institution for world peace. It creates an environment where you can have the peace of progress. I like what Pope Paul said, that development is the new name for peace. The U.N. has a role in that. And the peacekeeping machinery of the U.N. is very vital. We need to strengthen that more and more, and we need to lend our efforts to it.

Q: *Through an international police force?*

MR. HUMPHREY: Yes, I've always supported that. Whether it should be a standing one or not, at least it should be one on ready call.

"Somehow we don't seem to get the desired effects. Perhaps we ought to consider enlarging the group."

Q: *With the recognition that it represents a sacrifice of national sovereignty?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I think it inevitable that there be some of what people like to term "limitation" of national sovereignty. "National sovereignty" doesn't mean very much if you're not able to exercise sovereignty. If a country's very existence is threatened by subversion or intrusion or aggression, sovereignty becomes but a nameplate. All of that loses its meaning in the kind of a world we live in unless there's some way to give you security.

Q: *I remember in an interview with the late Grenville Clark, the point was made again and again that he hoped that someday there would be a President so bold as to take the lead to seek world peace through world law and through an international police force, with a genuine sacrifice of national sovereignty. And his feeling was that only the President of the United States could take that lead.*

MR. HUMPHREY: Being very honest with you, I'm not at all sure that we're yet capable of making that kind of an adjustment. But I do think that it is necessary for a President of the United States to at least lead in that direction. I believe that that is what is going to be required in the coming period, because the dangers in the world of conflagration through miscalculation, through small powers engaging in small wars that drag in big powers and make big wars—those dangers are so evident that, at least, the President must alert his people to those possibilities and try to strengthen, step by step, the institutions of the United Nations. And we've done so. We haven't maybe done it as fast as we should, but we have done so. And everything in its time.

Q: *Why do you say that you don't think that we are prepared at this time, as a people, for that?*

MR. HUMPHREY: Because I think we have gone through a

(*Continued on page* 69)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN
A Portrait in Limbo

By PETER FARB

THE quadrennial elections never fail to evoke compassion for "the Vanishing Americans," and this year the tragicomedy is again being played with style. "The poor Indian" is once more the theme of position papers and convention planks. As it did four years ago, the Administration has sent a message to Congress that repeats the aspirations of the Great White Father for his red children: better education, better housing, better health care, better job training. (Since "better" is a relative word, the Great White Father has pinpointed exactly how much "better" he has in mind: a mere 12 per cent increase from last year's incredibly low, fantastically mismanaged budget.) Politicians of both parties are making their usual salutes to the "progress" of the red man in adapting to a white world. Vice President Humphrey states that tuberculosis among Indians declined 55 per cent since 1955—but he neglects to add the fact that the Indian death rate from tuberculosis is still seven times that of the American population as a whole. Perhaps the least politically motivated obeisance to the red man was Senator Robert F. Kennedy's inquiry, just before his assassination, into the shame of Indian education.

The facts about Indian life today assuredly are bleak enough without election-year dramatization. Some 400,000 of the total 550,000 Indians in the United States live on approximately 200 reservations in twenty-six states. The reservations exist as poverty-stricken islands surrounded by an ocean of American bounty. The Indians are generally despised by whites; they are in ill health both physically and mentally, almost without political power, inarticulate in their attempts to win respect for their heritage. The amazing thing is not that they have managed to survive at all, but that they still possess patience about the white man's latest aspirations for them this election year. They hang on to a little piece of the future, but every year their grip slips a bit more. For this is their life today:

Housing. About 90 per cent of Indians live in tin-roofed shacks, leaky adobe huts, brush shelters, and even abandoned automobiles. Approximately 60 per cent of Indians still haul their drinking water, frequently from more than a mile away and often from contaminated sources.

Income and jobs. Indian unemployment ranges between 40 and 75 per cent in comparison with about 4 per cent for the nation as a whole. On one reservation in Utah I visited this summer, less than 25 per cent of the eligible work force had jobs—and most of these were employed by their own tribal organization. The average red family lives on $30 a week, while average white and black families earn at least $130 a week.

Health. The average age of death for an Indian today is forty-three years, for a white sixty-eight years. Death from dysentery is forty times greater among Indians than whites; influenza and pneumonia death rates are twice as high; middle-ear infections are so widespread that on some reservations a quarter of the children have suffered permanent hearing loss. Trachoma, an infectious eye disease that often causes blindness, is virtually nonexistent in the United States —except on the reservations. A survey made a few years ago on the San Carlos Apache Reservation in Arizona showed that 61 per cent of the children between the ages of five and eighteen were afflicted.

Education. Indian education is the worst of any minority group. The Indian completes about five years of schooling —whereas all other Americans average 11.2 years. It is not only the quantity of education the Indian is deprived of but the quality, for the saddest fact of all is that the longer he stays in school, the farther behind his achievement falls in comparision with white children.

In Idaho's Blackfoot school district, for example, three-fourths of the students in the elementary school are Indian, yet every teacher is white. Speaking any Indian language is prohibited and nothing is taught of Indian culture. In the last few years there have been nearly fifteen suicides by the school children. One out of every five junior-high students was found to be sniffing glue. When Senator Robert Kennedy visited the district this past spring, he asked the principal whether Indian culture and traditions were taught. He was informed, "There isn't any history to this tribe"—although the grandfathers of these children had played an important role in the history of the West. When the Senator asked if there were any books in the library where the children could read about Indian culture, he was shown *Captive of the Delawares,* which had a picture on the cover of a white child being scalped by an Indian.

Illustrations from "Man's Rise to Civilization."

Engraving (1493) showing Columbus's arrival in the New World—"The Noble Savage captivated Europe."

THE Indian can probably survive the bad housing, lack of jobs, dismal health conditions, and poor education—but not the implication that he is irrelevant to American culture. For once the Indians are deprived of the last bit of the culture that has sustained them, they will disappear into the faceless American poor. Yet, the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs was founded a century ago with the stated aim to alienate Indian children "from their native culture and language so they could take their place in modern society"—and that has remained an implied aim to this day. A white policy has stripped the Indian of his identity and made him embarrassed about his rich oral literature, his customs and traditions, his native foods and dress. A white education system has turned out imitation whites who succumb to the bleakness of reservation life and the prejudice around them.

"The American Indian today is about

Copyright © 1968 by Peter Farb. Excerpted in part from his forthcoming book *Man's Rise to Civilization as shown by the Indians of North America from Primeval Times to the Coming of the Industrial State,* to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

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to go over the brink—not only of poverty and prejudice, but of moral collapse," says William Byler, executive director of the Association on American Indian Affairs. The Indian has learned that no one wants to listen or to understand when he speaks his thoughts about his own future. He is bewildered by the capricious policies handed down in Washington — first telling him to leave the reservation and get jobs in the cities, next telling him to stay on the reservation and bring industry to it. Some politicians tell him that he is a child who must be protected by the kindly White Father—and other politicians tell him that he is man enough to be cast adrift to sink or swim in the capitalist tide. The result of such confusion is widespread apathy among Indians. They find it difficult to act in concert with other Indians because whites deliberately ripped apart the intricate web of their social and political relationships.

The present plight of the red man is an indication of exactly how far he has fallen from his state of Noble Savage in little more than 450 years. At first, the newly discovered Indians were greatly respected and admired. Columbus brought home six Indians to show Queen Isabella and, dressed in full regalia, they quickly became the curiosities of Spain. Sir Walter Raleigh brought back Indians also and a craze swept Elizabethan England. Shakespeare complained about it in *The Tempest*: "They will not give a doit [a small coin equal to about half a farthing] to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." The French philosopher Michel de Montaigne talked with Indians who had been brought to the French Court and concluded that the Noble Savage had been found, for the Indian "hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politics, no use of services, of riches, or of poverty. . . . The very words that import a lie, falsehood, treason, covetousness, envy, detraction, were not heard among them."

The Noble Savage captivated Europe, but the colonists felt differently about living with red men. When Columbus discovered the Arawak Indians, who inhabited the Caribbean Islands, he described them as "a loving people, without covetousness. . . . Their speech is the sweetest and gentlest in the world." But in their haste to exploit the abundance of the Americas, the Spaniards set the loving and gentle Arawak to labor in mines and on plantations. Whole Arawak villages disappeared due to slavery, disease, warfare, and flight to escape the Spaniards. As a result, the native population of Haiti, for example, declined from an estimated 200,000 in 1492 to 29,000 only twenty-two years later.

The Puritans in New England were not immediately presented with an Indian problem, for diseases introduced by trading ships along the Atlantic Coast had badly decimated the red populations. Yet, the Puritans failed miserably in their dealings with even the remnant Indians. They insisted upon a high standard of religious devotion that the Indians were unable or unwilling to give. The Puritans lacked any way to integrate the Indians into their theocracy, for they did not indulge in wholesale baptisms (as they charged the French did), nor were any Puritans specifically assigned to missionary tasks.

In 1637, a party of Puritans surrounded the Pequot Indian village and set fire to it after these Indians had resisted settlement of whites in the Connecticut Valley. About 500 Indians were burned to death or shot while trying to escape; the woods were then combed for any Pequots who had managed to survive, and these were sold into slavery. The whites devoutly offered up thanks to God that they had lost only two men; when the Puritan divine Cotton Mather heard about the raid, he was grateful to the Lord that "on this day we have sent six hundred heathen souls to hell."

THE Indian came to be regarded as a stubborn animal that refused to acknowledge the obvious blessings of white civilization. Hugh Henry Brackenridge, a modest literary figure of the young nation, expressed the changed attitude when he wrote in 1782 of ". . . the animals, vulgarly called Indians." Rousseau's Noble Savage was laid to rest officially in 1790 when John Adams stated: "I am not of Rousseau's Opinions. His Notions of the purity of Morals in savage nations and the earliest Ages of civilized Nations are mere Chimeras." Even that man of enlightened homilies, Benjamin Franklin, observed that rum should be regarded as an agent of Providence "to extirpate these savages in order to make room for the cultivators of the earth."

After the War of 1812, the young United States had no further need for Indian allies against the British, and, as a result, the fortunes of the Indians declined rapidly. Pressure increased to get the Indians off the lands the whites had appropriated from them and, in 1830, Congress passed the Removal Act, which gave the President the right to extirpate all Indians who had managed to survive east of the Mississippi River. It was estimated that the whole job might be done economically at no more than $500,000—the cost to be kept low by persuasion, promises, threats, and the bribery of Indian leaders. When U.S. Supreme Court Justice John Marshall ruled in favor of the Cherokee Indians in a case with wide implications for preventing removal, President Andrew Jackson is said to have remarked: "John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it."

During the next ten years, almost all the Indians were cleared from the East. Some, such as the Chickasaw and Choctaw and Cherokee, went resignedly. The Seminole actively resisted and retreated into the Florida swamps, where they stubbornly held off the United States Army. The Seminole Wars lasted from 1835 to 1842 and cost the United States some 1,500 soldiers and an estimated $20,000,000 (about forty times what Jackson had estimated it would cost to remove all Indians). Many of the Iro-

Frozen body of Sioux leader, killed in massacre of 300 Sioux in 1890—a story of "warfare, broken treaties, expropriation of land, and ultimately defeat."

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quois found sanctuary in Canada. The Sac and Fox made a desperate stand in Illinois against overwhelming numbers of whites, but ultimately their survivors were forced to move, as were the Ottawa, Potawatomi, Wyandot, Shawnee, Kickapoo, Winnebago, Delaware, Peoria, Miami, and many others who are remembered now only in the name of some town, lake, county, or state.

Alexis de Tocqueville, who examined the young United States with a perceptive eye and wrote it all down in his *Democracy in America*, was in Memphis on an unusually cold day when he saw a ragged party of Choctaw, part of the docile thousands who had reluctantly agreed to be transported to the new lands in the West. He wrote:

> The Indians had their families with them, and they brought in their train the wounded and the sick, with children newly born and old men upon the verge of death. . . . I saw them embark to pass the mighty river, and never will that solemn spectacle fade from my remembrance. No cry, no sob, was heard among the assembled crowd; all was silent. Their calamities were of ancient date, and they knew them to be irremediable.

De Tocqueville described with restrained outrage how the Indians were sent westward by government agents: ". . . half-convinced and half-compelled, they go to inhabit new deserts, where the importunate whites will not let them remain ten years in peace. In this manner do the Americans obtain, at a very low price, whole provinces, which the richest sovereigns of Europe could not purchase." He reported that a scant 6,273 Indians still survived in the thirteen original states.

The experience of the Indians west of the Mississippi River was only a sad, monotonous duplication of what had happened east of it—warfare, broken treaties, expropriation of land, rebellion, and ultimately defeat. No sooner were the Eastern Indians dropped down on the plains and prairies than the United States discovered the resources in the West, and miners and settlers were on the move. Emigrant trains rumbled westward, and once again the aim of the frontiersman was to get the Indian out of the way.

The "final extermination" was hastened by epidemics that swept the West and sapped the Indians' power to resist. A mere hundred Mandan out of a population of 1,600 survived a smallpox epidemic (they are extinct today); the same epidemic, spreading westward, reduced the total number of Blackfoot Indians by about half. The majority of Kiowa and Comanche Indians were victims of cholera. The Indians undoubtedly would have been crushed by whites in any event, but the spread of diseases made the job easier.

Up to 1868, nearly 400 treaties had been signed by the U.S. Government with various Indian groups, and scarcely a one had remained unbroken. The Indians were promised new lands, then moved off them to some other place. They were shifted about again and again, as many as five or six times. All of which led the Sioux chief Spotted Tail to ask wearily: "Why does not the Great White Father put his red children on wheels, so he can move them as he will?"

IN the last decades of the last century the Indians finally realized that these treaties were real estate deals designed to separate them from their lands. Indians and whites skirmished and then fought openly with ferocity and barbarity on both sides. Group by group, the Indians rose in rebellion only to be crushed—the southern Plains tribes in 1874, the Sioux in 1876, the Nez Percé in 1877, the Ute in 1879, and the Apache throughout much of the 1880s, until Geronimo finally surrendered with his remnant band of thirty-six survivors. The massacre of more than 300 Sioux, mostly women and children and old people, at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, in 1890 marked the end of Indian resistance to white authority.

Humanitarians who attempted to ease the defeat of the Indians felt that the remnant populations should be given the dignity of private property. As a result, Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts sponsored the Allotment Act of 1887 to salvage some land for the Indians who otherwise might lose everything to voracious whites. When President Grover Cleveland signed the act, he stated that the "hunger and thirst of the white man for the Indian's land is almost equal to his hunger and thirst after righteousness."

THE act provided that after every Indian had been allotted land, the remainder would be put up for sale to the public. But the loopholes with which the act was punctured made it an efficient instrument for separating the Indians from this land. The plunder was carried on with remarkable order. The first lands to go to whites were the richest—bottomlands in river valleys or fertile grasslands. Next went the slightly less desirable lands, such as those that had to be cleared before they could produce a crop. Then the marginal lands were taken, and so on, until the Indian had

Carving—the "Suppliant Indian," starving and destitute, asks help of the white agent.

Carving—the "Indian Agent" reluctantly gives the Indian scrip entitling him to food.

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left to him only desert that no white considered worth the trouble to take. Between the passage of the Allotment Act in 1887 and a New Deal investigation in 1934, the Indians had been reduced to only 56,000,000 acres out of the meager 138,000,000 acres that had been allotted them—and every single acre of the 56,000,000 was adjudged by soil conservationists to be eroded. At the same time that the Indians were being systematically relieved of their lands, their birth rate rose higher than the mortality rate, and so there were more and more Indians on less and less land. The Indians did what they had always done: They shared the little they had and went hungry together.

The victory over the Noble Savage—reduced in numbers, deprived of land, broken in spirit, isolated on wasteland reservations—was complete except for one final indignity. That was to Americanize the Indian, to eliminate his last faint recollection of his ancient traditions—in short, to exterminate the cultures along with the Indians. There was not much culture left to eradicate, but at last zealous whites found something. Orders went out from Washington that all male Indians must cut their hair short, even though many Indians believed that long hair had supernatural significance. The Indians refused, and the battle was joined. Army reinforcements were sent to the reservations to carry out the order, and in some cases Indians had to be shackled before they submitted.

Most of the attention of the Americanizers, though, was concentrated on the Indian children, who were snatched from their families and shipped off to boarding schools far from their homes. The children usually were kept at school for eight years, during which time they were not permitted to see their parents, relatives, or friends. Anything Indian—dress, language, religious practices, even outlook on life—was uncompromisingly prohibited. Ostensibly educated, articulate in the English language, wearing store-bought clothes, and with their hair short and their emotionalism muted, the boarding-school graduates were sent out either to make their way in a white world that did not want them, or to return as strangers to their reservation. The Indian had simply failed to melt into the great American melting pot.

He had been remade in the white man's image and then cast adrift or else safely bottled up on reservations. Yet it is apparent to any objective observer that the Indian problem still nags at the American conscience. It seems that whites, both land-hungry settlers and humanitarians, have tried every possible variation in the treatment of the Indian. What, then, is the solution?

Many people concerned about the American Indian are coming to believe that we should simply stop offering the Indian pat solutions. Everything has been tried. The Indians have been herded from reservation to reservation, switched from hunting to agriculture or from agriculture to hunting, moved to cities to work in factories or told instead to make room for factories on their reservations. Indians exist today as the most manipulated people on earth—and yet our Indian policy has produced only failure after failure.

—Thomas Fath.

"Reservations exist as poverty-stricken islands surrounded by an ocean of American bounty."

WE have never recognized the Indian as someone who has his own historical rights to live and to act as an Indian within the framework of what remains of his culture. It is time that Washington allowed Indians on their own reservations to make their own decisions about their futures. Instead of dismantling the reservations, as some land-hungry Congressmen propose, let us begin by dismantling the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs. Indians directly concerned, and many impartial observers of the Indian scene as well, regard BIA as incredibly inefficient and unresponsive to the needs of modern Indians. Most BIA personnel still operate with the nineteenth-century attitudes of the Indian fighters and still regard the Indians as childlike wards of the federal government. BIA is distrusted, and even hated, by most Indians.

A model for a new Indian-Government relationship already exists and has been tested successfully for thirty-five years—the U.S. Soil Conservation Service. SCS is a service agency that provides farmers, ranchers, and timber growers with technical assistance that aids them in deriving the most benefits from various federal and state programs. But the actual policymaking and coordination of the work of many experts are firmly in the hands of some 3,000 soil conservation districts across the nation. Each district is a legal entity whose locally elected boards have the authority to work out constructive plans for their individual problems.

With such a new Indian-Government relationship, the sprawling federal programs in education, housing, employment, and so forth would be coordinated by local people who would adapt the programs to local need. With such a plan, it would be possible to take away the education responsibilities from BIA and place them in the Office of Education; the employment problems of Indians could be better handled by the Department of Labor; a start in decentralization has already been made in taking many health services away from BIA and having them carried on by the Public Health Service. Taking the human resource problems out of BIA leaves it free to concentrate on the land resource, a responsibility for which the U.S. Department of the Interior, of which it is a part, has a long history of competence.

But will the Indian be willing to participate in administering his own future? Promising indications that he will exist on many reservations. The Sioux of South Dakota, as just one example, impressed me this summer by their aggressive concern for taking what is best from American society while holding on to what remains of their own traditions. They are working hard to get the most benefits from the existing federal programs in health, education, welfare, employment, and housing while at the same time seeking to make their voices heard. Among other things, they have organized voter registration drives and elected Indians to school boards for the first time in history.

Clearly, it is time we stopped regarding Indians as living museum pieces with no relevance to America today. Their past and their future, for better or for worse, are intertwined with ours.

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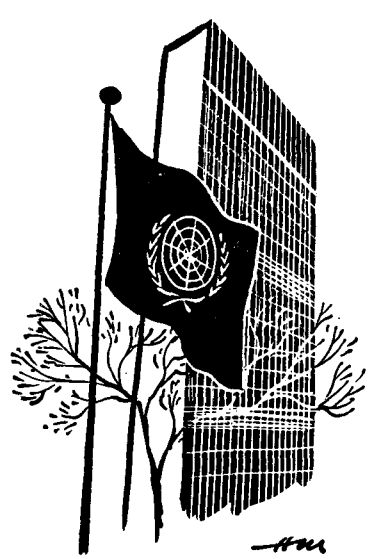
U Thant and the U.S.

U THANT, Secretary General of the United Nations, has invoked both the moral authority of the U.N. and the power of world public opinion in an attempt to break the deadlock of the Vietnam peace negotiations in Paris. He has called for an end to the bombing. His initiatives in this respect have touched off sharp criticism by the United States. It has been made to appear that the Secretary General has exceeded his proper role and that, indeed, he is getting into matters that are none of his business.

Several interesting and possibly historic questions are raised by this episode. What is the basis of U Thant's decision to make a public appeal on the Paris negotiations? In fact, what are the basic functions and responsibilities of the U.N. Secretary General—and, in a more fundamental sense, of the U.N. itself? What are the implications of the U.S. "hands-off" posture toward direct action by the Secretary General in trying to end the war in Vietnam?

U Thant's position on the Paris talks and on the Vietnam war in general must be viewed against the background of all the efforts to end the war through political settlement—ever since it became clear at least five years ago that neither side could achieve victory through military means. A review of those experiences is relevant and essential. In 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson articulated U.S. objectives in Vietnam, declaring we had no plan or purpose to destroy North Vietnam. Our aim, he said, was to establish stability and safety in the area, under genuine self-determination. He was eager to develop the Mekong Delta for the benefit of all the Vietnamese, North and South. He asked the North Vietnamese to recognize that the United States would not unilaterally stop fighting, or allow itself to be defeated, and that the conference table offered the only rational means for ending the war.

SUPPORTING the President's offer, U Thant sent a message to Hanoi calling for negotiations. He told Ho Chi Minh that, since the United States was not going to walk out or be pushed out, the only alternative to increasing devastation would have to be talks. Why wait? Ho Chi Minh accepted. U Thant conveyed the news to Adlai Stevenson, then U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. The U.S. delayed its reply for four-and-a-half incredible months. Finally, early in January 1965, Ambassador Stevenson told U Thant that the State Department feared the negotiations would result in the collapse of the South Vietnam Government. Since there had already been a series of collapses of the Government in South Vietnam, this argument did not seem to be particularly relevant. In any event, the negotiations never materialized. It is worth noting, however, that shortly after the State Department failed to accept U Thant's intermediation, the United States started its bombing of North Vietnam from the air, declaring it had no evidence that Hanoi was willing to enter into talks.



THERE is an interesting sequel to this episode. In June 1965, at the 20th-anniversary celebration of the United Nations in San Francisco, U Thant privately expressed reluctance to accept reappointment as Secretary General. President Johnson, along with other world statesmen, sought to persuade him to remain at his post. In a private conversation with U Thant, he made the point that U Thant was uniquely suited, both because of his authority as Secretary General and his Asian background, to help bring about negotiations in Vietnam. It developed in the ensuing discussion that the President had not been informed by the State Department of U Thant's successful effort in 1964 to persuade Hanoi to agree to talks, only to have the State Department back away. In any event, U Thant was urged by the President to remain in office and to persist in his efforts to bring about a political settlement.

U Thant accepted reappointment. He stayed close to events in Vietnam. In December 1966 came the biggest single opportunity to get both sides to the peace table. Talks were scheduled for Warsaw in the middle of the month, but the city of Hanoi was bombed on the eve of the talks. At first, the State Department denied the bombing had taken place, then claimed it was all a matter of pilot error. Be that as it may, the talks blew up. Despite these setbacks, U Thant persisted in his efforts and was able to ascertain early in 1968 that negotiations could be held once the bombing was halted. He communicated this information to President Johnson and the State Department. Several weeks later, the President announced that he was suspending the bombing and the stage was set for the present peace talks in Paris. Those talks have been stymied,

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however, because the bombing has been continued and, indeed, has been intensified in some areas.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk has said that the United States does not feel justified in stopping the bombing without any indication of reciprocity by North Vietnam. On the face of it, this is an altogether reasonable position. But this statement becomes mystifying, to say the least, when seen alongside the fact that Secretary General U Thant had previously conveyed to Secretary Rusk the information that North Vietnam was prepared within three days of a halt in the bombing to negotiate for a total cease-fire.

Meanwhile, the death toll mounts in Vietnam, both for Vietnamese and Americans. If it is difficult for any reasonably well informed person to believe that all these people have to die, how much more difficult it must be for a man whose job requires him to serve the cause of world peace, and who lives each day with the knowledge of all the missed opportunities to end the war. The surprise is not that U Thant has publicly called upon the United States to stop the bombing in order to break the Paris deadlock, but that he should have been so patient and restrained.

THE State Department is critical of the Secretary General. What does it expect of U Thant? Does it expect him to be subservient to the United States? The implication is clear in the State Department's criticism that U Thant has been meddling. Apart from the fact that U Thant's job is to carry out the U.N. Charter, what about President Johnson's request to U Thant to use the power of his office and his personal prestige to help bring about negotiations? Does the State Department believe that no American action in the world should be questioned by the U.N. or anyone else?

In a larger sense, the American criticism of U Thant raises fundamental questions about the basic attitude of the U.S. Government toward the U.N. On one hand, the U.S. in effect tells the U.N. to stay out of its affairs in the Far East and elsewhere. Yet, when an American naval intelligence ship is seized in Far Eastern waters, the United States goes before the United Nations Security Council to demand appropriate action. But the kind of U.N. authority that would be required in that case is precisely the kind of authority that the United States has in the past consistently opposed giving to the U.N.

In 1955, for example, the U.S. resisted proposals to upgrade the authority and functions of the U.N. and make it into a genuine law-making and law-enforcing institution, yet it did not hesitate one year later to call on the U.N. to act in the name of world law during the Suez crisis. It is noteworthy that the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have had no difficulty in agreeing not to cede any significant degree of their sovereignty to the U.N.

Paradoxically, the ambivalence of the U.S. toward the U.N. has actually resulted in the undercutting or frustrating of America's basic interests. If the United Nations had an identity of its own that transcended the foreign policies of its members, the United States would not now find itself without an effective voice or outlet when confronted by such monstrous violations of world peace and morality as the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. The attempt of the United States and other major nations, including the Soviet Union, to cling to every vestige of their sovereignty has made virtually all sovereignty unworkable. World insecurity has expanded, not receded, in direct proportion to the insistence of major nations on retaining total freedom of action and decision in their foreign affairs.

These matters have yet to be raised in the American Presidential campaign. Yet it is doubtful whether anything is more relevant or vital to the American future than the position of the candidates on the subject of effective world organization. A full and resounding commitment to the principle of world law, with action to match, could represent the beginning of a new era in America's influence in world affairs. It could go a long way toward restoring the confidence of Americans in the conduct of U.S. foreign policy. Finally, it could vastly improve the world's chances for achieving a decent peace. These are tall possibilities. They ought not be ignored.

—N.C.

The Velocipede

By Hollis Summers

THE day said November, the sky noon,
And that was the time I chose to ride
the velocipede with electric power

First owned by my father, then my sons,
A handsome vehicle of heather color,

A worthy machine, fully proved
By all my knowable generations
With trips to town and lakes and mountains
And places bearing no name but love.
I had never ridden the velocipede.

I did not recall I had never ridden.
But both of my sons and one of my father
Stood on the porch to watch me mount,
Shouting farewell as well as huzzah.
"Goodbye," I called. But I did not move.

The three men laughed and clutched each other.
"It's not plugged in," shouted my younger.
"Throw us the cord," shouted my older.
"We'll fix it up," roared my father.
The three lions roared and chortled together.

I had not noticed the cord before.
It was longer than cords for typewriters
Or electric fans or vacuum cleaners,
But not long enough to go to town
Much less love, or lakes, or mountains.

The motor started. The men had contrived
A clever extension from the front porch light.
"Let us know when you have arrived,"
They called together. "Come back alive."
They were not unfriendly, and noon shone brightly.

"Where have you gone? How have you traveled?"
But no one could hear above the roar
Of the heaving motor. All the while
High in the cupola, a lamb, my mother,
Watched me riding around the block.

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Letters to the Editor

Theology and Humanism

I TAKE ISSUE with two arguments in John Ciardi's excellent article, "Birth Control: Theology vs. Humanism" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Sept. 21]. One is the statement, "There is a fundamental anti-sexual bias in all Christianity . . .," and the other is an overall impression that the theological viewpoint is of necessity almost inhuman.

First of all, the intent of God in Genesis that man should "be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth" comes some time before the Fall. Hence, the oft-repeated fallacy that somehow original sin involves the sex act is sheer nonsense. When Paul says, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it," he is putting sex in its loftiest position possible in the human relationship.

In the Catholic view over the centuries, marriage became essentially only a means to an end—the procreation of children. In the humanist view, it is simply an end in itself—physical and emotional self-gratification. But in any truly Christian view, the marriage relationship is one of the most humane possible, that of restraint and self-denial because you care.

If we look at this whole question only from the humanist position, I believe we are headed down a dead-end street. What today may seem the humane viewpoint (presently focused in the birth control controversy), may tomorrow be used to license such things as euthanasia, super-race dogma, etc.

MADELYN V. POWELL,
Chicago, Ill.

I CANNOT AGREE with John Ciardi's distinction between a "humanistic priesthood" and a "theological priesthood." Throughout the ages, humanism was characterized by interest in man as Homo sapiens rather than an emphasis on the natural world or religion. But one should not separate the "human" aspects of life from "theology." Theology is life. Theology concerns itself with the dynamic factors of human life.

In place of Mr. Ciardi's "humanistic priesthood" and "theological priesthood," the views on birth control depend on a "living priesthood" or a "dead priesthood." A "living priesthood," characterized by American Catholics, is one that merges theology and life. Then theology is never static, as it is in the "dead priesthood," the priesthood of unchangeable doctrine and dogma that sets up the God-curtain between the church and the world.

Theology can only survive in the water of life. Removed from its context or environment, theology (the priesthood as well) becomes helpless, dehydrates, and dies. Ciardi's article may help the Pope in finding a way to bring theology back to life.

REV. DARRYL E. DECH,
Cranbury, N.J.

MAY I HUMBLY remind John Ciardi that celibacy is meritorious only because its opposite, marriage, is capable of being chosen. If marriage was not a laudable state of life, one would be obliged to choose celibacy. Then we would no longer speak of a meritorious choice but an a priori duty. Why celibacy then? Apparently because of the greater good foreseen.

REV. RICHARD J. FORD,
Allentown, Pa.

Ambiguity and Interpretation

IN N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "The Breakdown of Political Conventions" [*SR*, Sept. 14], he writes about the Chicago situation: "All of it was on camera. None of it has to be interpreted." Now he knows better than that. First of all, *all* of it could not possibly have been taken in either on tape or film regardless of lens angle and agility and durability of camera men—and certainly not all that was filmed was shown. We didn't see it *all* "as it is."

Secondly, if "none of it has to be interpreted," why does he bother to waste editorial space on self-interpreting events *and* perceptions. As one in the communications business, he knows nothing is automatically transparently clear, unambiguously perceived, and uniformly interpreted by each individual.

In this newly arrived "post-McLuhan" age, we may agree that Mayor Daley acted in a rather primitive "tribal" manner, but for those of us not in Chicago the TV screens did not literally transplant us into that tribal ritual. There remains some, though little, ambiguity about the scene. I'm for unearthing as much of that ambiguity as possible in search of the truth, but I am not naïve enough to believe that what I saw and read was in fact utterly transparent and shimmeringly unambiguous. It was selective and interpreted, as are N. C.'s comments and mine.

PAUL A. MICKEY,
Princeton, N.J.

A Therapeutic Attitude

I AGREE GENERALLY with Dr. Karl Menninger's point of view as expressed in his article "The Crime of Punishment" [*SR*, Sept. 7]. In my experience as a psychotherapist, I have seen much evidence of the harmful consequences inflicted by punishment used as a training technique, and relatively few good results.

Dr. Menninger's emphasis in therapy is a "therapeutic attitude," education, and insight. I don't think he gives enough emphasis to the prolonged imposition of external limits, barriers, control, routine, organization, rules, laws, etc.—*as a therapeutic modality*. It takes from twelve to twenty years in the course of the development of the human mind to impose social rules and regulations and have them "sink in"; to develop the internal mental structure known as the conscience.

Prolonged institutional care of the adult delinquent is oftentimes a necessary requirement to accomplish internalization of controls. I can certainly agree with Dr. Menninger that human contact with compassionate keepers is a necessity for mental rehabilitation. Educational, recreational, and work programs are essential. Formal and informal psychotherapies are helpful and perhaps necessary. We need penal (as well as state hospital) reform; penal institutions need to be located in population centers where interested therapists can visit, attempt to treat, rehabilitate, and reform. As rapidly as possible, physical restraint should become human restraint and ultimately internal psychic restraint. However, our idealism and love of mankind should not blind us to the necessity for confinement not only as a protective device—certainly not as a punitive device—but as a part of the humane treatment of the criminal population.

MILTON M. ASHLEY, M.D.
Bellevue Wash.

"Edwin, in my hand I hold a list of highlights from twenty-five years of marriage!"

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Literary Horizons

Philology for Fun

By GRANVILLE HICKS

A YEAR or so ago a sharp-tongued Englishwoman, in my presence, referred to a well-known compatriot of hers as "a gormless creature." I was unfamiliar with the adjective, but the way in which she brought it out destroyed the man then and there. It sounded like a useful word, and I looked it up when I got home. It was not in the smaller dictionaries I consulted, but Random House Dictionary described it as "Brit. informal," defined it as "witless; senseless; stupid," and derived it from "ME, *gome*, heed, notice." Webster's Third International Dictionary called "gormless" a variant of "gaumless," which it defined as "dull and stupid."

One advantage in being an amateur philologist is that you start out on tracks the professional would know too much to bother with, and that gives serendipity a chance. (Anyone who doesn't know that word, by the way, would do well to look it up, for it has an interesting origin and has lately been often used by scientists.) The other day I was reading *Susan Lenox*, a novel by David Graham Phillips first published more than fifty years ago, and I came across this sentence: "The children mussed and gormed themselves, their dishes, the tablecloth." Thinking there might be a connection with "gormless," I began looking for "gorm" as a verb, and could not find it in RHD or in Mathews's Dictionary of Americanisms. In Wentworth and Flexner's Dictionary of American Slang, however, I found "gorm, v.t., v.i. To eat voraciously. Since *c.* 1850. *Not common. From 'gormandize.'*"

This didn't seem to have much to do with Phillips's use of the word, and I thought I was stuck; but I remembered W3's "gaum," and found, among several definitions, "to smudge or smear." Looking up "gaum" in the Oxford Universal Dictionary, I found that in 1796 it had meant "to smear with a sticky substance; to daub." I was directed to *cf. gome*, and was told that in 1611 "gome" meant "the black and oily grease on the axle of a cart wheel." This reminded me that W3 had said, "perh. alt. of 'gum.'" From Eric Partridge's *Origins*, a most helpful book in playing this kind of game, I learned that "gum" came from "ME, gumme, earlier gomme," which he traced back, through the Latin and the Greek, to the Egyptian *qemai*, "the exudation of the acanthus." Phillips's children may have been gormed, but that does not prove they were gormless.

The search for "asphodel" was less difficult but perhaps more rewarding. I was struck by a phrase in "Anonymiad," one of the stories in John Barth's *Lost in the Funhouse* [*SR*, Sept. 29]; the hero, marooned on a Mediterranean island, speaks of "the want of any audience but asphodel, goat, and tern." Having an amateur botanist in the house, I asked her where asphodel grows, and, after consulting her reference books, she reported that several kinds grow in the United States and that it is found in abundance in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey.

A LITTLE later I was talking to a friend who is not only an amateur botanist but also a teacher of the classics. He was under the impression that the asphodel to be found in Greece was not the same as the asphodel in America, and he went to the Encyclopaedia Britannica to check. He found that there are seven kinds of asphodel in the Mediterranean region, that the bog asphodel is common in England, and that there are several varieties of asphodel in America.

The encyclopedia also yielded the information, familiar to my friend, that "in Greek legend the asphodel is the most famous of the flowers connected with the dead and the underworld." I now understood why Eudora Welty called one of her finest stories "Asphodel"; the title comes from the name of "the golden ruin" that is visited by the three old ladies, and this is indeed a place of death.

Along the way we had several times been advised to *cf. daffodil*, and the encyclopedia cleared up that point too: "The English word 'daffodil' is a perversion of 'asphodel,' formerly written 'affodil.' The *d* may come from the French *fleur d'affodile*. It is no part of the word philologically." Webster's New World Dictionary derives the word from *affodite*, "with playful *d-* as in *dandy*." "Dandy," we learn, is "playful Scot. form of *Andy*." Partridge says that the Greek "asphodelos" is itself o.o.o. (of obscure origin).

With "schlemiel" or "schlemihl," the problem was in spelling. W3 and RHD sanction both spellings but put "schlemiel" first. Both derive the word from Yiddish and thence from Hebrew, and agree that it means an unlucky, bungling person. Mathews's Dictionary of Americanisms says: "App. f. Chamisso's well-known story, 'Peter Schlemihl,' of the unfortunate wretch who sold his shadow to the devil." In the fourth edition of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* [*SR*, March 9] there is a somewhat fuller account of the story, and I learn that Adelbert von Chamisso lived from 1781 to 1838. What I wonder is whether Chamisso didn't derive the name of his hero from either the Yiddish or the Hebrew antecedent of "schlemiel." In any case it seems reasonable to assume that

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the word didn't come into the American language by way of Chamisso.

Within the past ten or fifteen years the word has been used frequently by both Jewish and non-Jewish writers, Several of Saul Bellow's characters and several of Bernard Malamud's have been described as "schlemiels." I'm not sure when I became conscious of the word, but it's been around for some time. It is not, however, in Webster's Second International Dictionary (1934). Mathews's earliest quotation is dated 1919, and one of his examples comes from *SR* for October 6, 1945: "The fourth was an amiable schlemiel who had just about sense enough to sit down when he was tired."

A word that bothers me a little is "psychedelic." It is not in W3 (1961), but it is in RHD (1966). My impression is that it emerged in those five years, and emerged from some individual's mind. But whose? It was made out of two Greek words, according to RHD, *psyche* and *dél (os)*, which means "visible, manifest, evident." "Psychedelic," then, means something that opens or clarifies the mind. It was intended to have and does have a favorable connotation. RHD defines it: "1. of or noting a mental state of great calm, pleasureful perception of the senses, esthetic entrancement, and creative impulse. 2. of or noting any of the group of drugs producing this effect, as LSD, mescaline, psilocybin." Somebody got in quickly with a word and with a definition of that word that made the so-called psychedelic drugs sound great. Was it Timothy Leary, Aldous Huxley, or who? If readers can throw light on this problem, I'd like to hear from them.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1314

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1314 will be found in the next issue.

. . . UNKJZ JGK KHKXCZ. UC UZ OAGK NUQQUIPWC CA OJVK CFKO UXCKGKZCUXT . . . EPC UQ DAP QJUW CFK ZCDWK UZ JC QJPWC.

—TPZCJHK QWJPEKGC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1313

Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

No First Step

In reviewing the books by Fred J. Khouri and William Avnery, which give their authors' prescriptions for the terms of a Middle East peace settlement [*SR*, Sept 7], it is unfortunate that Mr. Drew Middleton failed to point out the fundamental failing of both books: They skip the unavoidable first step of getting both sides to sit down together.

The bitterest of enemies sit down to make peace when the only alternative to war and destruction is peace. What is so ironically tragic in the Middle East is that it is the world's peace agency, the U.N., which has provided the alternative to peace. By interposing itself as a shield in the Middle East, the U.N. has in effect permitted and promoted the guerrilla activity which keeps the pot boiling there.

Eric Hoffer would seem to be correct in stating that special rules apply to Israel. Where else has the U.N. intervened to stop a war in less than a week? Elsewhere, the U.N. promotes direct peace talks even while hostilities continue—here, there has been no pressure for direct talks even as a quid pro quo for saving the losers from official surrender and occupation!

Is it not time that we recognize that Arab leaders can come to the peace table only if it is obvious that they are being *forced* to do so? In mid-June 1967 this would have happened naturally. How terribly sad it is that the interference of the world's peacemaking organization prevented—and continues to prevent—peace from evolving in the Middle East.

A. Joseph Heckelman.
Waterbury, Conn.

To Arms, Ladies!

How right Joan Field Cox is in her indictment of male reviewers of females' books—and of men in general [*SR*, Book Forum, Sept. 14]. It is an unceasing miracle that men, who would not for one moment put up with the discrimination and second-class citizenship to which all American women are subjected, become offended when a woman raises her voice in protest!

Erik Erikson rightly said, "Women could not help burning with that inner rage which comes from having to identify with your exploiter's image of you." And, with Mrs. Cox, I and millions of other women, married and single, professional and amateur, burning too long with that inner rage, feel that it is time someone did, as Mrs. Cox suggests, start a revolution.

Elizabeth Gould Davis.
Sarasota, Fla.

Remember Taft?

In reviewing the three new books on President Johnson [*SR*, Sept. 21], Carroll Kilpatrick says: "Johnson is one of only two Presidents since Grover Cleveland who have been turned out of office. Herbert Hoover was defeated because he couldn't cope with the Depression; Johnson was forced to withdraw as a candidate because of Vietnam and his own personality."

As I remember from a campaign song, enough people refused to "Get on a raft with William Howard Taft" in 1912 to cause him to go down to defeat. Taft was denied a second term thanks to Teddy Roosevelt and his Bull Moose Party winning 4,126,000 popular votes and eigthy-eight electoral votes while Taft got 3,484,000 popular votes and only eight electoral votes.

George Johnson.
Wausau, Wis.

Editor's note: *Unfortunately, Mr. Kilpatrick notified SR of his error too late for correction in the published review.*

Enriched by One Per Cent

In his appealing article on Africa's need for books [*SR*, Sept. 14], David Dempsey in The Publishing Scene missed a golden opportunity for service by giving no address(es) where contributions of books can be sent.

Perhaps your Subscription Department can tell us by how many books Africa would have been enriched if only 1 per cent of your subscribers had sent an average of five books each.

E. P. Humphrey, Jr..
Haverford, Pa.

Historical Societies

The article by J. H. Plumb about local historical societies [*SR*, Aug. 31] is, without a doubt, one of the finest I have ever read on the subject.

Dayton W. Canaday,
Director,
South Dakota State Historical Society,
Pierre, S.D.

Where Is Beagle's Book?

I would like to encourage Frances Crehan (Book Forum, Sept. 14) to continue her search for Peter S. Beagle's extraordinary novel *A Fine and Private Place*. I know the problem that confronts her as I scoured *all* of Los Angeles to find a second copy after I had lucked into my first one. I feel rather guilty owning two copies, but I'm afraid of losing one.

If the libraries haven't been helpful to Mrs. Crehan, I suggest she try writing to college bookstores—I found a copy at the UCLA campus bookstore. I also understand that some high schools and colleges use this book in literature and creative writing courses, which is only appropriate as Mr. Beagle was a nineteen-year-old college student when he wrote it.

B. J. Merholz.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

FRANKFURT.

Flapping banners on the highway leading to Frankfurt's sprawling Book Fair urged us to pray for Rosemary's Baby, read Milovan Djilas, and remember RFK, whose *To Make a Better World* has just been published in German. In retrospect—the Fair lasted from September 18 to 24—it can be seen that the spirit of two Kennedys, conciliation and firmness, dominated a festival that this year became a test of strategy among Fair officials, participating publishers, and a third force of protesters from the SDS—the extremist West German Socialist students' organization—whose presence "confronted" the authorities with a choice of suppression or accommodation and gave the conclave a political dimension not on the agenda. But the terms of accommodation were strictly limited. At the opening ceremonies the Lord Mayor of Frankfurt, Willy Brundert, an old Social Democrat, warned the SDS that while dissent was welcome – indeed, a "demonstration" area had been set aside for them—disruption was not. The Book Fair would go on.

It is difficult to see how it could not go on, since it would be quite impossible for the students to "occupy" more than 100,000 square feet of floor space in the two mammoth halls where publishers from all over the world had set up shop. In any case, the students' cause was so overshadowed at first by the Czech crisis that the presence of Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the SDS cheerleader here, seemed less important than the absence of Antonin Liehm, the forty-four-year-old editor of Prague's recently demised liberal magazine, *Literární Listy*. Mr. Liehm, in Italy, had been denied a visa by German immigration officials at the last minute. An outraged German press corps immediately wired Foreign Minister Willy Brandt in protest. This was on Thursday, September 19. By Saturday, Liehm was at the Fair, extolling his new book, *Conversations on the Moldau: The Struggle for Freedom in Czechoslovakia*, to which he was able to write a post-invasion introduction. *Conversations* may not have been the most notable of the almost 200,000 books on display, but it was undoubtedly one of the most noticed.

Mr. Cohn-Bendit was not to be upstaged. An "antibook fair" was set up in the Students' Building at the local university, where some two dozen small publishers of Left-wing and "underground" literature arranged displays. Meanwhile, SDS flying squads popped up unpredictably at the official exhibits whenever they could find a suitable target. The attention-getting value of these generally nondisruptive affairs came after a time to be considered rather a boon, and more than one exhibitor, nursing an ailing display, might envy the publisher who could stir up some excitement by provoking the appearance of a group of bearded students, dressed in trick-or-treat garb.

When word got around that Franz Josef Strauss, the conservative and controversial Minister of Finance, would fly from Bonn for an appearance at the booth of his publisher, whose slogan, "A Forum for Free Discussion," was emblazoned over the exhibit, the SDS quickly took up the challenge to do a little free discussing. Unfortunately, the aisle filled up before Mr. Cohn-Bendit arrived, and the entrance was blocked off by guards. When "Danny" did appear however, a short time before Mr. Strauss, he was promptly passed through the barricade. "We do these things differently in Chicago," an American who was watching said to me.

In the end, when Mr. Strauss came, the aisle was cleared; yet it was not only the police who protected him but the jungle of television equipment that had been set up in advance. Indeed, the success of these demonstrations, from the point of view of the publicity they attract, has also been their undoing—that, and a combination of covert sympathy they elicit on the part of some "Establishment" publishers, and a widespread refusal to take them too seriously. When Danny and his cohorts tried to invade the ballroom of the Intercontinental Hotel, where a mass cocktail party was being given by Collins, the British publisher, Ernst Ledig-Rowohlt, head of the huge paperback house recently acquired by Time-Life Books, recognized some of his authors among the demonstrators. "Better than being dead," he remarked. "At least they're alive." Alive and writing, it should be added. The twenty-three-year-old Mr. Cohn-Bendit is doing his own book, *Obsolete Communism: The Left Wing Alternative*, and although he was something of a nuisance to publishers here, several contracted for the translation rights; McGraw-Hill plans to bring the book out in the United States early in 1969. No doubt it will be on display at next year's Fair. Moreover, half the publishers on hand, it seemed, were frantically looking for other books on the "student movement."

In spite of the confusion, it was appropriate that an event of such international dimensions should serve as a focus for ideological conflict. This is a far cry from the original intention of the Fair, which was simply a meeting place where publishers could buy and sell foreign rights. First held in 1949, it was then attended mainly by local publishers, who were limited to one display counter, two stools, and fifty books. This year nearly 3,000 exhibitors came from fifty-seven countries. No less than 874 of these firms are German (including forty-four from East Germany), giving the country probably the highest

(*Continued on page* 49)

—*Wide World.*

"Danny the Red" Cohn-Bendit (wearing kerchief), leader of French student demonstrators at Frankfurt, "provoked what seemed to be a symbolic arrest."

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From Folkways to Fowls' Ways

The Séance and Other Stories, *by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 261 pp. $5.95), comprises sixteen tales set in the author's particular world of sinners and saints, dybbuks and devils. Curt Leviant edited and translated the new Sholom Aleichem anthology "Some Laughter, Some Tears."*

By CURT LEVIANT

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER has produced a bookshelf all his own, including (in English translation) five novels, four short-story collections, a volume of memoirs, and three children's books. He has extended the range of Yiddish literature in particular and of imaginative literature in general. Despite the occasional charge from his own literary backyard —the Yiddish writers' camp—that he is a sensationalist, Singer's work, with its focus on eros and the darker side of life (mainly in his stories; the novels are more traditionally realistic), serves as a counterweight to the world of Sholom Aleichem, with its focus on laughter through tears. Indeed, in their antipodal nature the visions of both writers are to a degree complementary.

The Séance and Other Stories contains sixteen tales set in that by now familiar terrain of the imagination which sinners and saints, the quick and the dead, dybbuks and devils call home. Although most of the pieces reflect the East European ethos, folkways, and historical condition, three stories take place in the New World.

Just as demons and sprites are natural corollaries to Singer's European stories, the two tales set in New York use psychic phenomena as their narrative props. (Sophisticated places need sophisticated make-believe — imagine a dybbuk on Central Park West, or an exchange of spiritualist letters in a *shtetl.*) Both stories, "The Séance" and "The Letter Writer," have as their protagonists men who believe in telepathy and the concomitant occultica; both are lonely scholars whose entire families have been wiped out by the Germans, and both share the same fears, doubts, and ailments.

WHEN an author selects stories originally scattered in periodicals for inclusion in a volume and determines their order, he gives them a unity, a soul. It is not accidental, then, that the two New York stories—the first hesitantly optimistic, the other forthrightly so—open and close the book. Perhaps Singer is discreetly hinting that metempsychosis also takes place in his fictional world and he is its faithful filter.

The third American story, "The Lecture," is the most unusual of all, a radical departure from Singer's narrative stance. For the first time in his collected stories the identities of the author and his *persona* fuse. "The Lecture" is not a mere straightforward account of a writer riding on a Montreal-bound train to deliver a lecture, but a fictionist's imaginative venture superimposed upon an autobiographical report. By means of careful delineation the icy train becomes on another level a journey back to the province of *shtetl* life. Each fact here takes on a suggestive parallel meaning; each event bears within itself its psychological shadow. Behind the safe journey from New York lurk the alter egos of European trains, some of which led to discomfort, others to death.

The narrator arrives in Montreal late and finds waiting for him an old crippled lady and her daughter who admire his works. Seeing the poor neighborhood where they live, he is reminded of a Polish town; tossing on their uncomfortable cot, he thinks of an impoverished *shtetl* dwelling; the scratching of a mouse is exaggerated into nameless terror that triggers thoughts of concentration camps.

In traveling north the narrator has returned to the metaphysical cold, recreating a trip he never took but which every Jew who survived has always imagined. On the one hand the author depicts a man going to a place where the Yiddish word is adored (Isaac Bashevis Singer going to a lecture in Montreal); on the other hand, with ironic juxtaposition, he subtly creates the atmosphere of a man and a Yiddish-speaking world heading for ice and death, as suggested by the winter storm and the death of the crippled woman on the very night her favorite author is in her house. In this powerful tale, marred only by the sketchy character of the woman who too liberally exposits her past, Singer has taken a phenomenon of Jewish literary life and converted it into a parable of modern Jewish history.

SOME of the stories have a familiar locale, even a faint aura of *déjà vu.* In a few the mechanics of storytelling are forced, as though the writer felt obliged to show that his invention has not been exhausted. We willingly accept the grotesque in Singer and the fanciful in *Alice in Wonderland*; however, our disbelief must be suspended. Therefore, the *two* dybbuks in "The Dead Fiddler" seem contrived and the narrative impersonal; the plot of "Two Corpses Go Dancing" is marionetted by the Evil One, a sort of *deus ex machina* who can do anything—thereby eliminating motive, characterization, and plausibility, which even the fantastic demands.

The range of the other stories is wide. "The Needle" is a variation on the folk and *fabliau* "test" motif, where one character tries another to see if he is worthy of a reward. "Yanda," about a Polish peasant woman who spent her life working in a Jewish inn, reads as if it had

"There's talk of merger."

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been plucked from the marvelous world of Chekhov. "The Plagiarist" deals with a rabbinical student who copies his master's work and publishes it, but is not exposed because the rabbi does not want to shame his disciple. "Henne Fire" concerns a woman who causes the community severe security problems: wherever she goes she is pursued by flames. In "The Brooch" a respectable professional thief discovers to his disappointment that his wife has mastered his skills.

The animal allegory, "Cockadoodledoo," however, overshadows all the other stories. Its conception, symbolism, and fusion of thought and feeling make it a masterpiece, one of the finest tales that Mr. Singer has written. It is pleasing not only for its own sake but also because it is indicative of the writer's continuing if occasionally see-sawing artistic strengths. Here we have a supreme blend of Singer's imagination, craftsmanship, and Jewish thematics. "Cockadoodledoo" is a monologue delivered by a rooster who speaks in terms of the Jewish and the human experience; aware of the slaughterer and the fate of fowl, he nevertheless waits with wisdom and hope. The *leitmotif* of this enigmatic tale—which at once reveals and conceals—is the mystic power of the rooster's cry, the symbol of salvation.

> Cockadoodledoo resolves all questions, solves all riddles. The rooster may die but not the cockadoodledoo . . . We'll go on crowing after all slaughterers . . . have been laid low. What is rooster, then, and what is hen? Nothing more than a nesting place for the cockadoodledoo. No butcher in the world can destroy that.

In the classic fable manner Singer probes the rooster's soul, extracts from it all the feelings paralleled in the human world, and presents us with an apocalypse of messianic longing. The spare prose and enchanting rhythms of this story have been gracefully rendered by Ruth Whitman (who recently edited and translated the bilingual *Anthology of Yiddish Poetry.*)

DESPITE the translations by several hands the tone of the entire collection is amazingly even, owing no doubt to a combination of good editing and tight control by the author, who has co-translated a number of his own stories.

The Séance and Other Stories, then, adds to its author's well-deserved reputation as one of our major creative artists. When a man writes as well and as prolifically as Isaac Bashevis Singer, we need not expect supremity in every single piece. Discovery of even one gem is cause for rejoicing—and how much more so when that gem is not alone.

Life as a Cliché

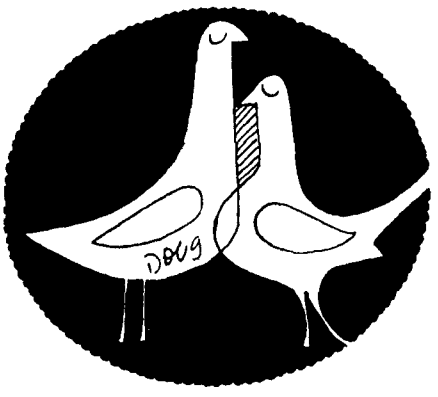
A Married Man, *by Benjamin DeMott (Harcourt, Brace & World. 153 pp. $3.95), utilizes a stereotyped situation—an affair between a young woman and a much older man—to demonstrate that, for all the characters' ambiguity as human beings, they are yet consequential. James McConkey's "Crossroads: An Autobiographical Novel" was published earlier this year.*

By JAMES McCONKEY

TOLD IN THE FIRST PERSON, Benjamin DeMott's brief novel owes something of its form and subject to those highly artful confessional narratives that Gide and other French novelists have written, narratives which probe the weaknesses—the self-indulgences, the refusals to distinguish between appearance and reality—of the narrators.

In *A Married Man* DeMott takes as a fictional premise all the arguments that have been raised to prove that the novel as a genre has lost its relevance. Accepting that there may be no such thing as a clear human identity, he agrees with the view that human relationships are likely to be without point. The author raises no argument against the banality of middle-class activities, and emphasizes the degree to which words themselves can become but a series of clichés established by a person as protection against communication with self or another. He creates a character who is haunted by all the contemporary threats to human meaning, puts him into the most stereotyped situation possible—and proceeds to demonstrate that his dilemma is the stuff of fiction.

A Married Man is the account of Gordon Flint, a respectable middle-aged man—married, the father of two sons—who has a passionate affair with a young fellow-employee in a firm that makes educational films. Flint loves his children and has, at the least, admiration for his wife, who "was beyond vanity. It was actually a trouble for her to think of herself." An indication of the closeness that has marked their relationship is that his wife intuitively realizes, despite the pose of devoted husband which he plays so well, that Gordon has a mistress; the knowledge destroys her sense of meaning and personal consequence.



Flint's deceptions and role-playing continue even after his wife definitely knows of his infidelity. In one economically rendered scene he leaves home for a brief period ostensibly to be a character witness in the trial of a former colleague (one who reflects, in a more neurotic form, Flint's own psychological disturbances). Actually, Flint's willingness to testify is motivated by his awareness that he can use the defendant's plea for assistance as an excuse for yet another rendezvous with his mistress, Jean. Because of her he is late for the legal proceedings but he still manages to be useful in gaining a suspended sentence for Weinberg, the accused. And he pays the defense lawyer's fee.

> On the street Weinberg told me he was selling his books, what good were they, he'd send me the money right away. Here I was, he said. Man, it was beautiful, there was even one person, enough to start a religion. Listen, he said, are you staying anywhere, I mean I'll give you my room, I got two pads, don't worry. When I said I had to go back, he turned, wet-eyed and wondering. You mean you came just for me . . .? There were no cabs. The sun held no heat. Weinberg ran across the park, flagged one down. He was out of breath, dirty. "Man, I love you," he said. "You're a fucking hero. I love you." I shook his hand. Take care of yourself, forget the money, keep in touch. Weinberg shut the cab door sincerely. There were tears in his crazy eyes. I shook my head as we went off. "Lies lies lies," I said out loud, not caring who heard. I wanted everything to be over.

Soon the romance is over: Flint can't maintain the hypocrisy that it demands of him. And yet—in perhaps the finest irony in the novel—to break off the affair he feels he must lie to Jean; he must deceive her even as he has deceived his wife. And so he hurts the young woman the way he has earlier hurt his wife. As his passion for Jean subsides, Flint gradually grows aware of imperfections in her nature that he hadn't noticed while enamored of her body. He becomes, for new young neighbors in his suburb, an example of what an established family man should be; he and his wife say the expected things to their guests, and listen to the predictable replies.

But the affair with Jean has had an ambivalent effect upon Flint: he knows that he possesses no truth in himself, that he "has respected no belief, taste, word, relation" in his life, and at the same time—or at the next instant—he is proud that

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he is "experienced;" proud that he has had the affair with the girl. So he still lacks any sense of himself as an integrated person. What he does have—and what makes us accept him—is an honesty concerning his own dilemma: he is trapped by that honesty into an awareness of his lack of definition.

The novel is not without flaws. Flint initially seems such a fatuous older man that I wonder at Jean for being taken with and by him. And am I to respond to the descriptions of their early passionate encounters as the real thing? "We fell upon each other like beaten swimmers on a lucky strand, bewildered, not trusting the end." At the conclusion of Flint's narrative, I believe such language intentional, part of the author's insight into his protagonist; but I still am not pleased by its use. Whatever the book's limitations—perhaps the limitations inherent in the first-person confessional—I respect the novel. I respect *A Married Man* for its moving proof that, for all his fear of pointlessness, his very fear of being finally nothing at all, man remains of consequence.

The Sorrows of Sex: In a year in which John Updike's novel *Couples* was published Nina Bawden's *The Grain of Truth* (Harper & Row, $4.95) about the affairs of two British upper-middle-class suburban couples seems understated to the point of being anemic. It is smoothly and skillfully written but lacks vigor and substance.

Telling the story from various points of view, Miss Bawden, author of *A Woman of My Age* and other novels, shows us lawyer Henry Lingard and his wife Emma and their best friends, BBC executive Felix Craven and his wife Holly.

Holly is a lusty, cheerful, amoral creature. ("People take sex too seriously . . . A bit of what you fancy does you good, but once you've said that, you've said all there is to say on the subject, in my humble opinion. The stupid thing is, for most people *being* good is *not* having what they fancy, and since they want to be good they pretend they *don't* want it.") It is Emma of whom Holly is thinking particularly. To all outward appearances Emma, on whom the book centers, is a model wife and mother, spending her life at home caring for her husband and children and her husband's elderly father.

But Emma is unhappy. She daydreams of affairs she doesn't dare have with the men she meets; she suffers from her mother's coldness, and she is haunted by a childhood guilt that she was really to blame for the death of the little boy next door. When a crisis comes, Emma goes to pieces. She insists she really pushed her father-in-law down the stairs to his death, a possibility so appalling (and inconvenient) that everyone insists she is ill. It takes a quick lie from Holly to avoid real trouble.

But, Miss Bawden shows us, Holly, for all her vaunted honesty in sexual matters, is not much better off than her friend. Her father deserted her mother when Holly was a child and this, the reader is led to believe, makes Holly afraid to love. So she leaps in and out of beds and ruins her chances of ever finding the love she craves with the husband who once adored her.

Several characters comment on the unlikeliness of the friendship between Emma and Holly, and the reader shares their surprise. For Emma with her exaggerated guilts and self-blame is a ninny and a bore. Holly, far less important to the book, is a much livelier and more amusing personality. Miss Bawden tailors her story neatly, but it seems far removed from reality. There may be a grain of truth in all this, but not much more. —ELIZABETH EASTON.

Wings in Flap

The Poverty of Liberalism, *by Robert Paul Wolff (Beacon. 200 pp. $5.95),* ***The Future of Conservatism: From Taft to Reagan and Beyond,*** *by M. Stanton Evans (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 304 pp. $5.95), and* ***The America We Lost: The Concerns of a Conservative,*** *by Mario Pei (NAL/World 177 pp. $4.95), smite liberalism from the Left and Right. Kenneth W. Thompson is a political scientist in New York City.*

By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

WRITING OF THE MAIN CURRENTS in Western democratic philosophy, Robert P. Wolff declares his "purpose" is to "understand" it "as well as to subject it to criticism." Indeed, his first chapter on liberalism is the most closely reasoned and trenchant essay on John Stuart Mill I have read. This sets his critique of liberal democratic thought apart from that of M. Stanton Evans and Mario Pei, who seek not understanding but an instant and thoroughgoing indictment of liberalism. What unites the trio of observers, however, is a dissatisfaction with what have been prevailing nineteenth- and twentieth-century modes of thought.

Wolff launches his criticism from the radical Left on the political spectrum. Evans and Pei direct their fire on the enemy from the conservative if not reactionary Right. *The Poverty of Liberalism* is a treatise in the great tradition of political philosophy; *The Future of Conservatism* and *The America We Lost* are political tracts for our time. Yet their differences should not obscure their agreement. Their target is the same. In Wolff's phrase: "Conservative critics bemoan the loss of tradition and look back longingly to an earlier age when men were bound to one another by feelingful ties of loyalty and trust; radical critics decry the reduction of all human interactions to the exploitative rationality of the cash nexus and look forward hopefully to a time when work will unite men in cooperative production rather than setting them against one another in destructive competition."

If American civilization like the British before us had produced strong, coherent, and continuous conservative and liberal traditions, the political debate we are witnessing today might be more enlightening. The lines from Burke to Churchill or Locke to Bevin show extraordinary continuity in attitudes and objectives. Conservatism in Britain begins but doesn't end with devotion to a cherished past. Society—to quote Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*—is indeed a partnership in "all science, all art, in every virtue and in all perfection between those who are living, those who are dead, and those

Your Literary I. Q.

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SPANGLISH

Each of the missing words is the Spanish for the word at its left, as well as an English synonym or metonym for the word at its right (for example—*sea*: MAR: *spoil*). Margaret Turner Williams of Santa Fe, N.M., hopes you won't have to turn to page 44 for the missing links.

says	_____	cubes	plunder	_____	column
read	_____	stare	wall	_____	peeled
eleven	_____	formerly	ship	_____	part of church
fight	_____	cover	dowry	_____	be fond
bread	_____	metal dish	bind	_____	fibber
feet	_____	pastries	put	_____	rhythm

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who are to be born." More than that, the legacy of an operational tradition of political and diplomatic practice surrounds these political creeds. The watchwords of conservatism are prudence, political wisdom and accommodation—words that to the liberal smack of expediency and delay. For his part, the liberal underscores rational goals and objectives and the primacy of the future over the past. Yet neither conservatism nor liberalism in the historic Western tradition displays the same nostalgia for the past nor exclusive concern with utopias for the future that have seized the American versions.

MARIO PEI is at once an internationally recognized philologist and a publicist and spokesman for conservative causes. A native Italian, he fears that the liberal dogmas of expanding state action and of inevitable progress are fast transforming the United States into a "nineteenth-century-model European country." *The America We Lost* is a call for a return to a simpler, less vexing era and to simple individualistic virtues. We suffer from "moral amnesia" and "forgetfulness . . . of the moral code that has guided us in the past." Professor Pei deplores the fact that having destroyed the sense of individual responsibility, we have substituted the concept of national or collective guilt, as with the Negro problem. On the Negro, Pei writes: "It is perhaps too easily forgotten that hundreds of thousands of whites gave up their lives to free them from an enslavement that was at the time generally practiced everywhere, often with Europeans and even Americans as their victims." We are warned that "The doctrine of national and collective guilt should be recognized for what it is: a Communistic propaganda weapon cunningly devised to weaken our morale. . . ."

And Mr. Evans goes further in suggesting that conservatism, which can be defined as resistance to "the extension of federal authority," is the prevailing view in the country at large, spurred on by America's westward and southward migration, which "even more decisively than the growth of the suburbs points the way toward conservative, not liberal, politics." The Republican Party thus far has been misled by "the America characteristically presented in the media" but it must learn now that in the great heartlands, "where the votes are," conservatism is the dominant political faith.

Such charges and countercharges may be true but, more important, the sweep and complexity of history place immense demands on successive versions of liberalism and conservatism. The irony of American conservatism is that from the outset it lacked the soil for an organic growth of its own. The industrialists who carved an empire out of a vast wilderness were scarcely conservatives in the European sense. Their very successes made them easy prey for the liberal illusions of progress and perfectibility.

Liberalism in turn suffered from too great a dependence on the French Enlightenment and trust in man's essential goodness as well as his capacity to subdue nature. Its articles of faith included overweening confidence that civilization is becoming more rational and moral, that injustice is caused by ignorance and will yield to education and communication, that war is stupid and can be overcome by reason, that appeals to brotherhood are bound to be effective in the end, and if they fail for the moment we need only more and better appeals, for conflict is simply a matter of misunderstanding. Liberalism failed to take seriously the factors of interest and power, the rudiments of political order, the inherent and historic character of political loyalties, and the necessities of coercion in forming the solidarities of a community. Ironically, liberalism has been most successful when, like Franklin D. Roosevelt, its spokesmen evinced insights from the conservative tradition whether directed to preserving the essentials of the American system or for charting a course in the troubled world of international politics. Similarly, American conservatives have contributed most when their approach had a measure of liberalism, as in Dwight D. Eisenhower's resolve to meet our international responsibilities.

Yet in 1968 Professor Wolff, who is sophisticated about the strengths and defects of liberalism, sounds the call for a new and radical political philosophy that will raise sights in American political life and redirect the scandalous policies we have pursued in Vietnam and in urban ghettoes. His concern is less with the domination of the political system by a liberal power élite than neglect of "many matters of the greatest social importance [which] are not objects of anyone's decision at all." Most men agree that "the welfare of the nation depends upon a stable rate of economic growth, and yet virtually everyone is content to restrict the government to the most feeble sorts of economic controls. Americans seem willing to allow their cities to decay into unintended slums despite the existence of more than enough theoretical understanding . . . to permit rational and deliberate solutions to be initiated. . . . The responsibility . . . belongs at least in part to those liberal social philosophers who have written so contemptuously . . . of the utopian style in social criticism."

BUT precisely here we confront the nub of the problem and the unfinished business of both philosophers and statesmen. It is sobering to recall that for a decade and a half following World War II, liberals saw the educational solution in desegregation. Today the "rational solution" is decentralization and the community-centered school. Our best educational minds ask where will our "theoretical understanding" lead us in 1972. Compounding the problem is the knowledge that understanding is no more than the first step on the long journey to social decisions and policies.

Radicals express impatience and call for a new political philosophy of bold criticism of existing systems and community awareness and action. Conservatives and reactionaries, harking back to an older tradition of laissez-faire, want less collective involvement and greater individual responsibility. What remains for the realist is to marry liberal and conservative insights and legislate the desirable and the possible.

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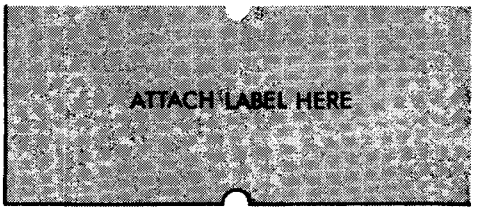

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Vigilantes Updated

The Minutemen, *by J. Harry Jones, Jr. (Doubleday. 426 pp. $6.95), reports on the ultra-Rightist paramilitary organization that stockpiles explosives in refrigerators and suggests putting cyanide in the U.N. air-conditioning system. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

WHEN HARRY JONES of the Kansas City *Star* concluded in the epilogue to this book with a statement that "the Minutemen story is incomplete," he was prophetic. Early last month six heavily armed Connecticut Minutemen raided a pacifist training center near Voluntown.

Two years earlier, in a nationally headlined incident, New York police had aborted a similar plot when they arrested twenty Minutemen and confiscated enough deadly weapons and explosives for a small war. Among the New York *dramatis personae* the police found a "twenty-nine-year-old milkman" who had "stored explosives in his refrigerator" and "a balding forty-year-old . . . advertising copywriter" with two *howitzers* on his front porch and three mortars (for good measure) inside.

Who are these curious vigilantes, and who their quarry? The questions became Mr. Jones's concern about four years ago because Norborne, Missouri, home town of Minutemen founder Robert Bolivar DePugh, was in his newspaper's circulation area. Mr. Jones's extensive work on that beat has yielded this informative if ill-organized and somewhat inconclusive report. But *The Minutemen* has an undoubted documentary value, and the author has written with admirable dispassion about this bizarre phenomenon. Mr. Jones shuns labels like "oddball" and "kook" because, he writes, "the use of such words . . . has led the public to oversimplify its conclusions."

No doubt. The author might equally well have said that in Mr. DePugh's case a brief biography renders epithets superfluous. The founder of the Minutemen left the U.S. Army in 1944 with a medical discharge for "psychoneurosis, mixed type, severe, manifested by anxiety and depressive features and schizoid personality." He studied briefly at Kansas State University in 1946, where he organized the "Society for the Advancement of Canine Genetics." After a nonpolitical interval in the Fifties, Robert DePugh enlisted in the John Birch Society, but he was too pushy for the tastes of its one-man directorate and was excommunicated in 1964. The Milquetoast paranoia of the Birch Society seems to have whetted DePugh's appetite for stronger stuff, hence his founding of the Minutemen in 1961.

Centered initially in Missouri and California, this sect of paramilitary vigilantes battened on bad publicity. Their martial drills, their strange nocturnal prowls with bows and arrows, their cult of Flemingesque secrecy (like 007, each agent has a number), and their candid espousal of armed violence made them something new on the political landscape. Within a year they had the good luck to be put under investigation by two governors, denounced as a threat to freedom by President Kennedy, and deplored by Senator Javits.

Their doctrine, I gather, is standard ultra-Rightist with minor schismatic variations: *i. e.*, the Communist threat is largely internal and is in near control of the Presidency, the press, the schools, the churches, and the courts—all the Establishment agencies now hounded for different reasons by the far Left. Might they not then be put down as another illustration of what Professor Hofstadter calls "the paranoid style in American politics"?

PERHAPS. Except that to the paranoid style they add a cult of explicit violence. They stockpile and conceal weapons against the "day" when they will fall upon "Communists" in high places. As the Queens and Voluntown incidents suggest, they claim the right to discipline summarily the imagined political heresy of innocent neighbors. Their publications have threatened some Congressmen with "crosshairs on the neck" for voting against appropriations for the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Others have noised about crackbrained schemes for putting cyanide gas in the United Nations air-conditioning system.

No one knows how many of them there are, or how seriously their weird threats are to be taken. J. Edgar Hoover's current estimate is 500; Mr. Jones believes the number may be larger. Like all extremists of Right or Left they pose a vexing problem for a society dedicated to its own safety and to civil liberties. But society is not without resort. The Federal Firearms Act ensnared Mr. De Pugh (who has recently gone "underground," with a four-year federal prison sentence awaiting him) and two of his lieutenants. Perhaps we are not powerless to distinguish between freedom to associate and the utterly imaginary "right" to carry bazookas and terrorize law-abiding citizens whose politics these hearties find objectionable. Those who doubt the efficacy of stronger federal gun laws might consider their potential here: they would leave the Minutemen to choose between uncovering their illicit arms caches or risking prosecution for failure to do so.

Game of Abandon

Instant Replay: The Green Bay Diary of Jerry Kramer, *edited by Dick Schaap (NAL/World. 286 pp. $5.95), details the day-to-day life of a professional football player. SR's Associate Publisher Richard L. Tobin once covered sports for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

JERRY KRAMER IS, OF COURSE, the great offensive guard on the Green Bay Packers who threw a gorgeous block on Jethro Pugh late last December to defeat the Dallas Cowboys 21-17 in the icebox of northern Wisconsin. At 15° below zero Green Bay had won the championship of the National Football League for the third straight year. Now the talented Mr. Kramer has put into words the true inside story of what it was like to be a Packer under Vincent Lombardi, the greatest coach of the best football team in the world. Like *Paper Lion, Instant Replay* is one of those exciting sleepers, a truly pre-eminent sports book; it places Jerry Kramer in the rarefied company of George Plimpton. Those who liked *Paper Lion* (and they are by now well into seven figures) will find *Instant Replay* precisely their dish of tea.

Lombardi is always with you here, tough, shouting against laziness and stupidity, hating the prejudice that Negro athletes face in public accommodations, insisting that all his players enter and leave by the back door when a hotel in the South decrees that Negroes must do so. Lombardi doesn't care what color a man is as long as he can play football.

—From the book.

Jerry Kramer—writes with "unbelievable sensitivity."

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and all the Green Bay Packers feel the same way. ("You serve colored people?" a teammate asks Max McGee, the great end, who has just opened a restaurant. "Sure," Max replies. "How do you like them cooked?")

Lombardi has the world's highest threshold of pain—for anybody who plays for him. His lungs keep going all day long. Here he is talking to the veteran backs: "This is a game of abandon and you run with complete abandon. You care nothing for anybody or anything, and when you get close to the goal line your abandon is intensified. Nothing, not a tank, not a wall, not a dozen men can stop you from getting across that goal line. If I ever see one of my backs get stopped a yard from the goal line I'll come off that bench and kick him right in the can."

BUT Lombardi is gentle with rookies, knowing they cannot take it the way his veterans can. "Some of you boys are having trouble picking up your assignments. It's a tough task. You got so many plays to learn, so many moves to learn. If you make a mistake, if you drop a pass or miss a block, anything like that, hell, forget it. If we had a defensive back here who felt bad every time he got beat at a pass pattern, he wouldn't be worth a damn. Take an education, but don't dwell on it. Don't let it affect your play. You will drop passes. You will make mistakes." Then he adds, characteristically, "But not very many if you want to play for the Green Bay Packers."

Lombardi is truly happy about few things in this world, and most of them are winning football games. But after the fantastic victory over Dallas for the N.F.L. title, Jerry Kramer, the blocking hero on Bart Starr's winning plunge, told 50,000,000 Americans over the TV cameras: "Many things have been said about Coach and he is not always understood by those who quote him. But the players understand. This is one beautiful man." Kramer went on to say that no one who ever played for Lombardi speaks of him afterward with anything but respect and admiration and affection. His driving, his whipping, his cussing, his disregard of his players' injuries all fade, and his good qualities endure. Again characteristically, Lombardi came quietly over to Kramer a few days after the great victory and told him privately: "I want to thank you for the things you said on television. I have had a lot of calls about it. A lot of people have commented on it. It was a wonderful thing to say in front of 50,000,000 people." This is part of Lombardi, too, though a little-known part.

The marvel of this book is that it is written with unbelievable sensitivity by a 255-pound monster who from July to January takes physical punishment unknown in any other sport except, perhaps, professional ice hockey. Like *Paper Lion, Instant Replay* is the McCoy. Though not quite as well written or as full of humor as Plimpton's masterpiece, it contains infinitely more inside information, because Kramer is a seasoned football pro where George Plimpton was only a paper Lion. If locker-room prayers and high emotion seem childish in the violent and hyperdramatic context of pro football, that is the way it is, and you believe it with all your heart by the end of this relatively brief encounter with Mr. Kramer's telling prose.

Sports books are the most difficult form of nonfiction; our knowledge of how the game came out takes the edge off the suspense. Jerry Kramer's virtue is that in his story the outcome doesn't matter. It's the details of a pro footballer's life that hold the reader.

Kramer went through twenty-two operations ("not always cheerfully"), most of them major and for suspected cancer, some a result of football injuries; and he was once given up for dead. His teammates call him "Zipper" because he has scars from the top of his head to his anklebones. Three times he was told he would never play football again, but he always kept coming back. That he came back to finish the 1967 season at the ripe pro-football age of thirty-one and, finishing it in triumph, kept up his daily diary is our great good fortune. I have never read a more authentic account of what it's like to live a major sport. I doubt if anyone else has, either.

Uneasy Journey to Social Concern

Lyrical and Critical Essays, *by Albert Camus, translated from the French by Ellen Conroy Kennedy, edited by Philip Thody (Knopf. 365 pp. $6.95), a collection of the author's early work, displays the paradoxes inherent in a self-conscious attempt to exalt a way of life whose strength is its unself-consciousness. J. W. Burrow, a British historian of ideas, has a special interest in the history of social thought.*

By J. W. BURROW

WHEN ALBERT CAMUS died in a motor accident in 1960 at the age of forty-six, he had already established himself as one of the major writers of the mid-twentieth century, a philosopher-novelist of a stature and influence comparable to that of Jean-Paul Sartre, with whom, to the annoyance of both, his name was frequently associated. But Camus was not only a popular writer and a highly important one; he was also often profoundly misunderstood.

On account of his book *The Myth of Sisyphus* he was called an existentialist, though the book was in fact a criticism of various existentialist philosophies. His later long essay *The Rebel* popularized the cult of "revolt" as the cardinal virtue, but Camus's argument was essentially on behalf of moderation. The revolt he spoke of was one in the name of jus-

"Alone, alone, all, all alone; Alone on a wide, wide sea." COLERIDGE
"HE SAID THEY THAT WERE SERIOUS IN RIDICULOUS MATTERS WOULD BE RIDICULOUS IN SERIOUS MATTERS." PLUTARCH
"The great haste to repay an obligation is a kind of ingratitude." ROCHEFOUCAULD
J. Harris

"It's some intellectual group, but nobody can figure out what they want."

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tice against nihilism and the power-philosophies which, claiming to be the agents of historical necessity, show a ruthless disregard for the rights of individuals.

His novels, too, were misunderstood. Camus was identified with the protagonists of *The Outsider* and *The Fall*, who were seen as expressing the despair of twentieth-century man. The real Camus was not at all like this. The present volume, a translation of his collected essays, shows both how little and how much there was of Camus in his fictional heroes; spanning Camus's whole literary career, the essays present a picture of his development both as man and as writer. The earlier ones show his sometimes feverish groping toward forms of expression and an attitude to life; the later ones, cooler and more analytic, sometimes comment directly on his own early attempts. Fascinating though the essays frequently are, they represent not Camus's finest work, but his most self-revealing.

The book makes it clear that only with the war and his move to metropolitan France did the Algerian-bred Camus become so self-consciously a child of his time. It also demonstrates his vital awareness that he was the product of a particular environment—the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Whereas Sartre, who comes from Alsace, formed his philosophy of absurdity and freedom from the ingredients of technical German philosophy, Camus found his superficially somewhat similar world-view in the glaring sun and the hard, clear outlines of the North African coast, and in the uncomplicated, sensuous, unreflective life of its inhabitants.

THIS landscape and these people are the subjects of Camus's earliest essays. The themes that his own immersion in this life forced to his attention were to be fundamental to his later writing: the splendor and indifference of the natural world and the strange, despairing rapture of feeling oneself at one with it yet doomed to die and in revolt against one's fate; the honest paganism of the unintellectual, unimaginative, almost entirely physical life of the Algerians, which Camus himself had shared and enjoyed to the full.

The unrequited yearning of Northern Europeans for the sunlit hedonism of the Mediterranean has left deep traces in European literature—for example, in Goethe, Stendhal, and Browning and, in our own century, in the novels of Norman Douglas and E. M. Forster. Mingled as it is with memories of the civilization of ancient Greece, and contrasted with the misty imaginings and self-denying, self-deluding bustle of the North, the land where the lemon blooms has come to stand for a more clear-eyed as well as a more sensuous way of life, for an acceptance of the body with its beauty and its transitoriness and of the sharp, tragic joys of an ephemeral existence without illusions.

CAMUS shared this view; yet, as a French Algerian, a man of divided loyalties and inheritance, he held it with a peculiar complexity. His acceptance was both ecstatic and fiercely challenging, and in the long run only partial. Though he shared this life and was not merely another Northern tourist wistfully observing, he could not altogether overcome the paradoxes involved in trying self-consciously to exalt a condition whose strength is presented as its unself-consciousness. Nor could he help recognizing its limitations. He praised his hero in *The Outsider* for his absolute honesty; living almost entirely in his immediate sensations, he refuses to fake emotions he does not feel or to observe conventions that are meaningless to him. But his indifference has struck some critics as merely moronic, while Camus himself recognized that this kind of honesty is first cousin to apathy. Philistinism and boredom were, as he notes here, the concomitants of the Algerians' capacity for straightforward enjoyment. Yet their insensitivity and indifference have for him a grandeur of their own, because they are akin to the overwhelming, sublime indifference of the physical world itself, to which these people are so close. Occasionally the ambiguities spill over into the ambivalent giggle of the "it's so bad that it's good" school of criticism. "The relentless bad taste," Camus wrote about Oran, "reaches a point of baroque extravagance where all can be forgiven."

Such uneasy irony seems to mark a middle stage in the transition from the fiercely subjective and defiant lyricism of the early essays to the social concerns of Camus's later years. The attitudes expressed in *The Outsider* and the early essays could only be, for Camus, a provisional statement. Conscience, morality, the claims of suffering mankind were too insistent. Camus went to France, to join in the Resistance and to become one of the mentors of the postwar generation. But beneath the political and metaphysical rhetoric, the preoccupations and vocabulary of the Parisian intellectual, there remained a fundamental concern with the present, with honesty of apprehension and the immediate experience, unclouded by myth or intellectual interpretation. This is also the essential concern of the "new wave" in the French novel and film today. Camus learned it, as these essays show, from the sun, the sea, and the burning stones of his native North Africa.

Beginning this month in *Tryer's*: *The Truth about Leo TOLSTOY* by Alexandra Tolstoy; the case between ROBERT GRAVES and Prof. Elwell — Sutton; the lives and works of OMAR KHAYYAM (*poetical & mathematical*, many for the first time in English), Howard Pyle, the Pre-Raphaelites, FitzGerald, Capek, Dore, Chatterton . . . Important reviews of music books — current and classic — covering all areas of the Arts and Humanities. Extensive studies of world cultures, from Vikings to Africa to Medieval Russia; regular reports on the AMERICAN INDIAN. Plus the *Ralston Lectures* (*first series*). $7.50 year; combined subscription $12.50 (see next page). *TRYER'S Literary Supplement*, Box 73, Fiskeville, R. I. 02823

Victor Giving Voice

Liberty, Laughter, and Tears: Reflections on the Relations of Comedy and Tragedy to Human Freedom, *by Horace M. Kallen (Northern Illinois University Press. 402 pp. $8.50), examines the work of a number of writers, especially Voltaire, to show how in his "struggle to go on struggling" man expresses himself by laughing or weeping. Tom F. Driver wrote "The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama" and a study of Jean Genet.*

By TOM F. DRIVER

PROFESSOR HORACE KALLEN, retired, was a founder of The New School for Social Research and is widely known as the author of books on William James and Henri Bergson, on religion, science, psychology, and American democracy. Students of drama remember his thoughtful, controversial study of *The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy* (1918). One could hope that his new book would be a helpful contribution to current thinking about comedy and tragedy and their prevalent modern mixture in tragicomedy. Alas, it is nothing of the kind.

The book's thesis—if that is the right word, since it is hard to imagine any disagreement with so generalized a stance—can be summarized as follows: Liberty is an inalienable quality of man, since it is the essence of his struggle for survival (even in conditions of servitude), and in the exercise of his liberty in "the struggle to go on struggling" man expresses himself with laughter or tears or both.

> Only the dissipation of the struggler in the emptiness and impotence of death can annul his struggling; tragedy and comedy, as I now understand them, reside in the paradoxes of this condition. It is a predicament which the arts articulate by means of their own symbolizations; by evoking laughter or tears, the arts reconfirm the unalienability of the unalienable.

The "paradoxes" referred to are nowhere defined, but the following passage indi-

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cates that the thought is paradoxical indeed:

> Tragedy obtains when a chooser must decide between two ideals which are equally precious to him, but so related that if one is to survive, the other must perish. Comedy obtains when a precious ideal is losing in the struggle with its rejected rival but snatches victory from defeat. Laughter is the victor giving voice; tears are the voice of the defeated in the victory that makes tragedy.

The human condition here referred to, and of which tragedy and comedy are regarded as by-products, has been more clearly identified in certain theological and metaphysical traditions as that of self-transcendence. The concept means that man is both within and above his own experiences, is at once an actor in his own drama and a spectator of it. Hence the scenes may appear to him at one time comic, at another tragic, and ofttimes both at once.

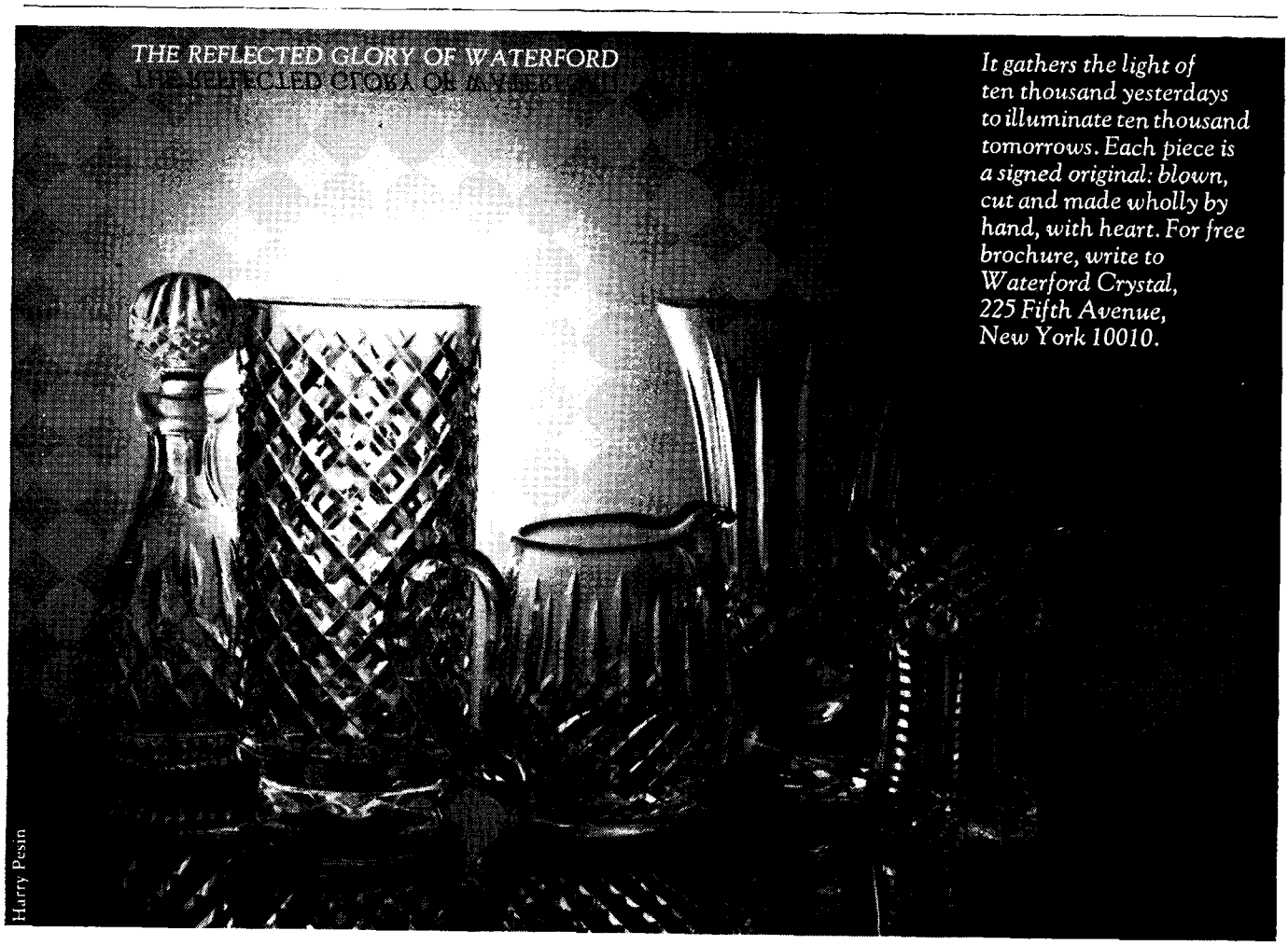
THOUGH he needs the word, Professor Kallen does not speak of transcendence, because he is fiercely anti-theological and anti-metaphysical. At the same time, he refuses to settle for naturalism, though there are passages when he comes close to it, as when he emphasizes

the role played "by the large zygomatic muscle which dominates the muscle group active in laughing" and tells us that "all varieties of laughter . . . give voice to orchestrations of other muscles such as the risus, the buccinator, the lesser zygomatic."

If Professor Kallen were to let himself go he would be an existentialist, so great is the importance he attaches to choice, inner freedom, and struggle; but existentialism he also rejects, because it would mean to declare oneself, to step down *into* the human tragi-comedy. No doubt the author does this in real life, but he avoids it in the pages of this book. He therefore extols the Enlightenment—somewhat to his own surprise, he remarks—and it is no accident that the longest chapter in the book is on Voltaire.

AFTER five introductory chapters that do not succeed in making the concepts of laugher, tears, comedy, and tragedy very clear, the author ambles through short biographies and selected quotations from his favorite men of letters. These are Erasmus, the ancient Greeks, Rabelais, Pascal, Racine, and Molière (the last three get eight pages among them, Racine but a single paragraph), Jonathan Swift, Alexander Pope, William Hogarth (here treated mainly as an author), Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, Mark Twain, and Dostoevsky. The principal pleasures of the book, such as they are, will be found in these chapters; yet they are uneven and contain much information that seems only slightly related to the book's main theme.

There is something comic or pathetic (I count it for pathos in the present case) when an author defines human ex-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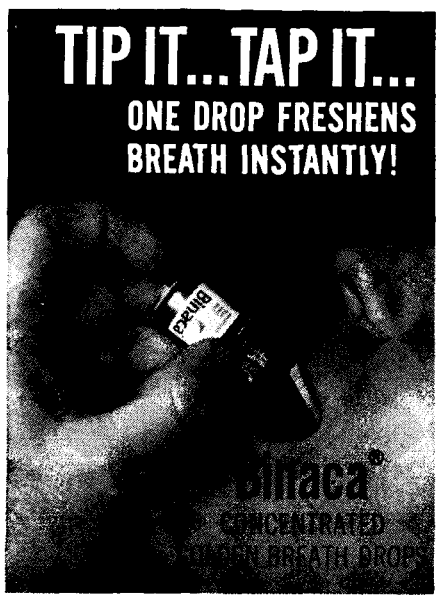
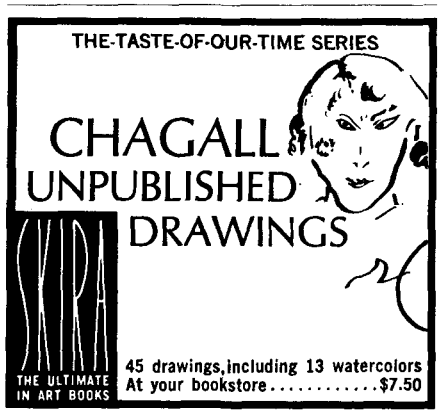
istence as struggle yet stands above the fray. Something is wrong with a book on laughter and tears that produces none. A book that calls liberty the necessity to make choices should make some. And a book that is philosophical and discursive should give the reader a clear idea where the argument begins and why, and where it is going. *Liberty, Laughter, and Tears* may be faulted on all these counts and a good number of others, chief among them its ponderous and opaque use of the English language.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Reading down, the missing links are: *dice, leer, once, lid, pan, pies; pillar, pared, nave, dote, liar, meter.*





The Confessions of William — Henry Ireland, The Memoirs of Grimaldi (by Dickens), The British Edda, The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (845 Quatrains,) Tyl Owlglass The English Rogue, Daphnis and Chloe (with lost fragment restored) . . . are a sample of the great old books being republished for our subscribers this season. All editions complete, with introductions, illustrated. Great Literature — rare and neglected, for years accessible only to collectors — is now made available to the public again. One year $7.50 combinded subscription with *Tryer's Literary Supplement* $12.50 (see preceding page). *TRYER'S Monthly*, Box 73 Fiskeville, R.I.

Fruit of Experience

What I Have Learned: A Collection of 20 Autobiographical Essays by Great Contemporaries from the Saturday Review *(Simon & Schuster, 318 pp. $6.50), brings together a selection of articles by outstanding men ranging from Dwight D. Eisenhower to Reinhold Niebuhr. Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell University professor, has written numerous books, of which the latest, "Religious Liberty and Conscience," will be published this fall.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

PERHAPS THE FIRST THINKER to have made a record that he might well have called "What I Have Learned" was Marcus Aurelius. Who that has read his *Meditations* could ever forget the moving opening chapter, in which the Stoic philosopher piously and lovingly records what he had learned from his grandfather, his father, his mother, from the statesman Q. Junius Rusticus, from the philosopher Apollonius of Chalcis, from his teacher Sextus of Chaeronea, nephew of Plutarch, and from other teachers, friends, philosophers, and grammarians?

In American letters perhaps the earliest notable example of a thinker recording the steps and influences in the *Bildung* of character is Benjamin Franklin. Especially memorable in his *Autobiography* are the descriptions of his lifelong efforts at his own moral education—how, for example, he always carried with him his "little book" in which he tried to enter a daily account of how he had fared in respect of thirteen personal virtues; how originally he had listed for self-examination only twelve virtues but felt compelled to add a thirteenth, humility, when a Quaker friend one day "kindly informed" Franklin that he was "generally thought proud" and perhaps even insolent and overbearing.

Such records are, of course, among the priceless intellectual and spiritual possessions of mankind. It was, therefore, a happy thought of this magazine to invite a number of famous men to contribute to a "What I Have Learned" series of essays. As might have been expected, the venture was eminently worthwhile, and the collected essays make an engaging, interesting, informing, and sometimes even edifying book. Each reader will have his own selection of favorites. For me, the contributions of Augustine Cardinal Bea, Horace M. Kallen, Reinhold Niebuhr, and the recently deceased Sir Herbert Read suffice to make the book notable.

But, as might also have been expected, there are wide variations in quality. Some of the contributors—President Eisenhower, General James M. Gavin, and Robert Moses—are doers rather than thinkers. Their thoughts are provoked by and remain on the surface of things and events. Men can, of course, be both doers and thinkers. Marcus Aurelius wrote parts of his *Meditations* as he rested on the field of battle, far from the comforts of the imperial residence in Rome; and for Benjamin Franklin doing and thinking were always interwoven activities. In our own time we had William Carlos Williams, who made a living as a physician, and Wallace Stevens, who was a busy insurance executive. The species of doer-thinkers is by no means extinct.

Then, too, a few of the contributors cavalierly disregarded the spirit, and sometimes even the letter, of their assignment, and wrote not on what they had learned but on what they wanted us to learn from them. For example, General Gavin's contribution is a paper on military power in our day; Eric Hoffer's is on nature and intellectuals as dehumanizing forces in life and history. They are interesting pieces and certainly worthy of publication, but I find it difficult to accommodate them in the "What I Have Learned" series.

IN his preface Mr. Cousins says that the series will be continued in *SR*. It certainly should be. But I would like to suggest a number of things.

First, the series thus far has not included a single contribution by a woman. Don't women have interesting lives from which they and others could learn? I dare say that after the Democratic Party had nominated Senator Muskie for Vice President, millions of Americans found his mother's remarks much more interesting than anything her distinguished son had told the nation that watched, waited, and listened.

Secondly, checking the biographical notes on the authors, I found to my dismay that only two out of the twenty were men under sixty years of age. The breakdown of vital statistics is as follows: in their eighties, six; in their seventies, seven; in their sixties, five. One is fifty-five; and the youngest forty-four. Should we assume that only old men know what they have learned? Indeed, the impression one carries away from many of the essays is that most of what a man has learned he learned a very long time ago. At times I was tempted to ask, perhaps a bit petulantly, "But for heaven's sake, tell me, what have you learned *lately*?" Is it no longer true that "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts"? Of course we want to know what Odysseus learned and thought; but Telemachus, too, had his life and his thoughts and his own tale to tell.

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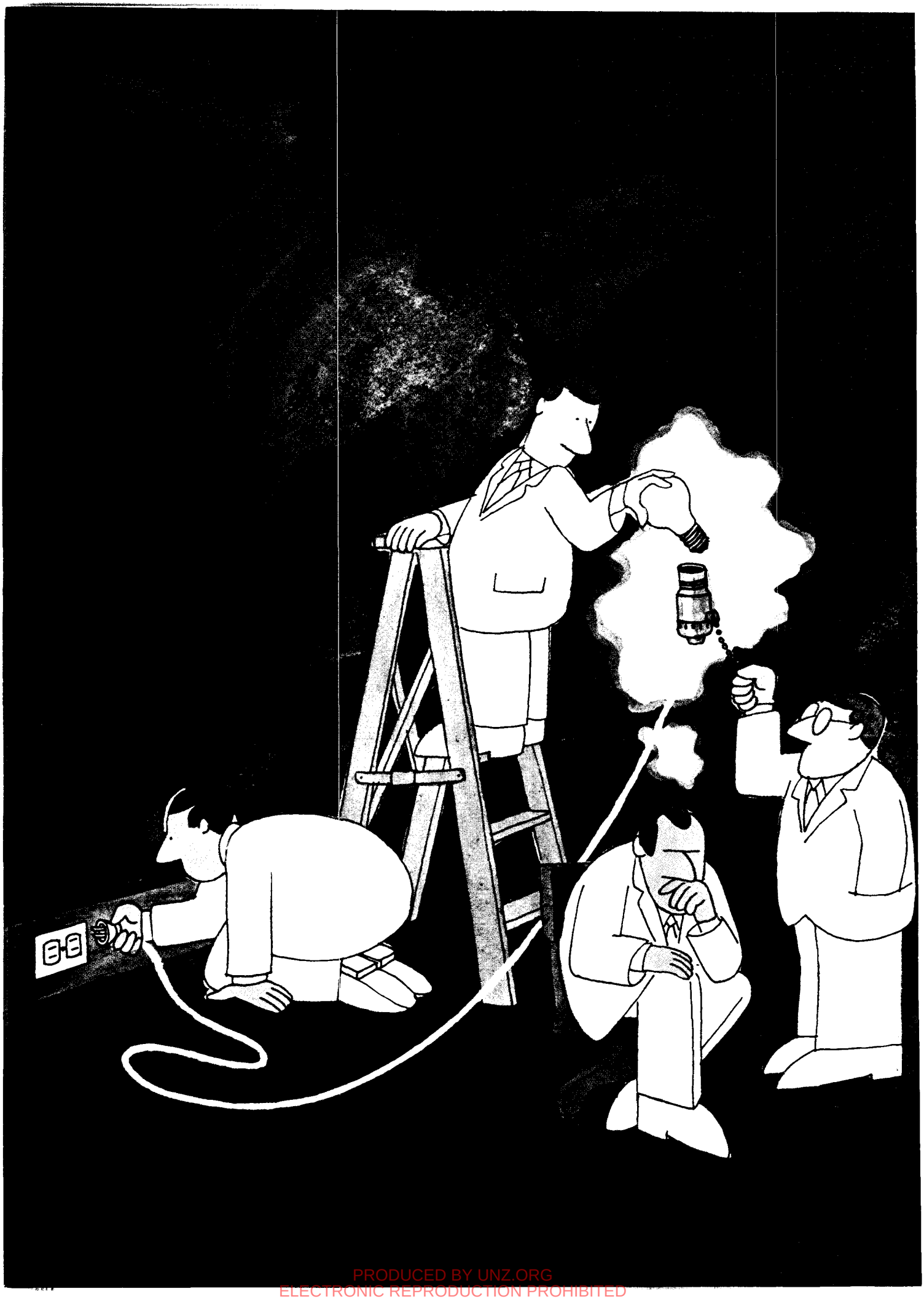

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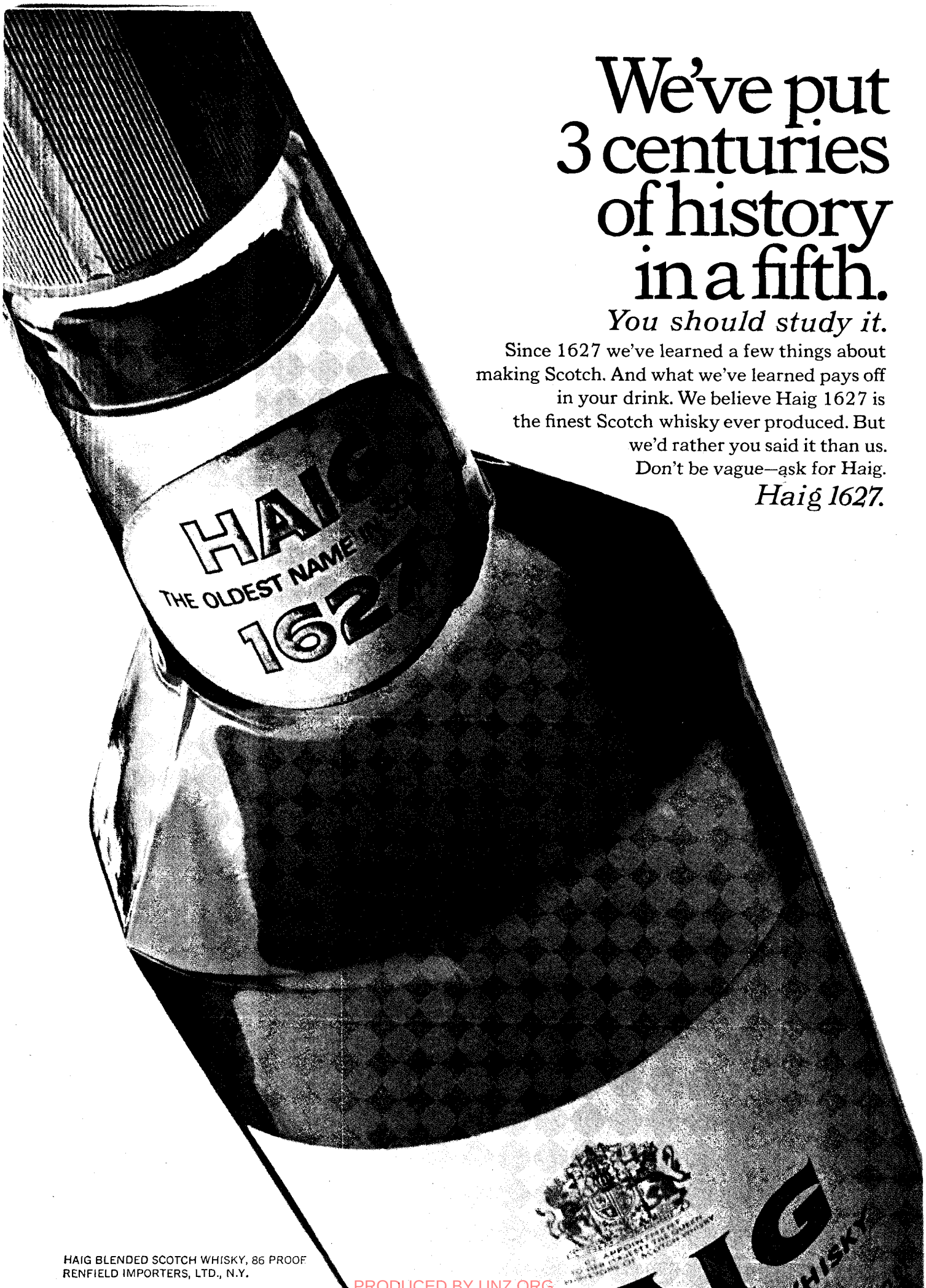

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Publishing Scene

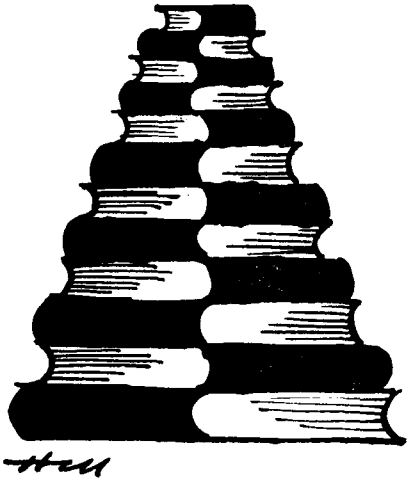
Continued from page 35

publisher-to-reader ratio in the world. The largest German book club, for example, boasts five million members.

Yet it was apologetically pointed out, in a paper read at the opening ceremonies, that "32 per cent of the German people do not come in contact with books." However accurate the figure may be, it was apparent, when the doors were thrown open to the public each day, that a good representation from the other 68 per cent was present. People traveled from all over the country to visit the *Buchmesse*, swarming through the exhibits, minibusing from one hall to another, helping themselves to the free literature and feasting on books that were not for sale. (No business is done at retail.)

For the participating publishers the Fair today has become a "showcase for leftovers," as one American exhibitor put it; the "big" books have all been sold in advance, and in any case much of the wheeling and dealing is conducted over drinks in the bars, or in the privacy of hotel rooms. (Nevertheless, one small American firm, whose list consists of avant-garde and experimental French novels, lines up almost its entire output at the Fair.) Actually, if there is a basis for "protest," it is not so much the political connotations that go with Establishment publishing, but rather the dreary universality of the nonbooks—or at least the noncreative books—which dominate so many of the individual exhibits, and which seem so interchangeable the world over. These are the glamorously packaged art books, the encyclopedias, juveniles, "fact" books, guides, educational texts, and technical literature that comprise the bread-and-butter end of publishing everywhere.

The national exhibits, however, are another matter. There were thirty-four of these at the Fair, and since the purpose was to display the best of their country's current book production rather than promote the merely salable, the results were frequently stunning. One of the very best, from a design standpoint, was the Spanish, at which one could find, surprisingly, the works of Karl Marx, Bertold Brehct, and Teilhard de Chardin. (One also found Harold Robbins's *The Adventurers* shelved under belles-lettres.) The very popular U.S. exhibit, a collection of some 500 current titles sponsored by the American Book Publishers Council, was easily dominated by a $75 collection of Andrew Wyeth's paintings; it was also the most pawed-over of the books, all of which went on a tour of Eastern Europe, under State Department auspices, when the Fair ended. Yet no one could criticize the exhibit for lack of candor on the problems facing America; an almost tendentiously large selection of "protest" literature was included, especially on the Vietnam War and the race question.



Apart from this, the news here was what you wanted to make it. A group of Czech writers who had been attending a translation seminar in Germany were much in evidence at their country's exhibit, speaking freely to reporters and cheerfully ignoring their Soviet neighbors in the adjoining aisle. It was something of a surprise to track down a Japanese stand only to find *Little Red Riding Hood* and *Rumpelstiltskin* in English (for export). It was even more surprising to learn that a Finnish publishing house brings out no less than 700 titles a year, but disappointing to discover that the more important European publishers (Mondadori, for instance) are not often to be seen at their stands but must be bearded, by appointment, in their hotel suites. Other trivia: the English version of *Candy* is here, considerably cleaned up and not much fun. Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?* will not appear in German because his publisher considers the profanity "untranslatable." The Russians are choosy about the books they pick up from the West, even though they don't always pay royalties: in children's stories, for example, families must not own two cars, or take a vacation. Juvenile writers, please note.

There are two major events at the Fair which are not directly related to publishing. One of these is the awarding of a Peace Prize to a distinguished figure in the world of letters. (In previous years the prize has gone to such men as Thornton Wilder, Ernst Bloch, and Paul Tillich.) The other event is a literary panel discussion, held at America House and sponsored by the USIS. This year's topic, "The Influence of the Novel, Theater and Poetry on Social Progress," was somewhat hurriedly changed to "Literature as a Form of Social Protest."

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Panelists Stephen Spender, Martin Esslin of the BBC, William Styron, and Hellmut Karasek, a young German drama critic, were in good form, but there were problems. Mr. Karasek spoke no English, and Mr. Styron spoke no German. Esslin handled both languages fluently but made few attempts to translate. Americans present—including Styron—puzzled out the arguments as best they could.

On Sunday, September 22, when President Léopold Senghor of Senegal arrived at Frankfurt's historic Paulskirche to receive the 1968 Peace Prize, given by the West German publishers' association, thousands of young demonstrators from all over Germany laid siege to the church. Senghor, a poet, is anathema to them as the man who closed the university in his country for a year in reprisal against student demonstrations there. From a political point of view he is indeed vulnerable, but there was widespread assumption here that this year's prize must go to a Black. While inside the church Mr. Senghor spoke on Goethe and Negritude, students milled and chanted outside, kept at bay with tear gas and an occasional burst from a water cannon. Finally, Mr. Cohn-Bendit provoked what seemed to be a symbolic arrest. The mob turned ugly; there were more arrests and some cracked skulls before the crowd was dispersed. "You are the new young Nazis," Asher Ben Nathan, Israeli Ambassador to West Germany, told the agitators when they tried to prevent him from entering the church.

This may be harsh judgment. Yet their action, frightening in its monolithic intolerance, left an unpleasant residue. Most of these young people are university students. They are intellectuals. Even so, one wonders if they will write the books of the future—or simply burn them.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology

History and Social Anthropology. Edited by I. M. Lewis. Barnes & Noble. $8.

Crime, Suspense

Bowmanville Break. By Sidney Shelley. Delacorte. $4.95.

A Comeback for Stark. By Hamish Reade. Putnam. $4.95.

The Corpse Was No Bargain at All. By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Dead Center. By Lee Langley. Doubleday. $3.95.

A Spy for a Spy. By Berkeley Mather. Scribners. $4.95.

Three Sisters in Black. By Norman Zierold. Little, Brown. $5.95.

The Top Steal. By Alfred Tack. Doubleday. $4.50.

Current Affairs

Environment and Change: The Next Fifty Years. Edited by William R. Ewald, Jr. Indiana. $10.

The French Student Revolt. Edited by Hervé Bourges. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.50.

The New Romans: Candid Canadian Opinions of the U.S. Edited by A. W. Purdy. St. Martin's. $3.95.

White Power/Black Freedom: Planning the Future of Urban America. By Arnold Schuchter. Beacon. $11.50.

Fiction

The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. Scribners. $5.95. (Reissue.)

The Contract. By Henry Carlisle. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

Girls' Rules. By Beverley Gasner. Knopf. $4.95.

Herod and Mariamne. By Pär Lagerkvist. Knopf. $4.95.

The Horses of Winter. By A. A. T. Davies. Random House. $6.95.

A Killing for Christ. By Pete Hamill. World. $5.50.

The Madonna Complex. By Norman Bogner. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

Making Good Again. By Lionel Davidson. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Man's Fate. By André Malraux. Random House. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.65. (Reissue.)

Progress, U.S.A. By Guy Daniels. Macmillan. $4.95.

The Silver Bridge. By Burton Wohl. Delacorte. $5.95.

Through the Wilderness and Other Stories. By Dan Jacobson. Macmillan. $5.95.

What Comes Next. By Jonathan Baumbach. Harper & Row. $4.95.

History

Copyright In Historical Perspective. By Lyman Ray Patterson. Vanderbilt. $8.50.

Death of the Roman Republic: From 146 B.C. to the Birth of the Roman Empire. By Stewart Perowne. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Germans Who Never Lost: The Story of the Königsberg. By Edwin P. Hoyt, Jr. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties. By Robert Conquest. Macmillan. $9.95.

The New Commonwealth: 1877-1890. By John A. Garraty. Harper & Row. $7.95.

The Ordeal of Total War 1939-1945. By Gordon Wright. Harper & Row. $7.95.

The Sleeping Truth: The Hiss-Chambers Affair Reappraised. By Ronald Seth. Hart. $5.95.

Studies in the Institutional History of Early Modern Japan. Edited by John W. Hall and Marius B. Jansen. Princeton. $8.50.

Literary History, Criticism

A Hardy Companion: A Guide to the Works of Thomas Hardy and Their Background. By F. B. Pinion. Macmillan. $10.95.

Native Sons: A Critical Study of Twentieth-Century Negro American Authors. By Edward Margolies. Lippincott. $5.95.

The Oblique Light: Studies in Literary History and Biography. By Edward E. Spiller. Macmillan. $6.95.

Perspectives on E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India": A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by V. A. Shahane. Barnes & Noble. $6.

Miscellany

Apples of Immortality: Folktales of Armenia. By Leon Surmelian. California. $7.95.

Commensense Sex: A Basis for Discussion and Reappraisal. By Ronald Michael Mazur. Beacon. $3.95.

The Common Sense Way to Stock Market Profits. By Claude N. Rosenberg, Jr. World. $5.95.

Magic, Medicine & Quackery. By Eric Maple. Barnes. $5.95.

Tune In Tomorrow: Or How I Found the Right to Happiness with Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, John's Other Wife, and Other Sudsy Radio Serials. By Mary Jane Higby. Cowles. $5.95.

The Wit and Wisdom of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Edited by Bill Adler. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

Personal History

August Belmont: A Political Biography. By Irving Katz. Columbia. $10.

From Ghetto to Glory: The Story of Bob Gibson. By Bob Gibson. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

How to Marry a Minister. By Martha Hickman. Lippincott. $3.95.

My Number Two Wife. By Justus B. Rice. Meredith. $4.95.

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THE NEIGHBORS ARE SCARING MY WOLF. By Jack Douglas. Dutton. $3.95.

VOICES OFFSTAGE: A Book of Memoirs. By Marc Connelly. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

Politics

THE PEOPLE MACHINE: The Influence of Television on American Politics. By Robert MacNeil. Harper & Row. $7.95.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS 1967. By Richard P. Stebbins. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $3.75.

THE WEB OF MODERN GREEK POLITICS. By Jane Perry Clark Carey and Andrew Galbraith Carey. Columbia. $6.95.

Psychology, Sociology

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PSYCHIATRY & PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Eric Berne. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

MARRIAGE AND PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT. By Rubin Blanck and Gertrude Blanck. Columbia. $6.

VULNERABLE CHILDREN. By Lindy Burton. Schocken. $6.50.

SOCIAL CLASS AND SOCIAL POLICY. By S. M. Miller and Frank Riessman. Basic Books. $7.95.

Religion, Philosophy

COMFORT MY PEOPLE. By Eugene C. Kennedy. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

GEOMETRY AND CHRONOMETRY IN PHILOSOPHICAL PERSPECTIVE. By Adolf Grunbaum. Minnesota. Hardbound, $10.50. Paperback, $3.45.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ITS BIBLICAL SETTING. By Charles M. Laymon. Abingdon. $3.50.

SIDNEY HOOK AND THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD: Essays on the Pragmatic Intelligence. Edited by Paul Kurtz. John Day. $10.95.

TO GOD WITH LOVE. By Jean Reynolds Davis. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Science

LIFE ON A LITTLE-KNOWN PLANET. By Howard Ensign Evans. Dutton. $7.95.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

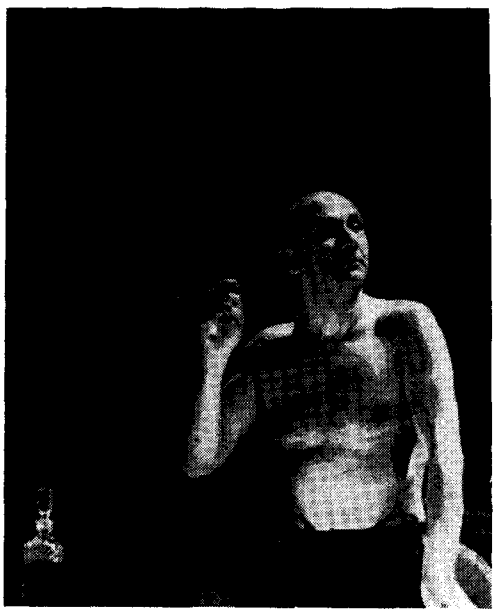
Pleasence Under Glass

BRITISH actor-novelist Robert Shaw's new play, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, is not about the 1961 trial of Adolf Eichmann, but about the idea of such a trial. It is not a statement about Jewry or concentration camps, but about a particular German of Jewish parentage who through a stroke of luck survived the concentration camp and became a multimillionaire American financier.

The play starts mysteriously with a robed figure kneeling in semi-darkness celebrating a requiem before a funeral urn. We have no idea where we are, but the event suggests a deeply religious drama. Then suddenly the figure rises to change into a business suit, and huge, louvered vertical blinds extending the full width of the stage swing open to reveal the Manhattan skyline and to flood the plush office of Arthur Goldman with light. Under Harold Pinter's subtly theatrical direction, the contrast between piety and cheapness is maintained as the bald-headed little financier callously allows himself to be dressed by his servants in much the same ritual employed for a King or Pope. And Donald Pleasence, who plays Goldman, nicely catches this contrast without over-exaggeration. From the beginning, we sense in him a schizoid man obsessed less with money-making, which now comes easily and routinely to him, than he is with the fulfillment of a secret destiny.

Since our absorption in the play depends upon our curiosity about this destiny, it is necessary that the playwright preserve an ambiguity about the true identity of his protagonist. And Mr. Shaw does this so well that even when the play is over we find ourselves not quite sure whether Goldman is Goldman or Colonel Adolf Karl Dorff, a cold-blooded Nazi executioner of concentration camp inmates. However, this ambiguity stands up in retrospect, for Goldman and Dorff have become psychologically merged into one person.

The first act is full of sardonic humor as Goldman-Dorff makes Semitic jokes with his young Jewish male secretary, Charlie Cohn. After reading in the paper of the death of a prominent New Yorker named Billy Goldstein ("very orthodox, very donating"), he comes across the news that the Pope has forgiven the Jews. He shakes his head in mock-sadness and comments: "The Pope has forgiven the Jews. And to think poor Billy didn't live to know it."



—*Bert Andrews.*

Donald Pleasence—"constantly fascinating."

But while he can joke about religion, Goldman-Dorff becomes truly religious when he quotes Hitler as saying: "In order to carry on his existence as a parasite on other peoples, the Judlein is forced to deny his inner nature. The more intelligent the individual Jew is, the more he will succeed in this deception." It is not clear whether this worship of Hitler, which he voices several times during the play, is based upon his belief in such self-derogating precepts or upon the coincidence that he, like Hitler, has with little education and a good deal of ruthlessness risen from humble beginnings to fantastic success. However, it would seem that, also like Hitler, he prefers some spectacular world-defying end to the sort of pathetic fall from favor that he saw Y. A. Tittle suffer in his last game as a New York football Giant, when his pass to Frank Gifford was intercepted and Tittle was benched to watch in dejection as second-stringer Gary Wood finished out the game as quarterback.

All of these motives are possible, but the play suggests that underneath them is a need to deal with the unreality of "success," and to atone for an enormous guilt. The former we see mainly in this quite entertaining first act. The latter is revealed when he willingly allows himself to be abducted to Israel and to be tried for the war crimes of Colonel Dorff.

These later scenes are full of melo-

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drama. First Goldman-Dorff brazenly and unapologetically defends the logic of the exterminations, and he even tells his Israeli judges that if Hitler had chosen them instead of the Aryans, they would have followed him where he led. But then the proceedings are interrupted by a surprise witness, and as a result, Goldman-Dorff fails to achieve the spectacular guilt-atoning end he wanted. Instead, our final image is of him sitting dejected in the glass booth, a quickly-to-be-forgotten figure.

Perhaps because Shaw is an actor, he has written his play loosely, trusting the performers to infuse it with vitality and significance. And perhaps because he played opposite Pleasence in *The Caretaker*, he knew the very special kind of portrayal he would get in the leading role. For, as in *The Caretaker*, Pleasence shows us a little man full of uncouth prejudices and irrational fears. Occasionally, indeed, a speech will ring startlingly close to his great performance in that play. For instance, right in the middle of the somber trial scene, he suddenly becomes hilarious when he complains to the judge: "Please don't shout, Your Honor. It echoes in here. If I get frightened, I might revert. All the time I've got to watch that." It is Davies complaining about the stove again.

Would the play be better served by a more consciously clever and calculating kind of interpretation? I don't think so. For with Pleasence's constantly fascinating and capriciously surprising performance, we see the absurdity of a society in which very ordinary men can, through persistence, manipulate themselves into an unreal glory. Thus the play emerges as a tragicomic indictment of man's inherent inability to preserve a sense of proportion in the modern world, or his inability to bring about a society which encourages all people to preserve a sense of proportion.

Since Pleasence dominates the play, the other roles do not offer the actors much to do except to provide him with the cues he needs. The most interesting of the supporting parts is that of Charlie Cohn, the weak-minded secretary, who remains loyal to Goldman-Dorff against the sentiment of the entire American Jewish community, including that of his own mother. Lawrence Pressman plays Cohn simply and as convincingly as possible in a production that successfully endeavors not to involve us too emotionally. Tresa Hughes is also precise and controlled as the surprise witness. This approach, which may owe something to Pinter the playwright, as well as to Pinter the director, makes it possible for us to enjoy theatrically a play about a historical event that may well be too enormous and too forbidding for effective fictional treatment.

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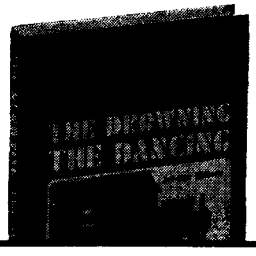

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Into the Valley Again

TONY RICHARDSON'S *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is a wonderfully ferocious and refreshing film that, for once, takes the silly glory and glamour out of war and substitutes something closer to the bitter truth. Not quite the truth, perhaps, for one's view of the past is a reconstruction at best and is inevitably colored by present emotion and attitude. Yet, those acquainted with the nature of military mentality must react sympathetically to Richardson's (and screenwriter Charles Wood's) savage portraits of those historical figures involved with the disastrous charge; Lord Cardigan, who led it; Lord Lucan, who commanded the cavalry division; and Lord Raglan, the commander of the British forces in the Crimea in 1854. Between them, and with the help of the astounded Russians on the heights at Balaklava, they managed to massacre most of a cavalry brigade.

But Richardson has done a lot more than to merely reconstruct a storied battle. He has set it against a social and political Victorian background, of which the army is only a part, and here, too, his eye is clear and his view unsentimental. For so large a film he has been uncommonly bold, not to say experimental, in his interspersing, at several points in the unfolding of the story, animated cartoon sequences based on political cartoons of the period. They are satirically amusing in themselves, and they serve the purpose of providing a historical framework. Probably more important to Richardson, they reveal the British rationale for so distant a war—that old Mediterranean trade and military route had to be kept open—and any equation with present military policy is probably intentional.

It was for reasons of that kind that men died and fought during the nineteenth century, but they also lived and loved, and Richardson's evocation of the period is principally concerned with the role of the aristocracy, for it was their interests the army safeguarded. Life had its pleasantries for those who belonged; if they didn't belong they could sometimes buy their way in. (Lord Cardigan, for example, bought his commission for £40,000, a very considerable sum in those days.) Representing the good life is Clarissa (Vanessa Redgrave), who weds in sunshine, but eventually loses both her husband and her lover when war comes. The latter, young Captain Nolan, is a brilliant military theorist, but his own enthusiasm and the stupidity of his superiors prove his undoing. David Hemmings, I am afraid, makes him a little too much a hero; he shouldn't be, for his type, too, causes people to die.

But there can be no complaint about Trevor Howard's Lord Cardigan, who achieves his ramrod appearance with the help of a corset and who makes love with all the grace of a battleship docking at Southampton. John Gielgud's Lord Raglan may be a little too weak and dotty, for *his* kind would probably have been retired with suitable honors. As for the famous charge itself (which, after this film, must certainly be regarded as infamous), Richardson decks it out with authentic battle arrays, with meticulous copies of the uniforms and horse harnesses, and with what looks like the whole present-day Turkish Army. The sabers flash, the blood flows, and men die ingloriously and horribly. Who can say war of any kind is any other way?

To turn from so astringent a film to *Funny Girl* is like suddenly immersing oneself in warm, melted marshmallow. The much-honored William Wyler has piloted this popular musical from stage to screen, and it has a way of making the calendar pages flip back some twenty years to the days of Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth, with one notable modernization—Barbra Streisand. And even she is bathed in a pink glow that softens her angularity. She has a voice, of course. I've never liked it much, but then a lot of people have and do, and quite rightly Wyler has made her pretty much the whole show. Sorry to say, I'm not much of a fan of her comic abilities, either. She has a way of flipping out her Brooklyn Jewish-accented lines as though to tell the more knowledgeable among us that she wouldn't be doing this kind of thing if it weren't for the million dollars. Fannie Brice, as a result, never appears, and instead we get Miss Streisand which, I guess, is what a lot of ladies want.

And perhaps they want burning-eyed Omar Sharif, too, who is forced into playing Nick Arnstein as a gambler who is part saint and part Dr. Zhivago. Given these non-characters and Mr. Wyler's reverential pacing of the sticky Isobel Lennart material, the show (for it's hardly a movie) drags along to its somnolent close, with Miss Streisand belting out "My Man," for no good reason, since

(*Continued on page* 61)

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

An Uglier Violence

THE NEW Rod Serling teleplay, *Certain Honorable Men*, which led off NBC-TV's season of original, contemporary dramas, presented no acts of physical violence. But an uglier form of violence—the suppression of the truth—haunted its ninety-five minutes of plot dealing with the mask and the reality of Congressional ethics, much as Banquo's ghost cried out in the empty chair at Macbeth's table.

Champ Donahue (Van Heflin), a veteran Congressman from New York, is censured by the House of Representatives for an individual failure of probity: profiting financially and unlawfully in his conduct of public business. A secretary in his office and a former staff assistant rifle his personal files to produce the evidence. Viewers had no difficulty relating the author's fiction to the real life material of the 1967 Senate censure of Senator Thomas J. Dodd for "conduct which is contrary to accepted morals, derogates from the public trust . . . and tends to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute." Some viewers, however, did have difficulty—reconciling Mr. Serling's necessarily selective choice of dramatic essentials, among the complex elements offered by the true case, with the always troubling problem of how gatekeepers in the media use truth for their private, particular purposes.

The Champ Donahue case, as shaped by the author, searched out the simplest form of violations of traditional ethics—the acceptance of money bribes and corrupt favors. The Dodd case involved more sophisticated, significant, and insidious human failures that have impact on the effectiveness and justice of government service. These are failures in courage, energy, and detachment, where Congressmen take or withhold action, not for financial reasons but for fear of displeasing industry groups or political superiors; where duty is shirked by doing as little as possible; and where powers are used not for the public good but for a bloc with which a power holder identifies himself. From such a perspective, Congress appears as the chief ethical violator in the Dodd case.

Champ Donahue, in the final moments of *Certain Honorable Men* makes a speech in the House of Representatives in which he eats crow and admits his personal guilt, but cries out magnanimously that the institution of Congress itself is immune from the taint of one man's corruption. James Boyd, Senator Dodd's assistant, who helped to accumulate the evidence of his chief's conflict-of-interest relationships, pointed out in his book, *Above The Law*, that it was the "system" that Dodd found in Congress that corrupted him—a network of covert trimming and secrecy, of formalized deceit, authorized duplicities, and quiet, petty profiteering.

The Select Committee that recommended the Senator's censure found him guilty only of the lesser charges brought against him—double-billing of expense vouchers to government and private groups, and diverting funds contributed to his election campaigns for personal use. Much more serious, as Boyd relates, was the Senator's practice of starting investigations into industries and then calling them off suddenly after his staff had built up strong cases and urged him to unfold them—investigations into the firearms, insurance, television, drug, and fireworks industries.

Dodd's Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee's investigation into sex, crime, and violence on TV was the most spectacular of these investigations. NBC's former President Robert Kintner was clearly identified by Dodd's staff as the "personal architect of the violence craze on NBC Television," writes Boyd. A former NBC vice president who had opposed Kintner's policies was ready to confront him in open hearing, when Dodd killed the investigation. The Senator submitted "a watered-down report" to NBC for approval before showing it to other Senators, and to this day no bona fide committee report on the four-year TV probe has ever been issued.

The networks apologized to the Senate subcommittee for running the sex, crime, and violence shows and promised that they would do better. Subsequently, Metromedia, a TV station group, filled 80 per cent of its prime time with syndicated reruns of the shows that the networks had discarded, showing many programs earlier in the evening to an audience made up largely of children. The Senator's staff prepared tables and surveys to document their case against Metromedia; but these have never been released to the public, and there never was a formal probe of the station group.

It could be argued that a dramatist has every right to fashion an entertainment as he pleases, and to use only that which his artistic judgment tells him is

(*Continued on page* 86)

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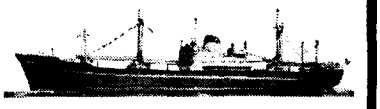

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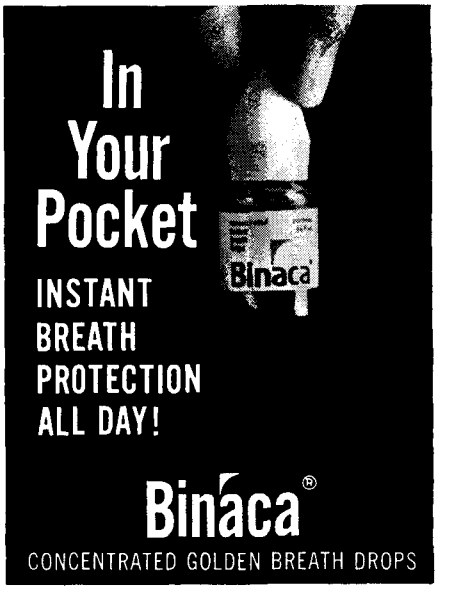

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This Is Dixie?

IF YOU WILL TAKE the word of one who expected to divine the Southern mind in a short visit to Huntsville, Alabama, it can't be done. For one thing, Huntsville—and what has grown up around it—does not represent the South any more than San Francisco represents the West. One can find Wallace bumper stickers, catfish-hushpuppy diners, and moss-hidden mansions, but otherwise Huntsville resembles a miniature Houston or Los Angeles, the old section of town imprisoned by freeways, shopping centers, flashy motels, and drive-in hamburger heavens.

Huntsville seceded from the sleepier sections of the South about ten years ago when the National Aeronautical and Space Administration (NASA) set up Wernher Von Braun and his lunar-minded colleagues with all the goods they needed to catch up with Russia in the interplanetary sweepstakes. (Around Huntsville one never speaks the words Sputnik, Gagarin, or Soviet Union. Rather you are led to believe that the first space ship sort of hatched itself at the Redstone Arsenal, coincidentally about the time that little Russian dog left the earth.)

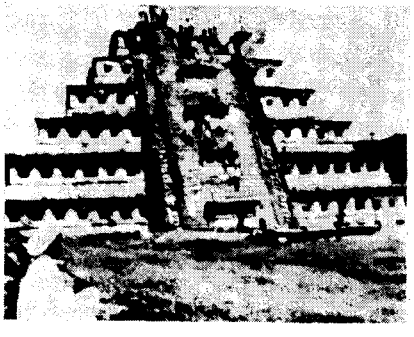
While the rest of Huntsville, within and without Redstone, was rushing into the rocket age, the town's airport was languishing somewhere in the biplane era. Then Hertz, of all people, risked its No. 1 standing with an airport-building venture—and late last year uncorked one worthy of Buck Rogers. On June 3 this year, Hertz also opened a Skycenter under the same roof, complete with 152-room hotel, two restaurants, a bar, a coffee shop, mini-art gallery, and rentable business offices for the salesman in a hurry (Madison County freeways are bristling with new industry, mostly related to Redstone's missile and space projects). Soon to come are an eighteen-hole golf course (the only airport facility not operated by Hertz), a swimming pool, sauna, tennis courts, and maybe even a stream stocked with catfish.

Stepping into all this, one tends to forget he is in the South—or in an airport for that matter. Every inch of the terminal is covered with a blue or gold carpet so well attended that after a year, the Skycenter manager, Bob Thurston, can boast, "You won't find a single cigarette burn." Thurston says the rug cost $25 a square yard, but in the long run, five years from now, it will be cheaper to maintain than the customary terrazzo floor. I wish we hadn't talked about the rug. For two days I was tempted to check my shoes at the door before entering.

Huntsville, in jet-powered parlance, is known as a briefcase airport; that is, most of its clients are businessmen who jet in and out during the week and leave it almost deserted on weekends. With all the amenities, not to mention tours of Redstone and the sporting life on the nearby Tennessee River, officials hope to attract enough non-business clients to make it a golfbag airport (my parlance). Until then, the man in the tropical worsted suit will be king. In the hotel rooms, for example, a Pamper Panel beckons easily at bedside so that a weary worker can tune in stereo music, adjust the color TV, check the message button (if it's lit up, M has left instructions at the front desk), and turn off the wake-up buzzer when it rings. The bed is of king-size proportions—I wonder if Louis XIV ever slumbered on such acreage—and is visited each night by a Good Humor man who pulls back the bright floral spread and deposits a bonbon on the pillow.

I don't know what I expected to eat in the South. On my only other visit to Dixie—excluding Texas, which isn't the South anyway—all I remember eating was the contents of Dixie Cups so we children could string them together and talk to each other across the dunes of Folly Beach, South Carolina. My mother, who grew up in Charleston, told me of chitlins and collard greens, soul-food in the vernacular, but the Skycenter kitchens prepare none of that. Its blue-ribbon restaurant is the Rib Cellar, a white stucco cavern so popular with Huntsville folk that visitors, not having made reservations three weeks in advance, can get no more than a whiff of the succulent beef through wrought-iron portals. Almost as impressive as the food were the three king-sized glasses arrayed before me—one for champagne, another for water, the third for wine—each big enough to float a small boy's bathtub navy. Prime rib, baked potato, salad, Yorkshire pudding: I might have been at Simpson's. Then, beside the $30 gold-leaf plate I spotted a little dish of soul. "Ah-ha," I said. "Collard greens." "Spinach soufflé," sniffed my host.

Nor did I get to the heart of Dixie in



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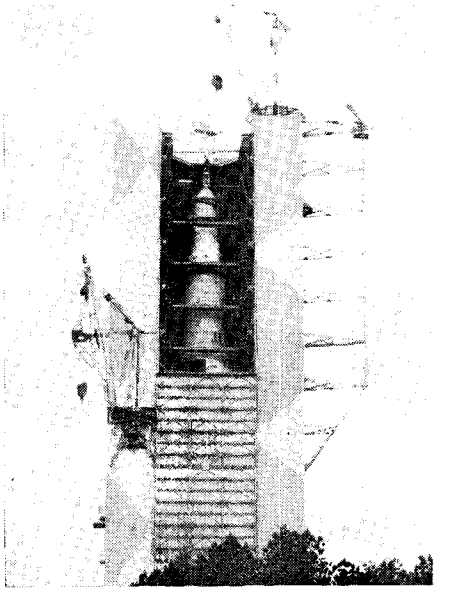
the Skycenter's Cap & Goggles Lounge. It probably isn't much like the World War I French fliers' bistro it's supposed to resemble, but the jazz is cool, the lights low, the chairs soft, just the thing to soothe a latter-day Rickenbacker who's been up too high all day. What recalls the *Dawn Patrol*, I suppose, are the aviators' medals displayed behind the bar and the old-time movies shown a few times a day. Laurel and Hardy were zipping around in an ancient rent-a-car (a Hertz?) the night I was watching, but no one else seemed to be paying much attention.

Those in search of honest-to-goodness Dixie food should follow the signs to the Greenbrier Barbecue, a roadside establishment dedicated to filling stomachs, Rebel and Yankee alike. Leaving the airport—a heady experience it was—you drive west on Route 20, turn right at the first country road and ride (according to a billboard at the intersection) for two minutes and fifteen seconds. This will take you through spent cotton and corn fields, past unpainted shacks where Negroes sit on porches as they do in Agee's and Walker's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, and into the crossroads town of Greenbrier, which appears to consist entirely of the Greenbrier store on one side and the restaurant on the other. If people put on the dog when they eat at the Rib Cellar, they take it off at the Greenbrier. There is room for 250, and sometimes you have to wait. Greenbrier's specialty is a brace of deep-fried channel cats, garnished with French fries, cole slaw, the reddest tomato slice I've ever seen, and a basket of hushpuppies—all you can eat for $2. I am now able to destroy a myth that has dogged me for nearly three decades: A hushpuppy, an Alabama hushpuppy, is not worn on the foot, nor does it resemble a quiet frankfurter. It's a tasty blob of corn meal spiked with onion bits and fried to crunchy perfection.

Huntsville, 12 miles from the airport, will never rival even the Mobile azalea gardens as a tourist attraction, but Midwesterners motoring to Florida and back find it a convenient way station. Huntsvillers like to take their guests to Big Cove Road to show them the red-brick sanctuaries of the rich and famous, Von Braun's for one. I'm not sure he lives there. On a couple of swings up the wooded road my host and a passel of back-seat drivers couldn't agree on which house was his. "I see him in the supermarket," said one, consoling me. "In bedroom slippers. Buying sausage." Another famous residence, on a corner of Adams Street in the heart of old Huntsville, belongs to Senator John Sparkman. With a little more moss and a cotton field behind, the high-pillared mansion would look like home to Scarlett O'Hara.



– NASA.

Apollo at Huntsville — also channel cats and hushpuppies.

Huntsville's population (about 150,000) has increased sixfold in the decade since Redstone Arsenal became a key missile and space lab, a matter of hushed pride even to those townsfolk who know nothing of Saturns, Apollos, and Pershings. Now, however, as Congress continues to slice big chunks from the NASA budgetary pie, Huntsvillers have begun to worry that Redstone will vanish—and with it the thrill of being on the map, in the newspaper datelines, a little closer than the rest of us to the twenty-first century. Some forty of the fifty-four industries represented in the Huntsville area have to do with the aerospace business, but unless the NASA budget is restored, many will close down. FOR SALE signs are sprouting on front lawns all over the county. It is this fear that has produced an odd stance toward the Vietnam war, at least among the people I met. "I hate the war," a woman told me. "We ought to end it tomorrow, either win or get out. It's killing the space program, as long as we stay in." Just as cryptically the same voice addressed itself to the Presidential election: "I was for Bobby Kennedy. Now I don't know. I may vote for Wallace." Such illogic I have heard elsewhere in this strangest of years, above and below the Mason-Dixon Line.

In early September, Huntsville turned the ground for a Space Science Museum, but until it's ready, visitors can get a glimpse of the hardware at Redstone, close by the airport. Redstone supports three teams—the Sentinel Systems Command, an anti-missile missile program recently saved from oblivion by Defense Secretary Clark Clifford; the Army Missile Command; and the Marshall Space Flight Center, where Von Braun and his NASA helpers are tinkering with the Saturn booster rockets. On entering the arsenal, one is not required to take a vow or sign an oath. At least I wasn't. An MP came around to the right side of the car and asked rather casually, "Can I see

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your draft card?" I had drawn a card only halfway from my wallet when he said, "Okay," and stepped back to let us pass.

The Army has several museums and an outdoor display, a little fenced-in playground for such devastating teammates as Little John, Honest John, La Crosse, and Nike Ajax. The cone-shaped Sprint missile looks the nimblest of the lot. It has to be. As the playground director, a young soldier, put it: "It's the panic-button missile. If an enemy missile is approaching and the Nike Zeus can't get it, it's up to the Sprint, and if . . . well, that's it." Visitors can pat the larger space hardware inside and around the Marshall Museum. Always more attracted to antiquity, my eye zeroed in on a cutaway of the German V-2 rocket engine, its orange and blue pipes entangled like a human anatomy diagram. Underneath, an inscription recalled in so many words that in the 1920s when American children were making paper airplanes, German *kinder* already were toying with play rockets. The museum, known as the Space Orientation Center, also displays such relics as the very capsule in which Walter Schirra made a six-orbit flight in 1962 and a machine to give one the sensation of weightlessness. There are films too.

Later, back in the jet age, I tiptoed down the carpeted ramp and flew out of Huntsville, bound for Savannah. On a fifteen-minute stopover in Atlanta, I was reminded of traditional airport style: endless corridors, temporary turquoise plexiglass walls, serpentine queues of boarding passengers wound from pillar to post. There was no doubt, also, that I was back in the South. It wasn't so much the Rebel flags on sale in the terminal as the conversation I heard in front of me on the plane out of Atlanta. Strangers until now, a gray-haired woman with a blue-veiled hat and a young coed on her way back to a South Carolina college were getting acquainted. I couldn't help but hear the coed punctuating her drawl with "Yes, Ma'am," "Yes, Ma'am," over and over. Finally I took out my notebook and started keeping track of the Yes, Ma'ams, using the four hash-mark and slash method, the way we used to score tick-tack-toe matches. Six times I crossed the hash marks before the plane ever took off. Thrice the coed said "No, Ma'am," and once, in response to a man who asked if he could occupy the empty seat on her left, she said, "Yes, Sir." I also heard her describe a mutual friend of theirs as being "just cuter'n a bug's ear." As the drone of the engine was about to lead me mercifully to sleep, I heard the gray-haired woman ask the coed if she had decided what she wanted to be.

"Yes, Ma'am," she said. "I'd like to be a speech therapist." —David Butwin.

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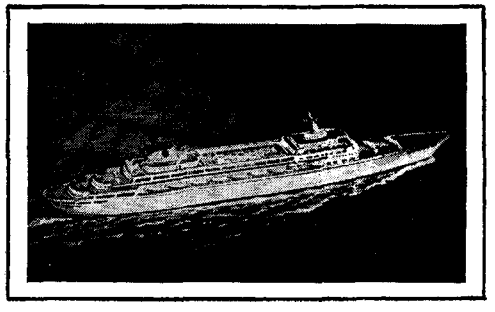

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Levity at Court

THE FIRST NEW work to be seen in the City Center Joffrey Ballet's current season at the New York City Center was a ballet with just about as much substance as its title promised, *A Light Fantastic.* It is choreographed by Gerald Arpino, the troupe's principal choreographer and, further, one of the principal young choreographers of our day. He has set his frolic in a sixteenth-century royal or ducal court where richly clad noblemen and their handsome ladies enter and exit, pause and dance, disport themselves in solos, duos, trios, and festive groups. And they dance to the very music-dance forms which were the seeds and seedlings of classical ballet, forms such as the stately pavane and the gay galliard.

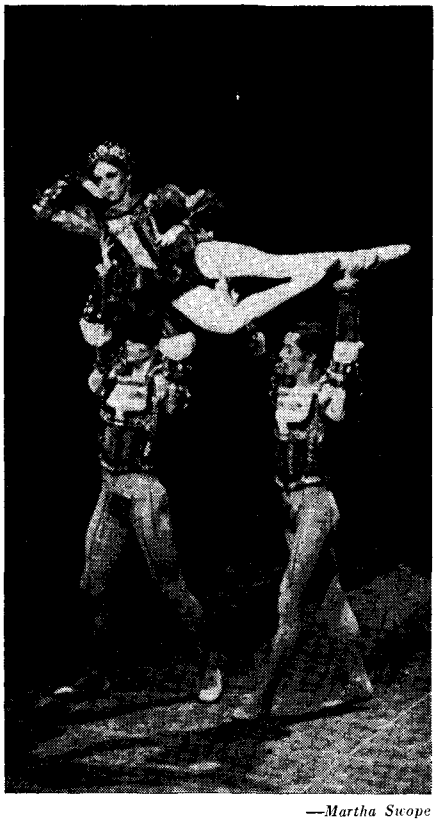
Arpino does not reproduce the steps of these old pre-classic dance forms— indeed, he sometimes makes fun of them, as in a drunken pavane—for his dance materials are today's ballet technique commenting upon the dance rhythms and courtly capers of 400 years ago. The score he uses is contemporary, but it, too, has roots in the past, for it is Rayburn Wright's adaptation of themes from Benjamin Britten's *Gloriana,* an opera about Elizabeth I composed in honor of the coronation of England's Elizabeth II. Bruce Harrow's delightful costumes are completely balletic, yet they suggest the sumptuousness of Elizabethan dress, as Ming Cho Lee's lovely set gives an airy hint of palaces. The ballet even contains a lavolta, a breezy dance which good Queen Bess herself enjoyed doing, as proved by a charming picture of the monarch perched high in the air on the Earl of Leicester's raised knee. (Her Majesty found time to do rigorous galliards up to the last year of her reign.)

The choreographer has caught, in his choreography, both the courtly airs and the levity (if not the fantasy) of the title he has adapted from the "Come and trip it as ye go On the light fantastic toe" lines from Milton's *L'Allegro.* Where Arpino has bogged down is on his choreographic duplication of the line which precedes the famous quote, and that is, "And laughter holding both his sides." He strives for laughter, as well as lightness, but his humor tends to be forced.

Erika Goodman, dancing the "Pavane" with Christian Holder, is funny for a stretch, but she is called upon to move in rag-doll inebriation long after the joke wears thin. In "Presto" (a musical, rather than dance, term), Robert Blankshine, the court jester of the affair, dashes and prances and flirts outrageously, but Arpino has been lax in linking this dancer's remarkable prowess (he's more of a skittish elf than a human) with muscle witticisms. Yet in *The Clowns,* Arpino wove Blankshine's virtuosity into the portrait of a lost soul.

—*Dance Collection, N.Y. Public Library.*

Elizabeth I dances the lavolta—"the monarch perched high in the air on the Earl of Leicester's raised knee."



—*Martha Swope*

A courtly galliard, danced by Trinette Singleton (supported by Dermot Burke and Henry Berg), is satirized by Gerald Arpino in his new ballet, *A Light Fantastic.*

The "Galliard," as danced by Trinette Singleton, Dermot Burke, and Henry Berg in *A Light Fantastic,* was delightful, but it didn't strive solely for gags—it was fast and it let its movement surprises provide the fun. The funniest moment in the entire ballet—and I'm not talking about "fun" atmosphere, in which the ballet abounds—is a lift from George Balanchine's *Bourrée Fantasque* (first movement) in which the ballerina, supported by the *danseur,* does a back kick, hits the back of his head (not hers), and he does the good double take of "What hit me?" Arpino, in many of his works, is derivative—consciously, subconsciously, or unconsciously—to a surprising degree, but he derives brilliantly.

A Light Fantastic is not one of the major Arpino choreographies—such as *Ropes, Incubus, Viva Vivaldi!, Olympics, Sea Shadow,* and other smasheroos— but it is light and it is gay and, despite its labored forays into humor, a ballet which falls sunnily, agreeably, on the eye. I don't know how Arpino views revisions of his new work, but I think they are in order, and that the ballet is worth a fresh appraisal by the choreographer.

Humor in ballet, except for pantomimic humor, is not easy to achieve. Arpino's kicking-the-back-of-someone-else's-head bit via Balanchine is kinetic humor, and it is this muscle-humor—which the modern dance master, Charles Weidman, has developed so brilliantly—that needs be at the core of dance comedy. Arpino, then, could well take a second look at the lovely gestural wit which characterizes Robert Joffrey's *Pas de Déesses,* the near-slapstick fun of Ruthanna Boris's *Cakewalk,* the visual antics of the closing sequences of Lew Christensen's *Distractions* (all in the repertory of his own company) or find out about Weidman's *Kinetic Pantomime,* Sybil Shearer's *In a Vacuum,* or Katherine Litz's *The Glyph,* to clew him in on dance humor.

Unintentional and, perhaps, unnoticed humor was present on the occasion of the world premiere of *A Light Fantastic.* The evening was a very, very social (and musical) benefit for the Musicians' Emergency Fund, of which Mrs. Lytle Hull is chairman (she is also vice president of the New York City Center of Music and Drama). And do you know what the opening ballet was? Jerome Robbins's *Moves* (WORLD OF DANCE, Oct. 5). The music? The pit was empty because *Moves* is unaccompanied, a masterpiece without music. An emergency?

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Movies

Continued from page 54

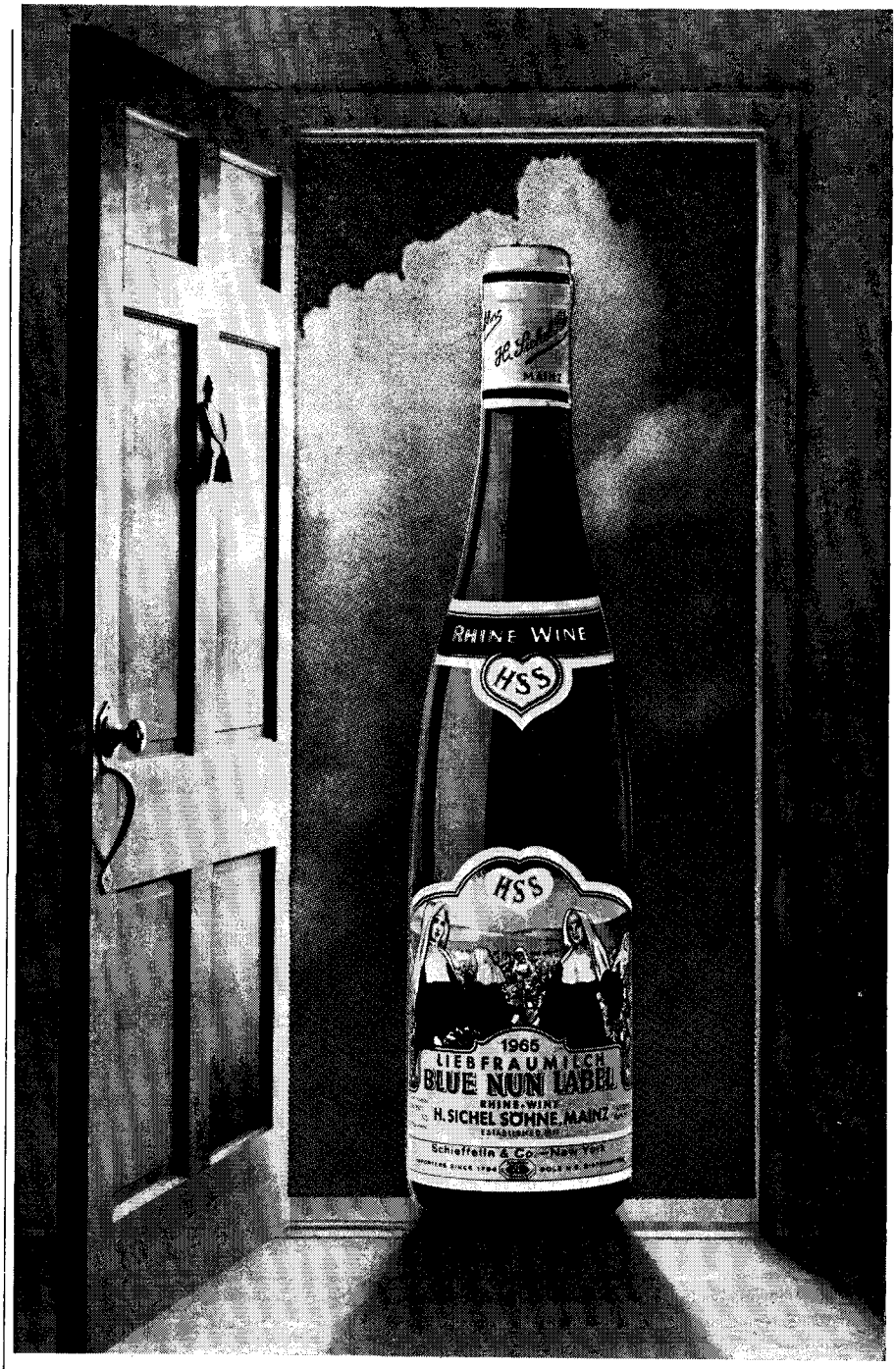
she has just sent him packing. The one good opportunity Mr. Wyler had—to stylize the period—he has carefully avoided. They say they don't make movies like this any more, but they do and, presumably, they sell.

Meanwhile, in Philharmonic Hall, at Lincoln Center, another kind of cinema was on display, the kind in which commercial considerations are subordinated to the thoughtful, the artistic, the experimental. Ideally speaking, that is, for the Sixth New York Film Festival proved to be hard going for the most dedicated of filmgoers. At this writing, I lack acquaintance with all twenty-four of the features shown during twelve days of unreeling, but I did pick out several of what were reputed to be the strongest—among them Godard's *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*, Cassavetes's *Faces*, and Nemec's *A Report on the Party and the Guests.*

Nemec's film was the most relevant of the festival, in that it could be related directly to the recent events in Czechoslovakia. The consensus was that *Faces* was far too long, but that its story of marital dissatisfaction, told in improvised fashion, had its effective and biting moments. Godard was being Godard again, with his voice on the sound-track providing a monotonous commentary about what a drag modern city life is. To prove it, he shows Marina Vlady as a Parisian housewife resorting to a part-time career of prostitution, with sly references to the kind of perverse acts she will or will not perform. His dim view of things and his haphazard *verité* method provide little stimulation. But what would the festival be without Godard?

But some unfortunate truths are emerging about this annual festival. One of these is that the American film industry has virtually boycotted Lincoln Center, the reason being more economic than ideological, although a little of the latter may be involved, too. The film companies are not of a mind to have their efforts reviewed by critics before the public has been suitably softened up by their selling campaigns.

But what real purpose is served by having exactly half the films come from one country? Surely France is hardly undergoing a film renaissance at this time. Rather than attempt to convince us that what we are getting is an international display of the latest in cinema, Lincoln Center might do better to concentrate on retrospectives, specialized examples of film art, and film education. But disaster lies ahead if it continues to try us with the half-baked, the dull, and the artistic misfires.



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As Others See Us

PARIS:

Negotiating for Peace

THE HALF-TRUCE in South Vietnam is today at the center of the problem. One group in the American Administration views it as a respite taken by the enemy for the purpose of building up strength. Actually, the Americans want to know what the negotiations will be that, according to Hanoi's promise, are to follow a complete cessation of the bombing. And above all, the Americans want to know with whom negotiations will be taking place. For although Hanoi is ready to discuss the problems of the whole, inasmuch as it is the central party representing the Vietnamese people "who are one," its delegates are reiterating that the particular problems of the South can only be tackled by the National Liberation Front.

In sum, the United States must cease hostilities against the North if negotiations are to begin. And the National Liberation Front must be recognized if the negotiations are to have any results.

—L'Express.

LONDON:

The President's Hopes

PRESIDENT JOHNSON clearly hopes to leave office next January with a major triumph in foreign policy behind him. Many hopes have been dashed both by the President's own inability to get peace in Vietnam and by the Soviet action in Czechoslovakia. It begins to look as if the best he can hope for is to prevent a dangerous situation from deteriorating still further. So much is true at least for Vietnam, the Middle East, and Europe. Only in the field of purely bilateral relations with the Soviet Union might he still expect to make some progress. And even here, the most that can be hoped for is some tacit agreement not to press ahead too fast with an anti-ballistic missile race.

—The Financial Times.

BOGOTA:

Precedents for Policy

PRESIDENT JOHNSON SPOKE before the American Legion and with great ability related each of his actions to a citation from one of his predecessors, in order to demonstrate how international orientation had not changed with the parties over the last twenty years.

He told of President Eisenhower's opinion: "If South Vietnam were captured by the Communists, 12,000,000 people would immediately lose their liberty. . . ."

He spoke of President Kennedy's view: "To retreat in Vietnam would signify for us a collapse not only in this place, but in all of Southeast Asia. . . ."

He included President Truman in the series with the words: "I always remember the affirmation of President Truman in regard to aggression: 'If it is allowed to advance, it can lead to another World War.' "

The President's objective is clear: Convince Americans that neither of the parties, nor any Presidents would have acted differently than he. But Johnson is left with the worst part. During his Administration the war has escalated . . . but it has not led precisely to victory, and defeat is allied with unpopularity. . . .

—Abelardo Forero Benavides, El Espectador.

ROME:

Crisis on the Home Front

THE "BLACK VIETNAM" inside the United States is a historical fact, and there is no telling how it may develop. There is no middle way, only revolution far more reaching than the New Deal or else a process of militarization and Fascistization. The Vietnamese know this. The war made for the boom in the American economy, which covered up an underlying financial crisis. The crisis is coming to a head and the fate of the world depends upon it. It is true that the war no longer pays, but in order to discover the necessity of peace, the United States must put its own house in order.

—Astrolabio.

TOKYO:

Humphrey's Nomination

MR. HUBERT HUMPHREY'S SUCCESS in securing the Democratic Presidential nomination in the first ballot in Chicago confirmed widespread expectations. None of the other candidates had similar qualifications to offer to those of the politically experienced Vice President.

Mr. Humphrey chose Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine as his Vice Presidential running mate. The choice seems to be a good one, and was made, there is no doubt, not only on the basis of the Senator's own merits, but with the hope of consolidating the Democratic party. In making it, Mr. Humphrey indicated that he had consulted with "every facet of American life."

How far the wounds of the Democratic party may now be expected to heal, and how quickly, must remain a matter for speculation; but Mr. Humphrey is reported as being pleased by a promise of support made by one of his defeated rivals for the nomination, Senator George McGovern of South Dakota.

—The Japan Times.

TORONTO:

American Business Law Abroad

WHEN AMERICAN COMPANIES in Canada operate here under American law, we tend to regard it as an infringement on Canadian sovereignty.

We are concerned, for example, when U.S. branch plants in Canada refuse to trade with Cuba or China because it is forbidden under the U.S. Trading with the Enemy Act, even though Canada favors such trade.

But it is ironical to discover that the extension of U.S. law into Canada sometimes turns out to be better—in terms of protection of the public interest—than anything we have in this country.

This situation already exists in the case of public disclosure of financial information by American companies in Canada. So weak is our law in this area that to find out about the financial operations of U.S. branch plants here, we have to go to Washington where their parent firms are required to file the information.

And the Canadian investor, ironically, may benefit as a result of a recent decision of the U.S. Appeals Court in the case of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. of New York. . . .

—Toronto Daily Star.

MANCHESTER:

The Challenge to Europe

THE ESSENCE of Servan-Schreiber's case is that the European countries are allowing themselves to become economic colonies of the United States; that this is bad for them, bad for America, and bad for the world; that unless Europe takes steps, first to re-establish its economic independence, it will be too late; and that, to be successful, the individual European nations must unite under some genuinely federal form of administration.

The Europe we will pass on in 1980 to men who today are twenty years old will be a continent outside the mainstream of history, leading a life without vitality or purpose, under the shadow of its dependence on America. . . .

—Richard Scott, Manchester Guardian Weekly.

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Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

The Colombian Family

POPULATION grows and must continue to grow because we must exploit our riches. Is the country ready to do this with its present population? If so, why then so much unpopulated land that produces nothing? The Pope proposes that family-building not be ended, but aided. Never must we believe that the solutions to our social problems start with the suppression of family-growth.

What we really need is a better division of the goods and riches in the country. Clearly this will come about with more responsible parenthood, just as the Church counsels. But this responsibility needs a more just and dignified treatment of the family, particularly the larger ones.

—*P. Chicolaes,*
El Espectador, Bogotá.

Money Machines

THE HEADLINE on a wire service story from Miami reads: MACHINE THAT LENDS MONEY PUT INTO SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES. Is this a secret part of the Alliance for Progress?

—*Alfonso Castillo Gomez,*
El Espectador, Bogotá.

Muggeridge On Love

IT IS ALL VERY WELL for Mr. Muggeridge—at his age—to talk of the enchantment of human love beginning where sex ends. One wonders what he felt about this forty years ago. For someone like myself, twenty-three, recently married, and just left university without a penny to my name, nothing could be more calculated to destroy that enchantment than a brace of offspring I could not properly support. Were I to use abstention instead of contraception, the question why would merely be the prologue to divorce—and quite rightly, too.

To me, hearing dear old Malcolm pontificating (sic) on the minor role of sex in marriage is equivalent to hearing a priest talking from his lack of experience of marriage.

—*Colin Pickthall,*
Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Russians, Czechs, Germans

TO QUOTE from a pamphlet, *The Soviet Union—Everyman's Book,* collected at the Soviet Exhibition in Earls Court:

> U.S.S.R. threatens no one: The Soviet armed forces do not threaten any country. They are needed to guard the peaceful labor of the Soviet people, the building of socialism and communism in the U.S.S.R. and fraternal countries. Unfortunately, recent events show that the more aggressive elements of world reaction have not abandoned attempts to reverse the course of history, not halting even at military ventures.

If the cap fits. . .

—*Stephen Mennell,*
New Statesman, London.

TO ARGUE that the Germans are a breed of decided warmongers by not even giving them the benefit of the doubt as to their emotions during the late crisis, and by implying the appropriateness of the Russian action, seems an outrageous perversion of the truth—well as it might fit the general pattern of the *New Statesman*'s reports from Germany. To Herr Haffner it is all politics, while at the same time, he takes the Germans to task for being so shockingly pragmatic. Trust a German to go one better than *Pravda*! I have nothing against the Russians. What disgusts me is their application of Nazi methods. For their brave resistance to these, I admire the Czechs. And I am a German.

—*Karl Heinz Schleiermacher,*
New Statesman, London.

Sex and Status

IN 1944 as a British serviceman in charge of a party of men going by train through India, I was given a prewar travel warrant-form with the legend:

OFFICERS AND LADIES
NCO'S AND WOMEN
OTHER RANKS AND FOLLOWERS

This has always seemed to me to epitomize the social status and sexual mores of servicemen under the British Raj. At least it was the Establishment's view.

—*Michael McCarthy,*
The Observer, London.

Inhuman Police Atrocities

EVERY INDIAN HEART boils with rage at the inhuman atrocities committed by the police in Uttar Pradesh. . . .

In a village in Gonda district a son was forced to commit incest with his mother; this is without a parallel in human bestiality. Women were stripped naked and paraded through the streets. Young boys were victimized by sadistic policemen. . . .

Even a judicial enquiry will be frustrated if these ghouls continue to wield power.

The first thing to be done is to suspend every policeman suspected of having outraged human dignity. Immediate action is required to restore public confidence.

—*Vox Populi,*
Blitz, New Delhi.

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Danger—Beatles at Work

—Capitol Records.

Left to right: John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, George Harrison—"almost a desire to return to the original days. . . ."

By RAYMOND PALMER

IT was just six years ago this month that the first Beatle record—"Love Me Do"—was released and crept into the top-fifty chart in Britain at No. 49. In the intervening years they have written approximately 150 songs, recorded eighteen singles, eight albums, and two EPs, which throughout the world have sold in the area of 250 million units. Musically, during those six years, they have moved in all directions, passing through more periods than Picasso.

Now, it seems, they have come full circle, motivated by the nostalgic desire to "play together" again as a group, just as they did in their early days in the Cavern at Liverpool and the Star Club in Hamburg. This is evident in their latest single, "Hey Jude/Revolution," released on their own Apple label last month. There are also signs of it, apparently, in the forthcoming, as yet untitled, album.

Said George Martin, who produces their records and arranges their music: "If there is anything that is new or evident at the moment [about their work] it is almost a desire to return to the original days; it's almost like going full circle, in trying to play together as a group as they did in the days before I met them. They are trying to express themselves physically by just playing."

This is not to say that they want to go back to their beginnings and re-create the same kind of music again. They are using their group playing as a kind of platform from which to take off once more. "There is evidence of this, that they like playing together and they get a kick out of it," said Martin. "It's almost like a jazz group and something comes out of it when they play together. Sometimes you get a solo which just happens without any logical thought; the fingers just go into the right ways, and something comes out which surprises the player. When the boys play in this way and something surprises them, they often latch on to it and try to develop it."

THE Beatles are always experimenting, trying to get new sounds, and this, Martin thinks, is why recording is their natural medium for expressing themselves. With the Beatles there is an experimental atmosphere in the recording studio because they use it as a musical workshop.

The Beatles like to record with nothing else to distract them. Since they have recently been getting more and more involved with the business end of their activities (through their Apple group of companies), they tend to start their recording sessions in the late afternoon and go on until 2 or 3 a.m.

"They also like to have all the time in the world to think about what they're going to do," said Martin. "Consequently, it becomes a much lazier affair and one might almost say a rather more boring affair—for me, at any rate—because a title usually goes on much longer than I would like it to go on myself."

Paul McCartney explained this attitude by saying: "We've got into a more take-it-or-leave-it frame of mind, which isn't all that bad; it just means we take longer. We don't get so worried about our records or nervous about the idea that they have to be completed by a certain date. But this does tend to make us take longer over things, and if a number isn't quite right, well, it makes you tend to become a perfectionist."

While their first album, *Please Please Me*, consisting of songs they had evolved on tour, was recorded in a single day, the famous *Sgt. Pepper* required 700 hours of studio time spread over three months. By the time their current album is completed next month, Martin estimates, it will have taken even longer.

There is, of course, a danger in this way of working creatively; one can reach a point of diminishing returns. By going over and over a composition again and again, one can wring all the fresh creative juice out of it. So far, the Beatles appear to have avoided that danger, possibly due to Martin's influence.

The Beatles place far greater demands on the studio than any other group in pop music. Normally, with other artists, the producer organizes a session with an orchestra, or, if it is a group, he rehearses the group before they go into the studio. Studio time is mainly recording time and the recording time is largely taken up with first, getting a good performance, and second, a good technical result.

WITH the Beatles it is quite different because they use the studio to shape their ideas and to experiment and to try different approaches. The ideas flow between all of them—John, Paul, George, Ringo, and Martin—and mature after a long process of interchange and cross-fertilization.

Each has something to contribute and the sum of the whole, as reflected in the records that eventually come out of these sessions, is greater than the sum of the parts. George Harrison has very definite ideas on how things should sound. Ringo Starr is probably the quietest one, but he can be counted upon for some devastating criticism which makes everybody else start thinking again. John Lennon's lyricism is wry and astringent, while that of Paul McCartney is soft and romantic; so they counterbalance each other, with Lennon saving

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McCartney from lushness and McCartney saving Lennon from cynicism.

Martin, of course, is their mix-master and technical adviser, the man who has helped to create and shape the sound of their music. They tell him what they want and he suggests ways in which it might be done. They consider, compare, suggest, discuss, until they get a sound which satisfies them.

One result of all this discussion and experimentation is that they have used in their time more unusual and often neglected instruments than any other recording group today. On *Sgt. Pepper* they used combs and paper, multiple-tracked percussion, tambouras, swormandels, a dilruba, a tabla, an Indian table-harp, a sitar, and a Hammond organ recorded at different speeds and then overlaid with electronic echo.

In the forthcoming album, they have not, thus far, used any unusual instruments, although it does contain some unusual sounds developed from "playing around in the studio," as Martin puts it. The musical changes that are inherent in the current album are not sensationally different from what has gone before, but they are subtly different. The Beatles' musical progress continues to be, as it has been in the past, evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

AND although the Beatles have spawned a host of imitators, they still manage to stay in front of the competition, uniquely themselves. "I'm biased, of course," says Martin. "I think the way the Beatles think is different and they continue to surprise me and—I think—surprise themselves."

Although their music sometimes surprises the Beatles themselves, its effect on other people frequently amazes and amuses them, as for instance when they read the comments of musicologists. American composer-commentator Ned Rorem, for example, said "She's Leaving Home" was equal to most songs of Schubert; Leonard Bernstein cited Schumann; ballet critic Richard Buckle called them the greatest composers since Beethoven.

This analytical game has now gone right out of the window. One British critic recently went to great lengths dissecting "Strawberry Fields For Ever" with a great show of musical erudition. The fact was that during recordings of this number the Beatles made two versions, both of which they liked in parts and which they wanted to marry into one. As it happened, the two versions had been recorded at slightly different speeds and slightly different pitches. Martin, by speeding one version up, was able to change its pitch so that it almost matched the other, and the two versions were then very nearly—but not quite—the same time. This sort of thing, of

course, makes nonsense of highflown musical analysis.

When William Mann of the *Times* writes in awed tones about the "pandiatonic clusters" and "flat submediant keyswitches" in a Beatle composition, he is actually discussing the work of four happy mopheads who can't write a note of music. McCartney, for instance, says: "I tried to learn music once with a fellow who's a great teacher, but it got too much like homework. I have some block about seeing it in little black dots on paper. It's like Braille to me."

And George Martin tells of an incident during the present series of recordings when John wanted the saxophones to play a certain note. Martin told the saxophonists what to play and John interrupted.

"Look," said John, "I'm playing G but you're asking them to play B flat."

"That's right," Martin told him. "If they play their B flat, it sounds the same as your G."

"How's that?" asked a puzzled John Lennon. "Why doesn't it sound the same if they play G?"

"Well," said Martin, "it's because the instruments are in different keys and their B flat is the equivalent of your G."

"I don't know," said John, "sounds bloody silly to me."

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Recordings Reports:

Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Dorothy Ashby: *Afro-Harping*. Dorothy Ashby, harp; with band arranged and conducted by Richard Evans. Cadet stereo, LPS-809, $4.79.	Richard Evans has enjoyed considerable popularity with his Soulful Strings and seems bent on merging Miss Ashby's harp with a similarly bland contemporary idiom. The instrument doesn't lend itself well to jazz, although jazz ideas can be expressed on it as is shown here. Unfortunately, the percussion accompaniment is so strong and prominent that it exaggerates the decorative qualities of the harp. An underlay by unamplified guitars, as on the early Django Reinhardt records, might have proved more appropriate and effective.
Charlie Barnet: *Charlie Barnet, Vol.1*. Barnet, soprano, alto, and tenor saxophones; with sixteen-piece band. RCA Victor, LPV-551, mono only, $4.79.	The liner makes the surprising claim that Barnet's was "the fourth great band" after Ellington's, Basie's, and Lunceford's. In terms of consistency, perhaps it was, but did it ever reach heights comparable to those attained by Henderson's, Hines's, or Goodman's, for example? The band infrequently contained soloists of stature. In this set, one is uncomfortably reminded that, good as they were, Barnet was no Johnny Hodges and Bob Burnet no Cootie Williams. This said, it is only fair to note that their admiration was genuine, and their models the best. Barnet used excellent arrangements by such first-class writers as Andy Gibson, Horace Henderson, Billy May, Billy Moore, and in engineer Don Miller's superb sound these original performances still stand up very well.
Stan Getz: *What the World Needs Now*. Getz, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Phil Upchurch, guitar; Walter Booker, bass; Roy Haynes or Curtis Prince, drums; with string and brass ensembles arranged and conducted by Richard Evans. Verve V6-8752, stereo only, $5.79.	Getz is somewhat contained in this set, as much by the fashionably rich arrangements as by the material. The eleven songs by the popular team of Bacharach and David are of above average quality, and Getz proves once again that a good jazz musician can always make good jazz on a really good ballad. He often produces a beautiful sound (as on "In Between the Heartaches") that greatly enhances the melodic statements, and he also demonstrates exceptional facility, a clearly defined taste, and an ever-present ability to swing. Little space is allotted the gifted Corea, but his brief solos are decidedly satisfying.
Richard "Groove" Holmes: *Soul Power*. Holmes, organ; Wally Richardson, Steve Wolfe, guitars; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; Ben Dixon, drums; Dave Blume, conga (two tracks). Prestige stereo, 7543, $4.79.	Prestige is the label for "soul." Besides this album by Holmes—the best musically—it has his *Super Soul* (7497), on which he is backed by a big band; Freddie McCoy, a vibraphone player in *Soul Yogi* (7561); Wally Richardson, an able guitarist, in a disappointing *Soul Guru* (7569); Freddie Roach, who plays organ, piano, and flute, in *Soul People* (7521); Johnny "Hammond" Smith, another organist, in a more rewarding *Soul Flowers* (7549); and young Billy Hawks, singing and playing organ, in *Heavy Soul* (7556). There is a high content of blues, and a good deal of power in the heavy rhythms, but there is also much that is banal and too predictable. Part of the trouble is that immature talents are overextended today by the 12-inch LP. Nevertheless, the records serve to introduce musicians who will find a place in the jazz future when they can escape the contemporary commercial formulas.
The Jazz Giants. Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Benny Morton, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums. Sackville stereo, 3002, $5. (Obtainable postpaid from Sackville Recordings, 719 Yonge Street, Suite 5, Toronto 5, Canada.)	The musicians here are of a fast-vanishing breed now seldom recorded. The numbers are all time-tested standards ("Black and Blue," "Anything for You," etc.), and, although there are loose ensembles, the main responsibility falls to the soloists. Of these, Davison draws his inspiration from Armstrong and other outstanding pre-bop trumpet players, but his work is not enhanced by a constricted tone and over-emphatic vibrato. Hall plays relaxed clarinet with less pronounced attack than that of his more famous brother, Ed. The record's true stars are Hopkins and Morton. Although inadequately featured, both perform with their customary good taste and assurance.
Wes Montgomery: *'Round Midnight*. Montgomery, guitar; Melvin Rhyne, organ; Paul Parker, drums. Riverside R/S-3014, stereo only, $4.79. *The Best of Wes Montgomery, Vol. II*. Montgomery, guitar; with big bands arranged and conducted by Don Sebesky, Claus Ogerman, and Oliver Nelson. Verve, V6-8757, stereo only, $5.79.	These two albums almost span Montgomery's recorded career. The Riverside was made in 1959, and with its minimal accompaniment of organ and drums there is a maximum demand upon the guitarist's artistic resources. In the Verve album, the elaborate backgrounds are encountered that brought him to a peak of popularity before his untimely death. Their effect on his invention was not always beneficial, but his blues performances on the second side indicate that he had made substantial progress as a musician in the last decade.
Jimmy O'Bryant: *Washboard Wonders*. O'Bryant, clarinet; Jimmy Blythe, piano; Jasper Taylor, washboard; Bob Schoffner, cornet (on one track only). Biograph BLP-12002, mono only, $4.98.	The value of this set is primarily historical. The music might be described as primitive or archaic jazz, and O'Bryant as the poor man's Johnny Dodds. A tradition of corny humor persisted for quite a long time on the clarinet, thanks to the influence of men such as Wilbur Sweatman, Wilton Crawley, Fess Williams, and Ted Lewis. One may assume that even O'Bryant was subject to the humanizing and educative influence of Lorenzo Tio, Jr.'s, pupils from New Orleans, for the last recording made under his name—"Shake That Thing"—is considerably better than its predecessors.
Don Patterson: *Boppin' and Burnin'*. Patterson, organ; Howard McGhee, trumpet; Charlie McPherson, alto saxophone; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums. Prestige stereo, 7563, $4.79.	On the evidence in this album and the earlier *Four Dimensions* (7533), Patterson is not merely one of the most capable organists in jazz, but also one of the most adventurous. He creates backgrounds that are as exciting as they are effective, and tackles with complete confidence material that other organists noticeably avoid. Here he plays Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" and Thelonious Monk's "Epistrophy," as well as two originals by McGhee, a trumpet player who has rarely been given his due in jazz history. He takes a bopper's delight in meeting technical challenges, but he also expresses himself with emotional depth and force.
Otis Spann: *The Bottom of the Blues*. Spann, piano and vocal; Lucille Spann, vocal; Muddy Waters, Luther Johnson, Sammy Lawhorn, guitars; George Buford, harmonica; Lawrence Wimberly, electric bass; S. P. Leary, drums. Bluesway stereo, BLS-6013, $4.79. John Lee Hooker: *Urban Blues*. Hooker, guitar and vocal; Eddie Taylor and "Phil", bass guitars; Al Duncan, drums; and an unlisted harmonica player. Bluesway stereo, BLS-6013; mono, BL-6013; $4.79.	Bluesway handily complements its companion ABC label, Impulse, which now tends to specialize in the extreme jazz forms. Spann, an authentic blues pianist, is too often submerged on the first record beneath the confused twanging of three guitars and an electric bass. The group is actually the Muddy Waters band, in which Spann plays regularly, but although it creates plenty of "atmosphere," the only memorable performance is "Look Like Twins." When Hooker's first rather uncultivated records appeared at the end of the 1940s, it could not be foreseen that he would still be going strong twenty years later. Limited though he is in some respects, his swing, firm beat, great tempos, and uncompromising delivery make him as impressive as ever. His concluding selection, "The Motor City Is Burning," is a stirring blues about the Detroit riots. —Stanley Dance.

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Tatum ... Like the Wind

COLUMBIA recently released thirteen solo performances by pianist Art Tatum in an album hyperbolically titled *Piano Starts Here* (CS 9655). An entry in the label's "Hall of Fame" series, its appearance is noteworthy, not only because Tatum deserves an introduction to a new generation, but because his work speaks for the independence of the individual at a time when this attribute is so admired.

A deity in the jazz world from 1933, when his first records were released, until his death in 1956, he often was the subject of controversy because he played like the wind, harnessed his enormous powers in a manner particular to himself, and found his own levels. His virtuosity and spectacular embellishment of material were misunderstood by his detractors, who felt simpler, more accessible, obviously organic performances were preferable.

Like a big man in a suit too small for him, Tatum literally burst out of songs, bringing to them the entire history of jazz piano, his classical training—a vast universe of sounds and ideas he could so easily translate into music. His basic area of endeavor was jazz. But the voice and pulse of his people could only be considered a foundation of his restless, thrusting, eclectic style, which went beyond idioms and the piano itself.

Tatum was a sponge; he *heard* everything and filed away each aural experience for translation and use. His was a hyperactive, musical, computer-type mind, fortunately counterbalanced by a depth of feeling and humanity. Pianist-teacher John Mehegan once noted that Tatum was no cultist or sectarian, that he "lived in a big world . . . [and] adopted trombone, trumpet, saxophone, guitar, and drum sounds to the piano. [He] was an orchestra—rhythm section, brass, reeds, and even the vocalist."

A web of contradictions, Tatum was a large, lumbering man, with hands inappropriate for a pianist; yet his articulation was crystal. For all intents and purposes, he was blind—yet he moved over his instrument far more securely and freely than a less restricted musician. He was a black man when skin color proved highly prohibitive, yet he managed to break through. His talent transcended difficulties that would have tabled a lesser man. And he was admired, envied, copied, if not completely comprehended, by colleagues and fans.

The progression of Tatum's career was contrary to public relations tradition. He was not an overnight success. In 1928, at eighteen, he initiated his professional career with a radio show over Station WSPD in Toledo, Ohio, his hometown. Piped across the board by the NBC Blue Network, the fifteen-minute program provided him exposure on a wide scale. But it wasn't until 1932, as accompanist to blues singer Adelaide Hall, that the pianist came to New York and began to take on steam.

A solo artist until the early war years, Tatum formed a trio, in 1943, with Slam Stewart (bass) and Tiny Grimes (guitar). The group became quite popular, particularly along New York's 52nd Street. Whirlwind Tatum and fascinating interplay among its members gave the unit identity. Though the pianist worked within this format a good deal until his death, he always seemed about to pop his buttons and overrun his sidemen.

Considering the "modern" aspects of Tatum's work, it is curious to note that he went into eclipse with the emergence of the Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie-Bud Powell revolutionary wing of jazz in the mid-1940s. Only temporarily falling from favor, the pianist returned to the forefront in the early 1950s, but as fate would have it, there was little time left for him. His health had begun to fail. Warned by doctors to slow down, he heeded them with half an ear. By October 1956, Tatum found it increasingly arduous to play at length. On November 4, Tatum was hospitalized; a day later he was dead.

A SMALL portion of his legacy is contained in the aforementioned Columbia album, including his first four recordings—"Tea for Two," "St. Louis Blues," "Tiger Rag," and "Sophisticated Lady"—and nine items from a 1949 concert in Los Angeles. The early performances are green, though clearly indicative of the pianist's great dexterity and potential. Time ripens the artist, however, and the later efforts are stunning—the pianist at the top of his form.

Tatum's primary sources of material, as mirrored in this album and all of his recordings, for that matter, were standards, songs of the day, or themes from the "classics." Only occasionally would he write an "original." Tatum was an interpreter rather than a creator of songs. Unlike the pianists of the generation following his, he seldom moved beyond inventive variations to composition of new lines built on the harmonic base of a song. Therefore, when one listens to Tatum, particularly at length, no matter what the depth of variation on the song in question, one can still hear (or sense) the melody lingering near the surface.

While giving material his stamp, he changed its contours, moving accents, rearranging climaxes, interpolating little ideas in double time; he extended and contracted the line by slowing or upping the tempo; he gave you a look at the song's innards by fragmenting it. All of this was done with great surety and control and a strong sense of dynamics and architecture. The final product glistened. It was slick almost to formula.

AS a matter of fact, in order to accommodate his talent and energy, the great pianist often followed a basic procedure. First chorus—a ripe, dexterous, out-of-tempo statement of melody, with many an interpolation and curlicue; second chorus—double the tempo suggested in the restless-sounding first chorus, with more of a variational approach to the melody. On subsequent choruses, he generally moved more deeply into variation, ornamentation, and fragmentation, until a final statement of theme to close the package. Each segment had its own life and meaning and could be independently lifted out. Try his version of "Yesterdays," and hear each petal of the flower unfold.

Through this entire album, the pianist's finesse and technical accomplishment blind as they simultaneously feed the ear. The breathtaking right-hand runs and triplet phrases rush at you with ringing clarity, regardless of tempi; the left hand remains busy, striding or stating as many as four chords to the bar, providing a harmonic feast for those who can follow the bouncing ball. Much has been written concerning the telling impact of Fats Waller on the workings of Tatum's left hand. It also is common knowledge that Earl Hines's bristling single-note lines in the right hand motivated Tatum to free that hand and exploit it to its fullest measure. His "teachers," however, only provided the base on which he built his own individuality. Tatum's probing mind and fantastic fingering took him beyond the systems and mannerisms of his time. There are breaks and double-time passages in this offering which only Charlie Parker could parallel in their harmonic and rhythmic diversity.

Art Tatum's performances demand much of the listener. He is not easy and cannot be fully discovered with one or two surface listenings. Of course, you get the gloss, the flash, his elegant sound. But there is so much more. Make the extra effort. You will be rewarded in kind.

—BURT KORALL.

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MOSTLY MODERNISTS

Still Chasing the Advance Guard

THE title *Sun Ra and His Arkestra—Sun Song* (Delmark DL 411, mono only) is perhaps a portentous, or at least curious, billing for a jazz LP, particularly when one is reminded that it was originally recorded (and obscurely released) over ten years ago. Titles of selections, such as "Call for All Demons," "Transition," "Future," "New Horizons," affirm the impression. But the style and content of the music is anything but advanced, even for ten years ago; it is indeed quite conservative and suggests that Sun Ra, in the phrase Stanley Dance used in these pages recently, is somewhat miscast as a leader in the avant-garde. For me, the music is not only conservative, it is professional—and, that being granted, frequently glib, not to say frequently shallow and rather dull.

Something of the same impression continues in the two volumes of *The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra* on ESP-Disk 1014 and 1017, which offer somewhat more recent manifestations of the pianist-composer's work. Again, the titles refer vaguely to affairs of space and things cosmic ("Outer Nothingness," "Other Worlds," "Nebulae"), but this time a great deal of the music is self-consciously "weird," with lots of eerie tympani, echoing bells, and low-pitched sounds from bass clarinet and bass trombone.

On other numbers, such effects are larded around soloists who exhibit their fondness for some of the better-known players of the new jazz. The result is rather like encountering Ornette Coleman's cousin, wandering around in next week's reruns on the *Science Fiction Theater*.

Indeed, I suspect that if Sun Ra were to cool it on the cosmos and the fourth dimension, and to turn his hand to studio and sound-track work, his talent, his considerable skill, and his professionalism would flourish.

An LP called *Until* on the new Atlantic subsidiary label, Vortex (2005, stereo only), is the very interesting debut, as leader, of alto saxophonist Robin Kenyatta. For the timid, the program offers a whimsical, conservative waltz called, after Paul Klee, "Little Blue Devil," and there is a more or less traditional ballad in the title piece, "Until."

There are also a couple of free-form improvisations. On "This Year," Kenyatta exchanges comments with trumpeter Mike Lawrence and pianist Fred Simmons. "You Know How We Do" is a more ambitious undertaking, with an augmented rhythm section and with Roswell Rudd's trombone. Compositionally, both pieces are indebted to Ornette Coleman, as is Kenyatta's own playing. (I am sorry to keep mentioning Coleman this way, but considering the subject under discussion, I see no way of avoiding it.)

Kenyatta's phrasing has an appealing rhythmic variety, and, more important, he shows a capacity to alter tempo, to swing us along compellingly at one speed, then shift momentarily to another, and somehow make the shift seem welcome. I also admire, in "You Know How We Do," the terseness with which the leader makes his own statements, and the varied textures evoked in the simultaneously improvised ensembles—ensembles in which Rudd's trombone, in his essentially revivalist-1930s style, makes its points.

Admittedly, it is possible to suspect a kind of something-for-everyone opportunism in the programing here, but I don't think so. Kenyatta's own words, quoted in the liner notes, are, "I'm not trying to put people on by saying I'm playing space music. I'm just trying to play music the way I think it's supposed to be played—honestly. A lot of people use a lot of words to describe what they've done, but I've never been able to; with me it's all emotional. Whatever a person *can* play, that's what he *should* play." I believe him.

KENYATTA is also a functional participant in *Intents and Purposes* (RCA Victor stereo, LSP-3844; mono, LPM-3844), a collection of four performances by a small ensemble under the leadership of composer-trumpeter Bill Dixon, most of which was originally conceived for dancers of a more or less "modern" persuasion.

Setting aside the question of improvisation for the moment (after all, Lukas Foss's "classical" ensemble *does* improvise), I suppose a listener's first question on hearing music like this might be, "But is it jazz?" One answer is that only jazz musicians would be willing to use their instruments with the sonorous freedom sometimes required here.

Another answer is that Dixon's use of jazz rhythms, both in phrasing and in some of the percussion, goes beyond what any mere borrowers from jazz are likely to come up with.

There were, for me, a couple of rather static, almost monotonous moments on the piece called "Metamorphoses 1962-1966," both from the strings (a cello and two basses) and from the leader's trumpet. But I much admire Dixon's more mobile textures on these four manifestations of his essentially romantic talent. I shall not soon forget the quiet ironies of these two "Nightfall" pieces. And I commend RCA Victor and producer Brad McCuen for having recorded this music.

THE Don Ellis band has packed up its truckloads of electronic equipment, its acres of percussion, its odd (but sometimes monotonous) time-signature (would you believe 3½ over 5?), its massive sounds, and its *au fond* bebopish phrasing, and moved over to Columbia records. The first results are on *Electric Bath* (stereo, CS 9598; mono, CL 2785). The music is still tricky, skillful, enjoyable, and, I think, quite lightweight. May Euterpe protect Ellis from pretense.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON, Publisher

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Humphrey Interview

Continued from page 25

period in which there is so much frustration over international organizations and international development, and the rising tide of nationalism as another factor—as I explained earlier, of what people think is their own emancipation—that the timing of it may not be right. I'm a sort of pragmatic man, again, in political life. My aim, my desire is not at all diminished from what it has been for years. But when you come into a period when it's more difficult to get foreign aid, in which you see in the American public protectionist influences showing their strength once again, and in which there seems to be a tendency of withdrawal from the world community because of the very serious demands that that commitment necessitates, I'm not at all sure that you're at the time in your national existence when you can go by leaps, when you really have to try to hold the ground that you're on and hopefully make some steady progress to reverse the trend that has been working against us.

I happen to believe that almost everything that develops in this world comes from a functional base, that as you improve the economics of the world, as you improve the health of the world, as you improve the educational structure of the world, as you improve the communications of the world, the transport of the world, you improve the possibilities for the broader world community in political life and in terms of international security. I think that the communications satellite alone has tremendous possibilities of bringing about the greater realization of the importance of international law that is enforceable world law. I say that if every nation in the world could see on television, in an open society, what we see, there wouldn't be any wars. If everybody could see what we see in Vietnam, the cold, cruel, miserable war and the miseries of war—if they could see that in the Soviet Union and China and everyplace else, there would be such a popular uprising in the world to abolish this savagery that has gripped mankind for centuries that I think that the cause of peace would be served as never before.

Q: *Do you think the divisiveness over the war is an indication that we can no longer fight a war that is not a response to an immediate, direct, physically felt attack upon us?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I'm not sure, but I do know that wars fought over policy are much more difficult to manage, to involve people in, than wars that are fought where you feel that there's a direct attack upon your physical safety and upon your honor and upon your pride. We've had two wars in the last fifteen years that were essentially wars of policy—the Korean one and the one in Vietnam, and this one in Vietnam much more. My own view is that the policy that we've adhered to, of trying to prevent the success of aggression and to build stability in Southeast Asia, was thrust on us by necessity; our options were few. But there is a real question as to how long you can mobilize a country for that kind of effort. That's why we're going to have to find some way, somehow, to develop other mechanisms, other means, to prevent aggression from even getting started. Peacekeeping machinery, hopefully.

Q: *Do you think that the space age—the probability that we will reach other planets and perhaps find ourselves inhabiting other planets—will be a pragmatic base for having to strengthen international order or the instruments of international order?*

MR. HUMPHREY: I think it will be helpful. I think, for example, the way that we were able to negotiate rather readily a treaty to prohibit the orbiting of weapons of mass destruction in outer space indicates what we're talking about. The nations which have the capacity for that recognized that something had to be done before it was too late.

Furthermore, the adventure of space is highly competitive. I still think of what Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy both have said and what President Johnson, when he was majority leader, said in that message to the United Nations—that we could have much of our competition, this competitiveness that seems inherent in man, in space technology and space science. And, more importantly, there are projects we are going to have to undertake that are so massive they're going to require international cooperation, because men are going to go to other planets. Again, depending upon your morals, your ethics, your purposes, the same space age that can lead to this can lead to unbelievable holocaust.

Q: *On the subject of morals and ethics, what, within the American family, might bolster older standards and prepare us for the disruptions that you have been talking about? Where can we look for strengthening?*

MR. HUMPHREY: Well, you have to ask yourself, what are these moral values? There was a time when you judged people's morality by whether they had a cocktail or whether they played cards on Sunday, and all that sort of thing. Now, I'm not standing in judgment of other people's standards, but I think the highest moral value is reached when a society like ours is willing to take resources—vast amounts of them—and expend them to help one man get a job. We always hear about how much we're willing to spend in a war to give the man the equipment to fight, and we even have it listed out how much it costs to kill each member of the enemy. But what about a country that's willing to spend $10,000 on somebody that you never heard of and I never met, to train him just enough to hold a job? What about a society that's willing to tax itself and elect people who will tax to help a little child go to a Head Start class or to see to it that she gets an adequate diet?

I believe in healing the sick and feeding the poor and clothing the naked. I really do. But more importantly, I

"We'll have a boy and a girl, and then call it a day."

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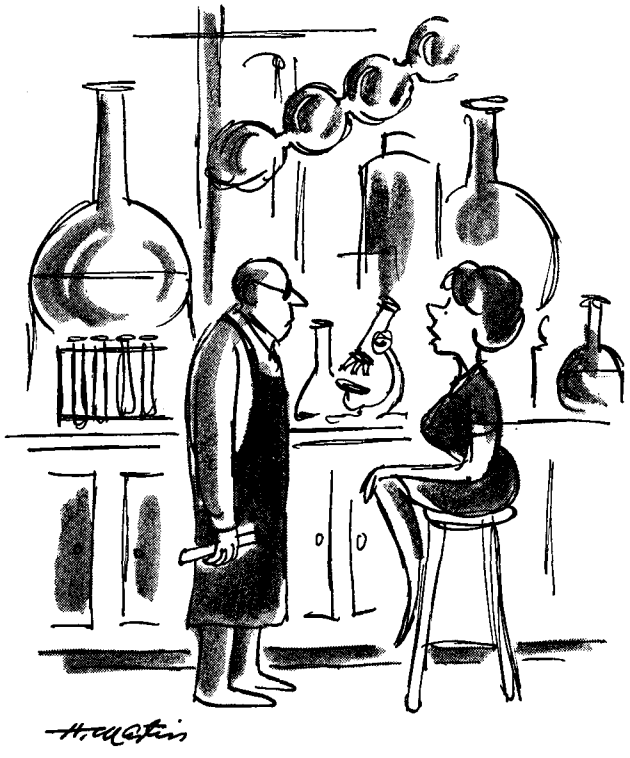
believe in helping the poor feed themselves and clothe themselves and heal themselves. That's really what it's all about. And really, we've done something here in our country that we don't even identify as morality. We're getting away from this business of the rich man taking care of the poor to a point where a rich society is arranging itself so that the poor can take care of themselves, so that they're no longer poor.

Q: *What about the smallest community—that is, the family? Do you feel that what we're experiencing now indicates the final breakdown of the family?*

MR. HUMPHREY: No, I think this is somewhat cyclical. I think my generation knew the importance of the family, but as we grew into maturity—the industrial age and the urbanization and the war years, the separation of the husband and wife, sweetheart, and loved ones, and then with both man and wife getting a job, without day-care centers and all the auxiliaries that you need—we actually have seen the erosion of the family. I have watched young couples—we've had a lot of them around our home—and they're very fine and they're very interested in their little ones. They want big families, for example.

In my view, the whole thing is upside down. Young people ought to have the better homes while their children are young, so that they have a center for their children, so that the recreation and a good deal of the education are close to the home. I told my sons that. I said, get yourself a first and second mortgage. Go into debt while you're young. You have the physical strength to hold a couple of jobs. And even if you lose a job, you're adaptable, adjustable, as a younger man. You can get another one. Some way or another, I think we ought to work out payments on houses so that the payments increase as you grow older, that they're smaller by progressive taxation, so that you could afford to have something better when you're young. And particularly with ownership. Because young people take care of their homes.



"But, darling, if you break us down chemically what happens to our mystique?"

Q: *That's a very interesting concept.*

MR. HUMPHREY: I want to go back and talk about books. I think books—reading—had a great influence on me. And family discussion. My father was a great discussion leader, and all kinds of people would come around our home. My dad had all kinds of books that we would read. He was a great follower of Woodrow Wilson, and I had a lot of Wilsonian books.

Woodrow Wilson wrote a not very well-known but very perceptive, profound essay entitled *When a Man Comes to Himself*. This is a study of the human psyche and the human intellect and spirit. There comes a time in your life when you are in full bloom, when everything is in harmony, when it's really almost frictionless. That may come early, it may come late. Sometimes it doesn't come at all. But for a man who really is to do something, that time comes. And you feel it. I've seen it in some of my friends. You kind of sense a serenity and an output that becomes suddenly very productive. Maybe it's felt slightly even in your relationship with your loved ones, particularly if it's in a close family, like, for example, with my wife. We're much more in love now than we were twenty years ago. We understand each other better. And you get that way with your children.

I don't know what makes genius, or what makes a man really come into harmony with himself. It just happens. It happens with nations—like Britain in World War II. There is a time of greatness. You have to get a cruising speed in order to do a good job over a long period of time, but you have to have some spurts so that, if need be, you can put it on. That's the adrenalin factor, I suppose.

Q: *Do you think we can achieve an injection of adrenalin as a nation, too?*

MR. HUMPHREY: Yes, I think we can. I think we have, from time to time.

Q: *Do you think we can now? Do you think we need to?*

MR. HUMPHREY: Yes, I think we need some special booster power, so to speak. We've had some breakthroughs. We really have. And I think that one of our real problems is that so much has happened we've been unable to identify how much has really happened. The Supreme Court decision, *Brown vs. the Board of Education* in 1954, I think, was a huge shot of adrenalin. It shook the whole country. And it started a movement. The passage of civil rights acts surely was another one. Peace is a very long trail, but I think we've made a lot of progress toward it. I believe that just as we've found out in the last twenty years what our foreign aid was able to do after World War II—it's been almost spectacular, almost miraculous—twenty years from now we'll be able to look back on this period and see many things that happened that are really world-shaking.

Nobody would have ever dreamed ten years ago that the monolith of Communism in Eastern Europe would be shattered. But it is. It's through. No one would have ever dreamed ten years ago that the Russians would send a team of specialists here to study American capitalism. Karl Marx must be spinning, to think that this would happen. And I'm sure that while all of us have these fears about China, about twenty years from now we'll look back and say, "I wonder what that was all about?" Who would have ever dreamed that India could have lasted as a parliamentary country, with all of its poverty and troubles, as long as it has?

I really believe that, if we don't make too many mistakes, we can be successful.

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COMMUNICATIONS

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Heading Off the Postal Disaster

BY FAR the most engrossing hour we've spent the past month was at the Magazine Publishers Association fall conference at the Waldorf-Astoria where the former executive director of the President's Commission on Postal Organization, Murray Comarow, talked about the disaster that is the United States postal system and what can be done to head off complete breakdown in this pervasively basic communication.

In April 1967, former Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien recommended that the Post Office be taken out of the President's Cabinet and reconstituted as a government corporation. This dramatic proposal reflected many months of sober judgment and research which concluded that the present Post Office could not cope with the future demands that the American economy would place upon it. Five days after the Postmaster General's startling suggestion, President Johnson appointed a panel of ten Americans to make what the President called "the most searching and exhausting review ever undertaken of the American postal service."

This distinguished committee, under the chairmanship of Frederick R. Kappel, retired chairman of the board of directors of AT&T, immediately began a series of hearings and meetings with postal officials and with those whose use of the postal service is basic to their business. Congress appropriated a million dollars for the work of the commission, and Mr. Comarow was made its executive director. The commission talked with hundreds of postal workers and executives and observed their problems firsthand, visited scores of post offices, interviewed many people in the business and academic worlds, who might have something to say about the role the postal service should play in our society, and made particular inquiry through specialists in labor-management relations. More than fifty members of Congress were interviewed personally as were those who use mail service most.

The commission also sponsored a market survey which revealed for the first time the amazing extent the mails are used to conduct America's business. Almost half of the total pieces of mail handled by the U.S. Post Office involve financial-business transactions—invoices, checks, bills, etc. More than one-fourth of the mail has to do with advertising. One in ten pieces of mail is either a magazine or a newspaper. Only 14 per cent of the total mail pieces handled each year by the Post Office represents correspondence between individual citizens and, believe it or not, better than half of this incredibly small total consists of greeting cards, most of which are sent at Christmas time.

Historically, the Post Office was a policy arm of government. Once it was the only link between the federal establishment and the frontier town. Before there were such things as railroads, automobiles, airlines, telephone, telegraph, radio, or TV, the Post Office was the only channel between Washington and every other place in the country. No wonder the postmaster was often the most influential citizen in town and prob-

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ably the only federal official most local people would ever see.

But the Post Office today is for all practical purposes a business and no longer a policy arm of Capitol Hill or the White House, nor is it the only link between Washington and America's communities. Since it is a business largely serving other businesses, the commission felt that the Post Office should be taken out of the Cabinet and reconstituted as a government corporation headed by a board of directors. This corporation would set levels of service, establish employee wages through collective bargaining, and determine postal rates after hearings by a panel of rate commissioners who would report to the board but be independent of operating management. Rate changes would take effect unless vetoed by Congress within sixty days. The new Post Office corporation would also have the authority to borrow money in the open market and would be expected over a given period of time to support itself entirely from its own revenues.

The report makes three important points for businessmen who are heavily dependent upon the mails. First, the Post Office must be customer-oriented. By making it fully dependent on revenues from mail users, after a transition period, the commission hopes to shift the Post Office Department's primary attention away from its present source of funds and toward those who use it most. The commission calls for an aggressive program to develop new postal services based on market research, service experimentation, and meaningful economic analysis. Second, the commission believes that users of each class of mail should pay at least those costs the post office incurs in handling the work load, and that no class of mail should subsidize any other. Obviously, this is important to the magazine industry because of long-term subscriptions, and the commission recognizes that if changes are in order they should not be made overnight. Third, the commission proposes the new system for changing postal rates, as described above.

In an election year Congressmen have been loath to discuss the idea of a postal corporation openly, so it hasn't become an issue between candidates. Indeed, Washington has startled us with uncustomary silence on the issue. But this cannot last because of the inherent merit and depth of the splendid report. We suggest that every responsible citizen or organization purchase a copy, titled *Toward Postal Excellence*. It costs $1.25 a copy and can be picked up from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. Congress had better start reading it, too, so it can vote intelligently after the election on ways and means of preventing a postal disaster that is now clearly predictable. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Suspending Disbelief

I WOULD LIKE to comment briefly on two specific points (quotes) made in R.L.T.'s excellent editorial, "Advertising's Permissible Lie" [*SR*, Aug. 10].

1) "Lavoris Mouthwash was, said the TV ads, best by test against mouth odor." As the Creative Supervisor (capitals mine) on that particular campaign, I can report, as did sales, that it was not successful. I can also report that the campaign was not a product of my creative group, but was forced down our throats by an overly enthusiastic and somewhat more than demanding client. However, the reason for its failure was not its "trickery," "pointless hooks," or any one or combination of disapprobations that critics would care to offer. Which brings me to this point:

2) "Are we really suckers that we follow these pointless hooks?" I am afraid that I must answer yes (as will most honest admen). The reason why the Lavoris campaign failed is that not enough of the almighty bucks were put behind it. As any one of the Big Advertisers can testify—albeit in private—in the long run it is the dollar drive behind a campaign, not its believability or creativity, that pays off. Lavoris is not a Big Advertiser; the dollars behind its advertising campaign made hardly a ripple in the vast marketing sea; therefore it failed.

It is a strange phenomenon of the advertising business that if a campaign (good, bad, or indifferent) enjoys enough money momentum, the viewing public allows "a willing suspension of disbelief" (Coleridge's phrase) to set in and it buys the product.

CHASE SMALL,
Boonton, N.J.

Computers and Mistakes

BILL SURFACE, in his article, "What Computers Cannot Do" [*SR*, July 13], reached conclusions that I find hard to understand. Each computer-oriented mistake which he cited was the result of *human* error, yet he concluded that computers themselves are the problem. For instance, his example of the group of wholesale grocers neglects to mention that the fault was a programing error by one of the manufacturer's employees. (Nor does he mention that, despite the troubles, the grocers have since contracted for more computerization of their system.)

As a graduate student in computer science, I am well aware of the misuse of computers in our society; but let us place the blame where it belongs—on the error-prone, lazy, fallible, and proud humans. The computer, like the printing press before it, is nothing more than an information amplifier, and, like its predecessor, it makes no distinction between correct and incorrect information. Is our fear of the computer basically an unwillingness to admit our own failings—no longer small enough to be hidden?

DENNIS J. FRAILEY,
Pleasant Ridge, Mich.

WITHOUT DENYING the many valid points made by Bill Surface, I should like to comment on his opening example of a computer making a mistake which, save for the hesitancy of the military officials present to implement its decision, conceivably might have started a world war.

The example is a good one in that it indeed illustrates the fallibility of computers and the immense possible consequences of their mistakes in some instances. Nevertheless, it should be pointed out that it was man, not a computer, who put the world in such a position where a computer might destroy it, mistakenly or not. It was man who necessitated the building of computers that might set a world to war, "mistakenly" or not, by devising a world scheme in which war itself is not only possible, but even, perhaps, likely.

And, to speak historically for a moment, since mistakes of man, in one way or another, have been the primary cause of nearly all past wars, why does Mr. Surface speak with such horror of turning over part of the decision-making instrument of war to another fallible element?

JOSEPH W. RENFIELD,
New York, N.Y.

TV's Spanish-Language Boom

I HAVE SPENT a lot of time with a lot of people who took notes for articles on the Spanish-language market. No one, however, in my long experience, has ever expressed the essence of what we are trying to do as well as John Tebbel did in his article, "Newest TV Boom: Spanish-Language Stations" [*SR*, June 8]. Nor has anyone ever put together the facts of the Spanish-language market in as interesting a fashion.

This is both to congratulate and to thank *SR* for a superb piece of writing by Mr. Tebbel.

RENE ANSELMO,
Executive Vice President,
Spanish International Network,
New York, N.Y.

Horror-Producing TV

IN REGARD TO R. L. T.'s "On the Hour Every Hour—II" [*SR*, July 13], the First Panamerican Congress, held in Washington, D.C., in April 1926, recommended "the suppression of all horror-producing or intimate details in news regarding crimes or scandalous events, as well as of the names of minors of both sexes who may commit crimes." As an Argentine delegate and member of the Committee on Resolutions, the only committee of the Congress, I proposed the resolution. The second part of the recommendation is now a custom or a law in many countries, but the first part is generally disregarded by many newspapers, magazines, and periodicals in their quest for a big circulation. Unless and until the press abides by it, it would be impossible, as well as unfair, to demand or expect the same from the motion picture industry and TV.

CONRADO E. EGGERS-LECOUR,
Westbury, N.Y.

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Why do more and more people who travel say:

"San Francisco and Minneapolis are the two best cities in the United States."

Mississippi River between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul

Minneapolis Tribune Photo by Duane Braley

Is it the Aquatic Life?

The Minneapolis Tribune / THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR

240,000 Morning, 670,000 Sunday

280,000 Evening

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THE PRESS UNDER ASSAULT

1. View from the U.S.

By M. L. STEIN

THE clobbering of some two dozen journalists by Chicago police produced an uneasiness in the news industry that lingers well beyond the Democratic convention. It is a feeling, supported by growing evidence, that the press has become the nation's scapegoat for racial rioting, crime, the Vietnam war, political assassinations, the New Left movement, and assorted other problems of our society. Politicians, the police, and a disturbingly large segment of the general public are blaming the newspapers and broadcast organizations for the violence they report. And the brickbats are being hurled from all bands of the political and social spectrum. A dislike of the news media is shared by extremists on the left and right, black militants, white racists, law enforcement agencies, and a sizable portion of the intellectual community.

"I can't remember anything like the abuse the press is taking today," said Roger Tatarian, vice president and editor of United Press International. The black militants are a revealing example. During the civil rights movement in the South in the 1950s and early 1960s, the press was looked upon as about the only means of telling the Negro's story, and reporters were welcomed on the freedom marches. But in recent months, newsmen have been thrown out of Black Power meetings in Newark and Philadelphia and are generally unwelcome in the ghettos. One wire service editor called a journalism professor last summer, asking him if he had a black journalism student willing to go into Harlem to cover a racial story. He didn't have a black reporter available and he was convinced the news sources would not talk to his white ones.

In Chicago, the most ominous sign was that the reporters and photographers appeared to be singled out for police attacks. Lloyd Wendt, editor of Chicago's *American*, who witnessed one melee in Grant Park, said: "It was easy to see that certain police officers were attempting to terrorize news reporters and photographers into not covering the violence." Claude Lewis, a Philadelphia *Bulletin* reporter, said he was taking notes on a police beating of a group of youths in Lincoln Park when a patrolman demanded his notebook and then clubbed him to the ground.

Nor has the aftermath of the Chicago convention left the news media anything to cheer about. Official investigations of police brutality to newsmen and demonstrators are under way, but the tide seems to be running against the media. Attorney General Ramsey Clark and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover differ on aspects of the Chicago fracas, but both agreed that the newspapers, radio, and television had exaggerated and distorted the events there. "There were damaging misconceptions about what happened in Chicago," Clark asserted. Hoover charged that the press allowed itself to be used by "agitators" to put the police in a bad light. That is what Chicago Mayor Richard Daley had been saying all along.

DALEY accused the news media of giving a "distorted and twisted picture" of the convention troubles and said he had received 60,000 letters from throughout the country supporting the police action. Only 4,000 letters condemned the police for rough tactics, he said. Even allowing for an excessively zealous count by the Mayor's press office, there is ample reason to believe that Daley received wide backing of his rough stand against both newsmen and demonstrators. After Jim Burnes, an ABC correspondent, decided on the air that the Chicago police had "gone mad," the network got hundreds of calls complaining about the broadcast.

David Ginsburg, director of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, also criticized Mayor Daley and his police, but he, too, took a swipe at the news media. "A balanced picture was not presented to the country," Ginsburg contended. "This was true of television and it was true of the press . . . This is not to condone the police overreaction, but it is to say that the country was not told what the police faced."

For the news industry, Chicago simply accented a trend which began about 1960. Since that time, newspapers and broadcasters have been subjected to increasing criticism of how they report events. Both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations have lashed out at the press. The Pentagon has repeatedly scored newsmen for their reportage of the Vietnam conflict, more than hinting at times that some correspondents were aiding the enemy. Invariably, metropolitan rioting in recent years has been followed by charges that the news media falsified and exaggerated events and that television, especially, incited burning and looting by showing them. The anti-press bias is further reflected in the feeling throughout much of the South that the Northern newspapers have presented an unfair picture of the civil rights struggle. George Wallace, Lester Maddox, and other Southern politicians have used this indictment as an effective vote-getter.

Of course, damning the press is not a new phenomenon in the United States. Through history, editors and writers have been shot, jailed, horsewhipped, caned, spat upon, and reviled. Their offices have been sacked and burned, and attempts have been made to pass laws taking away the press freedom embodied in the First Amendment to the Constitution. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams were among the many Presidents and politicians who bitterly assailed the press.

The police and military can also be listed among the press's historic foes. Police officials have coexisted amiably with the beat reporter, but they often have been hostile toward the general assignment man or crime specialist seeking to expose graft or corruption. Newsmen had been slugged by cops before Chicago, and more than one photographer has had his equipment smashed and film confiscated. A month before the Chicago convention, two NBC cameramen claimed they were beaten by Cleveland

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policemen while filming an arrest in a black area.

In every war since the Revolution, the press has undergone varying degrees of harassment by military officers, who, incidentally, have not hesitated to use the news media to publicize their own achievements. In some cases, reporters risked arrest and expulsion from the battle zone by gathering news. General William Tecumseh Sherman called the Civil War correspondents a "dirty set of scribblers who have the impudence of Satan. They come into camp, poke about among the lazy shirks and pick up their camp rumors and publish them as facts. . . . They are a pest and shall not approach me and I will treat them as spies, which in truth they are."

In considering the current attack on the press, it also must be admitted that the news media have earned some of the scorn heaped upon them. The reporting of the Detroit riots in the summer of 1967 was choked with references to snipers who, it turned out, were virtually nonexistent. And one broadcasting company reflected no credit on TV news when it showed a film of Stokely Carmichael exhorting Negroes to take to the streets and start shooting in revenge for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King. Similar fault was found with coverage of the Newark riots. City officials charged, with justification, that some TV reporters grabbed any available black person and thrust him on camera to make any inflammatory statement that came to his mind. One alleged ghetto leader was asked by a microphone reporter: "When do you think the next riot will be and where?"

One Newark official said that no genuine black leaders, extreme or moderate, were seen on camera. "Bigots were attracted to making wild statements on TV," he added. "The most vociferous, belligerent, and provocative people sought the microphone." A Justice Department report of the Newark riots concluded that "coverage . . . generally would give the impression that it was simply a battle of good guys in blues and fatigues against hordes of black snipers, bombers and looters." The report also criticized Newark police and city officials for hostility to the press.

The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders noted, "Despite instances of sensationalism, inaccuracy and distortion, newspapers, radio and television tried on the whole to give a balanced, factual account of the 1967 disorders." It added, however, that, "Important segments of the media failed to report adequately on the causes and the consequences of civil disorders and on the underlying problems of race relations. They have not communicated to the majority of their audience—which is white—a sense of the degradation, misery and hopelessness of life in the ghetto."

This is well and good. No responsible news executive or reporter claims infallibility for his product. Even in normal times errors, distortions, bias, and exaggeration appear in print and on the air. Newsmen have been conditioned for years to complaints, both crank and legitimate. What worries them today is the virulence and scope of the attack, the virtual contempt by the critics for the free press concept, and the fact that the condemnation is coming at a time when the U.S. press is more responsible than at any time in history.

IT is something to think about when George Wallace can bring an audience to its feet cheering when he rants against the "liberal, left-wing press" or calls the respected Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "the Curious-Journal that ought to be printed on pink paper."

It also is cause for anxiety when Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming advocates barring "news types" from the floor of national Presidential conventions. The Federal Communications Commission, meanwhile, said that it had gotten hundreds of complaints about slanted coverage by the networks of the Chicago convention. And NBC revealed that it has received 6,280 letters, telegrams, and phone calls—5,241 of them critical of the network's Chicago coverage. And many newspapers got letters like the one a history teacher wrote to *Newsday*. "I would like to know what has happened to responsible journalism?" she asked. ". . . The Democratic National Convention was a prime example of biased reporting. . . . What shall I tell my students when they ask why newspapers are unable to give unbiased reports?"

On another front, the American Bar Association is seeking to restrict pretrial reporting by the news media as a means of assuring defendants an impartial jury. The ABA's *Reardon Report* sets forth guidelines for police and prosecutors that, if adopted, will seriously cut into the press's traditional freedom in covering crime news.

What is the reason for this assault on the press? Said Roger Tatarian: "Basically, it's the old custom of venting spleen on the bearer of bad tidings. In ancient times, the messenger was put to death. Nowadays, people tend to make the press the whipping boy for bad news. Our credibility is being attacked by the government, politicians, and many others."

Richard Salant, president of CBS news—which had two of its top reporters, Dan Rather and Mike Wallace, punched and manhandled by police and security men on the Democratic convention floor—said that there was a very definite anti-news-media sentiment in the country. He termed this a "very dangerous tendency" and added, "There is a serious threat to freedom of information in all this. Shortsighted people like to feel there is a reason outside themselves and society for riots and other problems."

Mr. Salant defended CBS's convention coverage, saying, "The pictures and sounds of the Chicago police department in action speak for themselves louder than any words of ours or any attempt by Mayor Daley and others to find a scapegoat." Noting a pending FCC investigation of TV's role in Chicago and moves in Congress to tighten control over the broadcasting industry, Salant said: "How can we act as an independent part of the press if every time we cover something we're hauled down to Washington to explain ourselves to a lynching party calling for more regulations?"

The networks generally rejected Daley's gripe that TV failed to show provocation by demonstrators in Chicago. "When we found provocation we showed it," one official said, "but it was difficult to find." The TV people are also convinced that police deliberately sought out clearly identified cameramen, beating and harassing them so they could not take pictures.

According to Wes Gallagher, general manager of the Associated Press, the press baiting will get worse. "There seems to be an automatic reaction by people that the police are right and the news media wrong," he said. "It was the same in Vietnam, but events there have proved what the reporters had written. People don't want to read bad news, so they find the news media a constant irritant."

A similar view was expressed by Sylvan Fox, a *New York Times* reporter who covered the Chicago convention. "The truth about the situation in the United States is painful to many people, and it generates resentment against the press," the Pulitzer Prize-winner said. "Also, anti-intellectualism always has been latent in the American character, often

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taking form in direct attacks on newspapers and reporters."

Dr. Harold Basowitz, a New York University psychologist, believes that the onslaught against the media has deep roots in the human psyche. "When certain problems," he said, "are so massive, seemingly almost impossible of solution, and when they also are capable of inducing guilt in us about our ability to resolve them, we often deny their existence. The communications media, in reporting the news, confronts us with the continual presence of these problems and thus become agents which disturb the tranquility for which we yearn. The media, then, become objects of attack, for they do not allow us the luxury of pretending the problems do not exist or are not as serious as they are. We turn on the media as though they created the problem."

As yet there is no unified response from the news media to their detractors. Tatarian urged the press to reply to all "reasonable accusations" through editorials, forums, and individual answers by editors to critical letters.

The media lost no time in protesting the Chicago police treatment of newsmen. Top executives of ten of the nation's most influential newspapers, news magazines, and broadcast networks fired off a joint telegram to Mayor Daley, warning that, "If America is to survive, the freedom of our news media to observe and report must remain inviolate. The police must not be permitted to suppress this freedom by clubbing and intimidation."

Mr. Gallagher feels protests are not very effective. He recommended instead that news organizations be as accurate and objective as possible, giving all sides fair play. "The best weapon we have is honest reporting," he said. The same kind of reaction came from Nick B. Williams, editor of the Los Angeles *Times*. "We are currently going through a peak period of press abuse," he said. "In my personal opinion there is not a hell of a lot we can do about it except to pursue, diligently and unswervingly, the goals we set for ourselves as journalists—to tell the truth as we see it."

But there is little doubt that the issue will continue to exacerbate and frustrate newsmen. Actually, the campaign mounted against the press should be of concern to all Americans, since it involves the people's fundamental right to know and the media's right to tell.

Mr. Williams summed up the matter when he said: "In the long run, it is the public so much of which now abuses the press that must make its own decision on the First Amendment. If the public as a whole does not care to know what is happening to it, then freedom of the press will end—and so, too, will all the rest of the public's freedoms."

2. *View from Europe*

By JOHN TEBBEL

THE talk of the communications business in Europe this autumn is on the same subject as it is in the United States: the role of newspapers and television in society. On both sides of the Atlantic, there is a growing gap between the press and its public, in addition to the existing antagonisms between press and government. For the press, the news is not good.

Newspapers in the United Kingdom and Western Europe are full of comment about this situation, and a good many publishers, editors, and writers are concerned not only about their own position, but about what appears to be happening in the United States, where there is still more press freedom than anywhere else in the world.

Two events, widely separated, have thrown a strong, new light on this highly complicated question, about which there is so little agreement between opposing forces. One was the unfortunate coincidence of the Siege of Chicago and the Siege of Czechoslovakia, when one could read in parallel columns on the same day of the destruction of American TV cameras in both places by armed political power. The other event was quite different, but equally symptomatic. On Britain's Independent Television News one Thursday night, 10,000,000 viewers saw a Biafran prisoner executed in cold blood by a Nigerian officer; later, in turn, the BBC showed part of a film depicting the execution of the executioner.

The British found these episodes profoundly shocking, and, linked as they were with the argument over the validity of what the newsmen and the TV cameras recorded in Chicago, they served to bring into sharp focus—through editorials, letters to the editor, and the writings of political commentators—the questions of where the truth lies in reporting public events, who decides what the truth is, and everywhere implicit in the debate, the right of news media to report what they see.

The argument over these questions, which has been rehearsed for the past two months in the most influential newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, has brought some vital issues into the open and may be a highly important development if it alerts the communications business everywhere to the serious danger that threatens it. Hopefully, some media recognize the problems and are critical of themselves, and of each other. The London *Times*, for example, refers starkly in a headline to "The Menace In the Box," and its writer, Ronald Butt, calls the showing of the Nigerian incidents, "one further stage in the slow build-up of cosy violence which is seeping unwanted into our homes," conditioning "ordinary people into callous and passive indifference."

There was, it is true, some censorship by the medium itself. BBC edited out the death agonies of the Nigerian officer, as ITN had not shown the full horror of the film clip it possessed. It was also charged that the officer's execution was delayed so that the camera crew could reload. But the question remained: Should the film have been shown at all, and if one granted that it should have been did it contribute to understanding the agony of Nigeria, and did it distort events there?

Other commentators raised the similar question of what part TV cameras played in the revolt of French students last May, and conversely, the unifying effect of the cameras on the Czech population as they watched the occupation of their own country, and the subsequent brave effort of the Czech radio to hold the resistance together.

Yet, observed the London *Observer*, "Television is subject to a constant temptation (shared by newspapers) to dramatise events: to turn history into theatre, complex arguments into personal confrontations. Worse still, there is the temptations to 'stage' a situation . . . and then present it as though the cameras were only naturally recording events. This . . . is the real offence of television." The paper recommended that a body similar to Britain's Press Council be set up for TV to guard against such abuses.

THE British press was also critical of an interview with Baldur von Schirach, the former Nazi youth leader, on David Frost's program, in which, it was said, "The effect of one of the most tragic human stories being turned into chatty gossip material was eerie; indeed, sickening."

With its sins confessed, or at least partly admitted, and with the newspapers managing to put the blame for most of them on TV there was a tendency, as the post-Chicago, post-Prague phase developed in September, to close ranks against what appeared to be a concerted onslaught by governments, supported by large sections of the electorate, against the press in general. In France, this took the form of widespread resentment among publishers against President de Gaulle's remarks during his first post-election press conference early in Sep-

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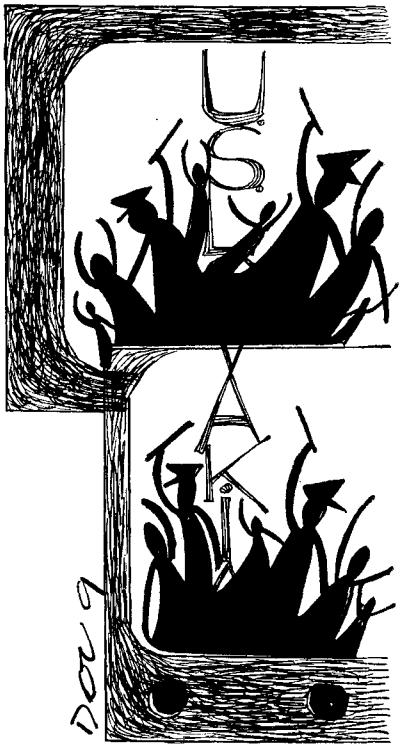
tember, when he attributed the French crisis to, among other things, the "conditioning" of public opinion by a press and commercial radio interested only in profits, which consequently stressed the "scandalous, painful, violent, destructive." Sounding somewhat like George Wallace, the General also accused "certain intellectual circles" of enjoying "the esthetic of contradiction [being] irritated by all that is normal, rational and regular."

These accusations had a strange sound in a country where TV and radio are controlled absolutely by the Government—this, in fact, became one of the hot issues during the May riots when the broadcast newsmen protested Government control of the news – and the press is subsidized. Subsidized but far from intimidated, one might add, and that, of course, is where the General feels aggrieved. The press is given financial privileges essential to its survival, and yet some of it rewards its benefactor by insisting that the President is not yet able to walk on the waters of the Seine.

European writers in the press, and various concerned newsmen willing to talk off the record, were quick to see comparisons between the General's attitude and the development of anti-press feeling in America after Chicago. This was spurred in Paris by the publication in the International *Herald Tribune* of a column by one of its Washington commentators, Joseph Kraft, expressing the idea that Mayor Daley and his supporters had a point in believing that the press reported the convention in a prejudiced and biased way.

Kraft concluded:

> Between the news media and middle America there is an imperfect relation, a lack of touch, a disharmony. That being so, there's an element of privilege in our work. It is done on the sufferance of the great majority. And in these conditions, it seems to me that those of us in the media would be wise to exercise a certain caution, a prudent restraint in pressing for a plenary indulgence to be in all places at all times as the agents of the sovereign public.



One influential Paris editor was puzzled by this statement. "But," he said, "I thought the sovereign public Mr. Kraft refers to originally gave you this privilege in the form of the First Amendment. Certainly this is one of your basic freedoms, is it not? Does he mean that the public, having given it, may take that freedom away if some part of it—middle America, or any other part—is displeased with the way the press reports the news? Is the press to be edited so that it reflects the opinions of this middle America?"

Other editors and newspapers are not so much puzzled as outright disdainful about what they see and hear from America. The *Sunday Times* of London, for example, headlines an analysis by its investigative "Insight" reporting team, filing their story directly from Chicago: "How Mayor Richard Daley Turns the Truth Upside Down." This article bluntly accuses the Mayor of demonstrating "the use of every trick of the propagandist's art: the smear; the imputing of guilt by association; the suppression of the true; the suggestion of the false; and the 'big lie' itself." After a detailed documentation of these charges, the report concludes: "Richard Daley has shown that in America's second most important city he can not only get what he wants politically, and brush dissent out of his way by brute force: sixteen years before 1984 he can rewrite history in his own brand of Newspeak and 'prove' that on his animal farm the chickens are a danger to the fox."

This view is prevalent in the European press as well, and so it is hardly surprising that Mayor Daley's seventy-page report and his hour-long TV special in defense of his actions was greeted with derision, as it was in a few American papers. Several papers pointed out that if the Mayor's TV defense was intended to be a model for the "unbiased" news coverage he was advocating, the Soviet Union might be an even better instructor.

The British and the Europeans have been surprisingly well informed by press and TV about these developments in the growing crisis between press and public in America. News stories, editorials, and film clips on the tube have constantly underscored the attack on the press in America, beginning with the Mayor's remark to a television reporter questioning him on the convention floor that "it's media like yours and the Eastern interests that have stirred up all this trouble." The fact that some rather distinguished British and European newsmen were among the thirty-four reporters and photographers beaten up by the Chicago police also has not enhanced the American image in the press abroad.

Added to this, readers and viewers have been informed of a lengthening series of statements by prominent Americans and governmental bodies accusing the press of "distorting" the news from Chicago and presenting a "biased" picture of what went on. This kind of talk is accepted as normal from political candidates, but after what they have seen and read, Europeans find it harder to accept from prominent figures in government; they expect it from J. Edgar Hoover but are astonished when it comes from the Attorney General and the head of the President's Crime Commission.

BEHIND the criticism, informed European observers of the American scene see a growing attempt by non-media people to force their own ideas of what is news and what is accurate reporting onto publishers and broadcasters. The idea that newspapers should print "good news" instead of "bad," that they should reflect the opinions of "middle America" (presumably including Mayor Daley) or some other segment of society, that they should "tell what's good about America instead of what's bad"—all these and similar notions, which are now being heard so frequently, are regarded as merely other ways of saying that the press needs to be controlled.

Not surprisingly, the European press seems much more concerned that this might occur than do papers in America, where relatively little response has been made to the attacks on the press since Chicago. The difference in concern no doubt reflects the fact that Europe knows what control of the press really means. The fact that such control was a central issue in the Czech crisis was well understood in other countries outside the Iron Curtain. Although American publishers have their freedom-of-information committees carrying on a constant struggle, they do not seem to be aware, in European eyes, of the catastrophe that might overtake them if a conservative reaction in America produced a successful attack on the First Amendment—a freedom much envied abroad.

The Europeans, in brief, have something important to say to us. With a finger pointing at Czechoslovakia, they are saying that it is only a short step between telling newspapers what they *ought* to print and telling them what they *must* print.

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CATV: The Big Growth Industry In Broadcasting

By STUART W. LITTLE

EVEN the enemies of cable television are now forced to concede that it looks like a real industry—and not just a peripheral aid to reception such as rabbit ears or rotating roof aerials. CATV is here to stay and is growing as fast as coaxial cable can be laid. It is perhaps a sign of the times that in the model California community of Valencia, north of Los Angeles, the cable for CATV is being laid along with the foundations.

Cable television, or community antenna television as it is sometimes called, sends a disturbance-free signal via wires into communities that may, for one reason or another, be beyond the reach of off-the-air broadcast signals. It can also very well serve city homes where high buildings may cause interference. A CATV system consists of a tower antenna equipped to pick up regular signals off the air and of transmission and booster stations to send the signal through a coaxial cable (and eventually small "house-drop" cables) directly to the home TV set. Unlike regular TV, whose reception can be affected by distance, terrain, atmospheric conditions or tall buildings, CATV operates very much like closed-circuit TV and is capable of perfect reproduction of the most distant signal.

The dynamics of CATV are such that those who have the biggest stake in the industry visualize its becoming a billion-dollar business in the next decade. There are others who feel threatened by this expansion and imagine all sorts of dire consequences—CATV turning into pay-TV, CATV overtaking network TV, CATV disrupting our entire communications establishment and causing irreparable harm to settled economic interests.

Events in the industry over the summer have done much to reinforce the hopes of the first group. And yet there are other forces at work within the industry which could prepare for a more normal, less disruptive transition of CATV from the status of a minor technological phenomenon to that of at least a junior partner in broadcast communications.

Recent developments in the industry include the following: 1) A Supreme Court decision that removed from the industry any possible liability to copyright royalty payments for transmitting regularly broadcast programs; 2) the greater likelihood that Congress will act to redress the grievances of the copyright holders; 3) another Supreme Court decision saying that CATV belongs under the jurisdiction of the Federal Communications Commission, which in the past has shown a disposition to protect the prerogatives of broadcasters against the disruptive influence of the newcomer; 4) the expansion of CATV into the big cities, where a vocal constituency of users will soon be created to provide public pressure against the more stringent FCC rules; 5) the increasing capability of CATV to assume some of the originating, not just the transmitting, functions of the regular broadcaster; and 6) the defensive buying into CATV by those same broadcasters. (Some 30 per cent of existing CATV systems are said to be owned in part by conventional broadcasters.)

In other words, there have been some events favoring CATV and some counterbalancing factors. No longer does the industry wear a fresh-cheeked look of innocence dating from earlier days when it was confined to the small town and consisted merely of a tower antenna that brought in a distant signal over an intervening mountain. Very few knowledgeable people are any longer calling CATV "community antenna" television. The race for franchises in major markets is right now approaching a scramble.

IT was only nineteen years ago that CATV was discovered, experimentally, in Oregon. The first facility consisted of a radio antenna in the coastal town of Astoria which was capable of receiving a signal from the only TV station then operating in the Pacific Northwest, KING-TV, 125 miles away. Ever since, the basis of all CATV has been reception—signals from cities carried into remote towns, signals boosted over barrier mountains, signals jumped over long desert stretches, signals made ghost-free in big cities where there are interfering buildings. Channel capacity is the other great boon of CATV.

Within limits, the cost of service is everywhere nearly the same—an installation charge of $12 to $15 and thereafter a $5 to $6 monthly fee. Besides faultless reception (particularly valuable to color set owners) and expanded channel capacity, CATV offers the theoretical possibility of bringing a perfect signal all the way from Los Angeles to New York, and vice versa.

What worries the conventional broadcaster is the polarization of all TV origination to Los Angeles and New York, and the undercutting of all the smaller stations in between—in other words, the complete breakdown of the present sys-

"Will you still love me when we are butterflies?"

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tem of network and local station broadcasting. Partly as a hedge against the future and partly to have a voice in shaping the future, the networks have been moving into CATV—CBS having bought into five installed systems in Canada and holding an interest in one in San Francisco, NBC with five systems in the United States, including the one in Valencia being laid alongside of the plumbing.

THE far future of CATV looks especially enticing. Into the American home via the same cable strung by CATV to transmit TV signals could come such wonders as facsimile newspapers, videotape libraries, weekly news magazines, supermarket shopping offers, and reference retrieval services. Writing as a member of the FCC (see "CATV: Promise and Peril," *SR*, Nov. 11, 1967), Nicholas Johnson said, "Thus a decade or two hence, CATV could prove vital to the nation's communications system; further, it might be a vigorous and useful check on the big telephone monopolies." Until CATV came along, the telephone companies had the only wire running into every home.

Time, Inc., has invested $15,000,000 in CATV, believing that within a decade or two, cable may prove a more economical means for the transmission and distribution of news, pictures, and comment than the printing press and the U.S. mail. A new kind of wired-up *Time*-style will have to be invented. Richard M. Galkin, the CATV executive in Time-Life Broadcasting, Inc., says, "Our product is information, not magazines. In fifteen or twenty years we will be distributing our product electronically. The coaxial cable will be the most likely method of distribution of the future."

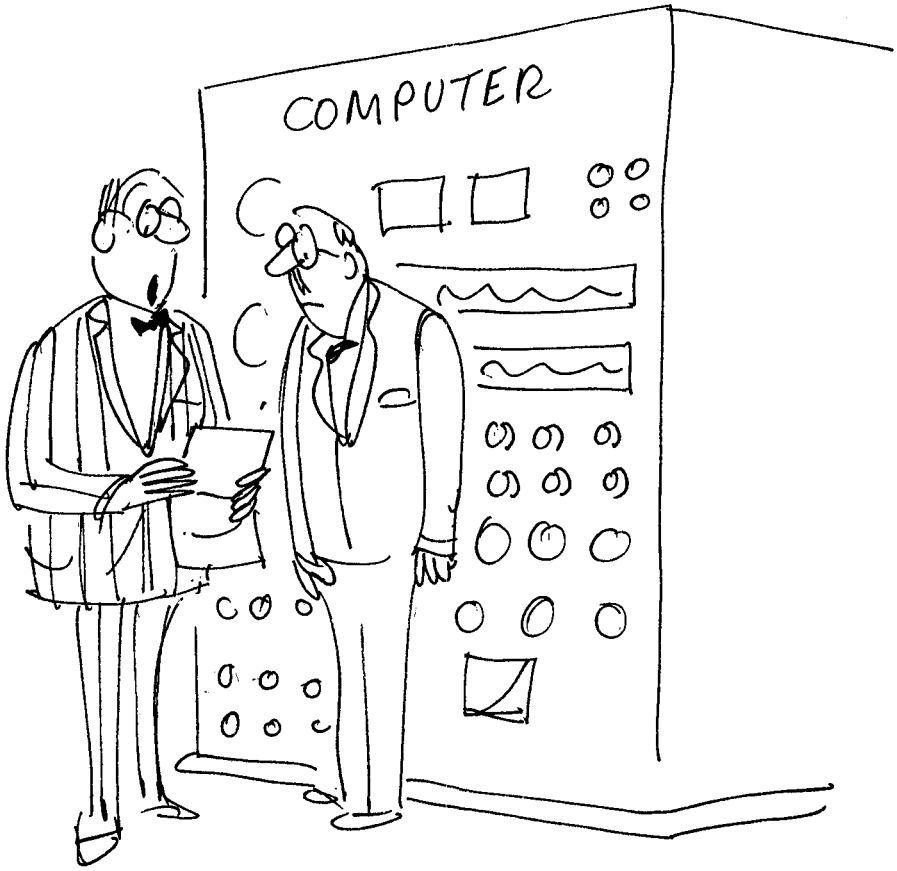
Probably no one talks a better game for CATV than Irving B. Kahn, board chairman of TelePrompTer, Inc., the biggest independent operator in the field. Kahn is a short, pugnacious-looking executive, a personification of the dynamism in the industry. Like most successful show business entrepreneurs, he displays seemingly contradictory qualities—shrewdness in business, expansive idealism in discussing the public role of his industry. As a businessman he drives his company hard to add to the present thirty CATV systems controlled by TelePrompTer, including large franchises in Los Angeles and New York. In seven to ten years, he predicts, 85 per cent of America will be receiving all its TV via cable. In Manhattan alone he expects 200,000 homes to be wired in within five years.

"We are growing as fast as we can physically grow," Kahn says. The cost of wiring up all of New York City is put at $40,000,000, but financing is no problem. "Five years ago," Kahn continues, "I had to pay factor rates. Now I can get money from any long-term lender. We have more money than we can handle. It is just a question of how big how soon."

Promoting the horizontal expansion of CATV as fast as he can, Kahn is enthusiastic about a vertical programing dimension that enables CATV to direct its broadcasting message to geographical divisions as small as the neighborhood. By use of filters, CATV can block off almost any sized segment of its wired-in audience and address itself only to that group. This, says Kahn, makes CATV "the first real minority communications medium since the Communications Act was written in 1934." Within its Manhattan and Bronx franchises TelePrompTer recognizes five distinct ethnic groups. The company could address each severally. Better still, on its assigned channel TelePrompTer could devote air time to neighborhood problems, such as the desirability of a new traffic light at a local intersection. The political applications are even more significant for a local candidate. Even now, in New York, the Manhattan Borough President is addressing almost his exact constituency, and no more, via cable TV. By local franchise agreement, CATV can even be *required* to do some of this sort of programing.

KAHN likes to talk about this aspect of the business, but he devotes a large part of the executive week to policy and public relations. He estimates that he spends 25 per cent of his time on the outstanding copyright matter. The Supreme Court decision on copyright came as something of a surprise both to CATV operators and to its opponents on this issue. The Court had overturned two lower court rulings to find that a CATV concern in West Virginia was not liable to royalty payments, under the 1909 copyright law, for transmitting films originating in Pittsburgh to paying customers in Clarksburg and Fairmont. In the written decision, Justice Potter Stewart found that CATV did not "perform" (the key word) the films; it did no more than "enhance the viewer's capacity to receive."

Thus, on the most sensitive point affecting the industry, CATV was granted a total victory, although the decision obviously begged the question of the fitness of the antiquated copyright law to cope with such revolutionary technological changes in communications as CATV represents. A large black cloud was instantly swept from the cable horizon—the cloud that spelled retroactive liability (for three years) to payments for copyright infraction. At the fixed rate of $250 per violation, plus legal fees and court expenses, the CATV industry was afraid of being literally crushed in in-



"It says it isn't programed to be a stool pigeon."

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fancy by penalty payments mounting into the millions.

Psychologically and practically, the decision gave an enormous boost to expansionist tendencies in the industry that already needed little encouragement. Shortly after the decision in June the industry met in convention in Boston. The mood was self-congratulatory. In the aura of victory positive things happen; the New York License Commissioner forecast an expansion of the number and size of franchises likely to be granted in New York City in the near future. More recently (September 18), Mayor John V. Lindsay's advisory task force on CATV, headed by Fred W. Friendly, handed in a report urging that up to ten companies should be granted franchises by competitive bidding and that cable be made available to every home in the city in two or three years.

After the first shock of losing in court, the shaken copyright forces began to look on the bright side of defeat. They could console themselves with the thought that to lose a case in the Supreme Court was to improve their position in Congress. They were the aggrieved party and they would let everyone know it. Today, Congress looks to the industry itself to arrive at a compromise formula that can be translated into legislative action. Both sides in the copyright dispute, in fact, are under instruction from Senator John L. McClellan, of the Senate Subcommittee on Patents, Trademarks, and Copyrights, to produce a copyright statute they could live with.

CATV recognizes the need to come to terms on copyright. "Once we begin to pay copyright as an industry we'll gain status," says Irving Kahn. What is the true basis for an effective compromise on copyright? Kahn, for one, would like to see introduced an ASCAP type of licensing system whereby each copyrighted property could be assigned X number of points and would then draw its proportionate share from an annual fund the industry would establish by paying in a percentage of gross revenues. What would the percentage figure be? Looking over similar agreements in other fields, Kahn says it would be somewhere between 1 and 5 per cent.

The House committee headed by Congressman Robert W. Kastenmeier, which had sponsored a copyright bill in the last session of Congress, was opposed to such a compulsory licensing system. So, vehemently, are the representatives of the major copyright owners—at least when it comes to bringing distant signals into major markets. Be it a movie, a TV drama, or a football game, the royalty payment must, they say, be negotiated individually. Counsel for the major copyright owners, the firm of Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin, Krim & Ballon, may be willing to negotiate some concessions. These could take the form of accepting less for local carriage than for the distant signal. They might be willing to accept a small rental for so-called classical CATV situations—that is, those isolated areas where there is no available TV coverage. But they would specifically exclude large cities where faulty reception may be the reason for CATV.

"If you run into trouble, let 'em know that you're chairman of the board."

The FCC, which is right now re-examining the whole CATV industry, is bound to be particularly circumspect in view of the wide-open copyright situation. To guard against the complete fragmentation of the market system that presently supports "free" television, the FCC promulgated the 100-market rule, which forbids CATV from importing into any of the major TV areas signals not already there. For example, a CATV operator in New York cannot bring in a Philadelphia station to the possible detriment of New York stations. Kahn, again optimistic, predicts a relaxation of this rule, followed by a giant step forward for the industry. The future of CATV may rest on the FCC, even more than on court decisions and the resolution of the copyright question. This is the view of Harvey Strothers, for one, head of CATV interests at CBS. If there is modest regulation, he looks for substantial growth in the industry. If there is stringent regulation, there will be only modest growth.

ONE guidepost to the future may be the recommendations of the President's Task Force on Telecommunications Policy. As reported in the September 9 issue of *Broadcasting*, the task force considers CATV as only a supplement to broadcast TV, not a means to supplant it. The staff would require full copyright liability of CATV, and it would restrain CATV from performing services already provided by local commercial stations by limiting the importation of distant signals into major television markets, as specified now in FCC regulations. But the task force recognizes distinct social benefits in CATV, particularly its ability to serve local segments.

As a result of dramatic recent events that have swept the industry, there is a lot more public knowledge of what CATV can do—good and bad. All the more, this puts the decisions up to officials in Washington. Just how drastically broadcast communications will be altered by CATV in the next ten years will be determined less by how many feet of cable the industry can lay and how many homes it can wire in than by what Congress and the FCC will allow it to transmit, and upon what terms.

WIT TWISTER #81

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

_ _ _ _ _ starts the Jewel Song.
A second _ _ _ _ _? Oh, how wrong!
_ _ _ _ _ not that poor, misguided thing,
But those who told her she could sing.

(*Answer on page* 85)

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The Problem of Combinations

By WALTER B. KERR

EARLY last August, while a good many newspaper publishers and broadcasting executives were relaxing in the summer sun, the United States Department of Justice filed with the Federal Communications Commission a nine-page memorandum that may well strike an exposed nerve in the communications industry. The memorandum urged the FCC to consider "carefully" the advisability and feasibility of prohibiting the common ownership in the same market of any two stations (whether AM, FM, or TV) and of any one station and any one newspaper, and in doing so it reminded the FCC that transactions involving broadcast facilities, although regulated by the commission, are not immune from antitrust prosecution.

The document was an eye-opener, for attached to it was a seventeen-page appendix showing the present concentration of ownership in fifty major markets. In every one of them at least one company owns two or more stations, and in thirty-two out of the fifty a single owner controls at least one broadcasting station and one daily paper. The implication was clear: either the FCC, in license-renewal proceedings, would do something about this concentration or the Justice Department would decide whether to take action in the federal courts under Section 2 of the Sherman Antitrust Act or Section 7 of the Clayton Act or both.

In taking this position, the Justice Department went far beyond the proposed amendments to the Multiple Ownership Rules which the FCC announced last March 28 for public discussion and future consideration. The present rules prohibit common ownership of two stations in the same medium (two AM stations, two FM stations, or two TV stations) if they have overlapping signals. The proposed amendments would bar common ownership of any two stations in the same market even though in different media, but they would apply only to new license or license-transfer proceedings. Thus, they would leave untouched current situations in which one company in one market owns more than one station. The Justice Department, however, would move against the existing concentration by extending the policy to license-renewal proceedings and to newspaper-broadcasting combinations.

This is a horse of another color. It is one thing, as the FCC proposes, to prevent a company from acquiring a second station in the same market, whether it is AM, FM, or TV; it is quite another to move against a company that already owns more than one station. It is one thing to confine the rules to combinations of broadcasting stations, and quite another to extend them to combinations of broadcasting stations and newspapers. But the Justice Department, which has taken a keen interest in the mass media industry in recent years, is firm in its viewpoint and in the statement of its position.

This is an attitude that is not to be taken lightly; the department has had remarkable success in the federal courts in recent years and now has going for it a series of decisions, test cases, and precedents that constitute a formidable arsenal in its enforcement of the Clayton Act against any merger anywhere that "may substantially lessen competition" in "any line of commerce" in "any section of the country." Look at the record:

1) The Justice Department won its case against the *Star* and the *Citizen* in Tucson, Arizona, where it established the principle, subject to Supreme Court review, that separately owned newspapers in the same market cannot, through a joint operating agreement, divide their expenses and pool the profits. Newspaper publishers in fifteen other cities where there are similar agreements are appearing as *amici curiae* in an effort to have the decision set aside by the Supreme Court. The cities concerned are Pittsburgh, Columbus, San Francisco, Nashville, Knoxville, Tulsa, El Paso, Albuquerque, Salt Lake City, Birmingham, Evansville and Fort Wayne, Indiana, Charleston, West Virginia, Oil City-Franklin, Pennsylvania, and Bristol, Tennessee-Bristol, Virginia.

2) It won its case against Times-Mirror and obtained a court order requiring the Los Angeles *Times* to divest itself of the San Bernardino (California) *Sun and Telegram*. The move here was to prevent a newspaper merger that could eliminate the actual and potential competition afforded by suburban, small city, and community papers. The Supreme Court affirmed the district court's decision last April 22.

3) It successfully blocked the acquisition of station KFDM-TV in Beaumont, Texas, by the owner of the only two Beaumont papers. The application for transfer of the TV license was withdrawn after the Government filed a memorandum with the FCC in which it was contended that a "cross-media" merger "may substantially lessen competition." The department's objection, which was raised last May 8, argued that this was a relevant market in that the newspapers and the TV station shared between them 42 per cent of local advertising revenue. It further pointed out that in 1966 the newspapers had total income of $5,100,000 and net income before taxes of more than $1,000,000, and that in the same year KFDM-TV had total income of $1,200,000 and a net operating profit of more than $400,000.

4) In a move to "restore competition between downtown papers," the department has compelled E. W. Scripps, owner of the afternoon Cincinnati *Post & Times-Star*, to divest itself of the morning Cincinnati *Enquirer*. The suit was filed on May 27, 1964, and a consent judgment on September 28 of this year.

5) The department also has filed suit in New York "to make it easier for suburban and small-city dailies to publish a product comparable to that of downtown dailies." This involves three cases now in litigation against the Chicago *Tribune*-New York *News* Syndicate, Hearst, and Field Enterprises. The Government would narrow the territories in which these syndicates, the three largest in the country, grant exclusive licenses to large metropolitan papers for comics, columns, and other newspaper features. Its aim is to make these features more available to suburban and small-city dailies.

6) Finally, the department is pursuing a number of investigations "which may lead to significant cases," in the words of Donald F. Turner, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division. In a statement before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly last April 16, he described current policy as follows: "Wherever competition flourishes in the newspaper business, the department should seek to apply the antitrust laws to protect it; and wherever it has been illegally suppressed, we should take steps to see that it is restored."

Thus, we find an Antitrust Division that in recent years has become extremely active in the newspaper field and increasingly so in the area of what it calls "cross-media" mergers, i.e., between newspapers and broadcasting sta-

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tions, whether AM, FM, or TV. It is against this background that we should look at the department's August memorandum to the FCC. It began by supporting the proposed amendments to the Multiple Ownership Rules:

> The clear effect of combined ownership of similar broadcast media in the same local market is to reduce the diversity of news and information sources available, and to lessen the degree of competition for advertising between these alternative media. This consequence is all the more unfortunate because a striking concentration of facilities in many major markets has already occurred (see Appendix A).
>
> Moreover, combined ownerships may facilitate undesirable competitive practices by which the "combined" owner seeks to exploit his advantages over the single station owner. These practices may include granting special discounts for advertisers utilizing more than one medium or cumulative volume discounts covering advertising placed on more than one medium. (See, e.g., the comments of Freddot, Ltd., licensees of KITT-FM, San Diego, California, filed in response to this proposed rule-making proceeding.) Such volume discounts, unless fully cost-justified, will tend to buttress the market position of the combined owner vis-à-vis actual and potential competing stations. It is clear that the conditioning of the purchase of one product upon the purchase of another, or giving an advantageous price to the purchaser willing to take both, tends to distort or impair competition in the markets for the products involved.
>
> The considerations set forth above provide ample justification for amending the Multiple Ownership Rules as proposed by the Commission.

And then came the Justice Department's "but."

> We note, however, that the proposed amendments would apply only to new license applications and license transfer proceedings, and, therefore, would do little to alleviate the existing concentration of media ownership in many of the nation's major cities. Nor do the proposals relate to the problems that may be created by newspaper acquisitions of broadcasting media in the newspaper's market. We therefore urge the Commission to consider carefully the advisability and feasibility of extending, in some form, the policy of the proposed amendments to license-renewal proceedings and to newspaper-broadcasting combinations. Cf. Memorandum of the Department of Justice in Opposition to the Application for Transfer in Application by Beaumont Broadcasting Corp., File No. BTC-5553 (May 8, 1968). These are, we submit, extremely important issues that merit careful attention.

The memorandum was signed by Edwin M. Zimmerman, Assistant Attorney General, and Donald I. Baker, attorney, Department of Justice, Washington, D.C.

So we go back to the Beaumont case, which did not receive much public attention at the time. In applying Section 7 of the Clayton Act to this Texas takeover, the department argued that the "line of commerce" or product market affected by a merger may be a product, a group of products, or a cluster or services and may include differing products or services where they actually compete. Thus, it held, while daily newspapers alone can be a line of commerce—because they have special characteristics which commend their use to certain classes of advertisers—they can also be part of a broader market, because for other customers, broadcast media can be used in some proportion as substitutes or supplements for newspapers. In the Beaumont case, it said, such a broader market comprises local daily newspapers and broadcast facilities which offer a unique "cluster of services" not available to local residents from any other source. It held, then, that "mass dissemination of current news and advertising by local mass media is thus an appropriate product market for purposes of Section 7."

Its second step in the Beaumont case was to determine the "section of the country" or geographic market within which to measure the impact of a merger on the product market. There was no problem here, for both newspapers and TV station are in the same county and retail trade area.

And then came the question whether, within the product and geographic markets, the proposed acquisition would substantially lessen competition within the meaning of Section 7. The department declared that it would. It cited a Supreme Court ruling which held that a merger combining 30 per cent of the market within one firm is presumptively unlawful, and a subsequent decision in which the "undue percentage" of the market was lowered to 20 to 25 per cent. Finally, it held that "in other concentrated markets" the acquisition by a leading company of a smaller company which increases the larger company's market share "only slightly" will be enough "to have probable substantial anticompetitive effects."

THIS is the position of the Justice Department. This is the position it has urged the FCC to consider. And this is the position that newspaper publishers and broadcasting executives have to deal with after the long, hot summer. It has been called the One-One-One Doctrine, and it means one company would be limited to one outlet in any one market.

"There'll also be a 10 per cent surcharge."

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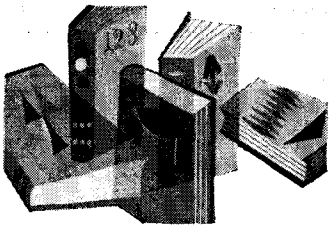
Books
in Communications



Krock and the Presidents

ARTHUR KROCK is one of the towering figures of American journalism, a statesman among journalists, whose own strong voice was given further carry in American political affairs by the potency of his platform, *The New York Times*. Sixty years a journalist, he was nearly forty years on the *Times*, mostly in Washington close to the seats of power. Krock was no ordinary *Times* reporter or correspondent, if any *Times* man can be considered ordinary. If a journalist is ranked by the excellence of his sources, Krock stood far above most of his colleagues. He could count the nobles of the realm as peers. It is fitting that *Memoirs* (Funk & Wagnalls, $10), his record of an extraordinarily productive and dedicated reportorial career, is organized mostly as a chronicle of the relationships he has had with eleven American Presidents, ten of whom he knew—some with intimacy and affection—during their incumbency.

They were Krock's sources—they and their cabinet officers, their generals, their closest advisers and assistants. In his account of the years of the Second World War, Krock sees fit to catalogue the names of officials with whom he maintained close contact: Hull, Stimson, Marshall, King, Forrestal, Lovett, McCloy, Nelson, Eberstadt, Stettinius, Knudsen, and Baruch. With good reason, all these men deigned to talk to Arthur Krock. Krock was usually the best-informed man they got to see in the Washington day; he could supply them with information they couldn't get anywhere else. Hull first learned of the extent of the damage at Pearl Harbor four days after the event from Krock, who had independent sources in Honolulu. Willkie learned from Krock and Turner Catledge only days before the 1940 Republican National Convention opened that he would need a floor manager in the tussle for delegates. Marshall learned from Krock that military interests were trying to misrepresent recognition of Israel as a threat to U.S. security.

In some telling opening pages, given slight weight in the total scheme of the volume, Krock lightly sketches out his Germanic antecedents, his Kentucky background, his newspaper beginnings in Louisville. He was in Paris for the Versailles conference, and in an interview with Marshal Foch he established early the habit of securing exclusives from the highly placed. He joined the *Times* on May 1, 1927, as a member of the editorial board; in 1932, took over as Washington correspondent; in 1953, he turned over active direction of the Washington bureau to James Reston; and on October 1, 1966, he retired, although the Arthur Krock byline reappeared around convention time in July and August.

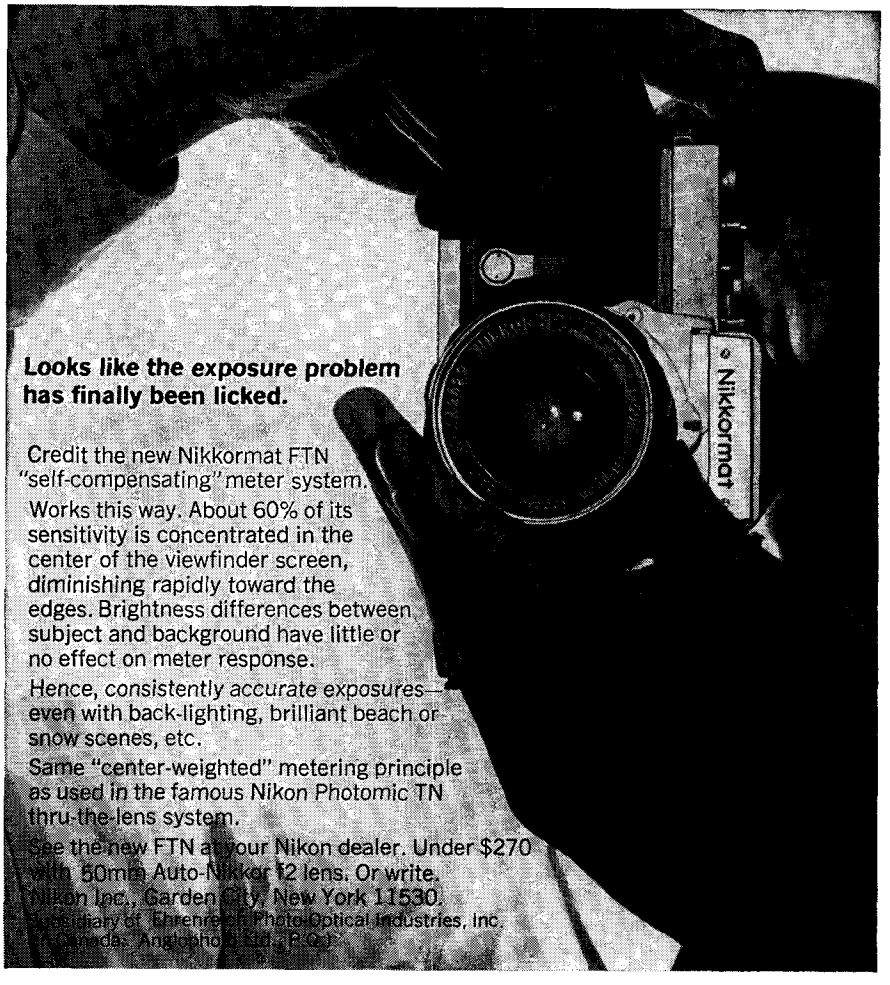
Krock is concerned about some modern tendencies of his paper:

> Among these are over-organization; the second-guessing treatment applied to highly qualified reporters by a growing horde of editors in the New York office; a mechanization of the personal relations between management and staff on which depend the pride of individual and devoted achievement; and the self-satisfaction of successful management that is fostered, more than anything else, by the excess of power that attends the lack of competition.

Krock's notable stories are too numerous to detail. They include his exclusive on Cordell Hull being appointed secretary of state; his giving wide circulation to Harry Hopkins's already reported "spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect" remark; Roosevelt's "clear it with Sidney [Hillman]" statement on the Vice Presidency in 1944; the celebrated exclusive interview with Truman.

In the book Krock adds a few more—particularly the summary of the cogent and prophetic memorandum Clark Clifford wrote about Soviet-American relations at the outset of the Truman Presidency. Krock is most admiring of Truman. "Truman was the one President who, though I wrote as critically about him as I have about any other, never held it against me personally. We became friends, on his motion, and he never reproached me for any criticism or changed his friendly attitude toward me."

Krock rates Eisenhower high. He has less regard for Roosevelt, as Roosevelt had for him. He is disposed to believe Kennedy might have become a great President, and he is forced for the first time in describing any President to use


Looks like the exposure problem has finally been licked.
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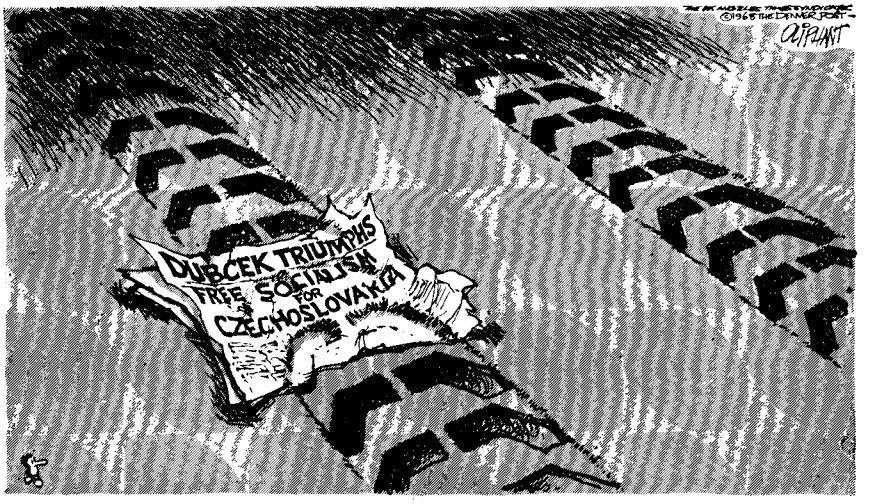
colored and emotional language in expressing his distaste for the style of Johnson. Looking a step further, perhaps, Krock makes this shrewd estimate of Nixon: "One of the attributes that makes Nixon unusual is his ability to appraise, with almost total objectivity, situations and political prospects in which he himself is deeply involved."

As to the future of the country, Krock is profoundly pessimistic as he folds the last of his Presidents away in his memoirs. His book is the interaction of large men. Today, the importance of the individual leaders he was accustomed to dealing with, and their words and decisions, recede behind the magnitude of the impersonal forces of social change at work in our society. So, too, has some of the easy familiarity between reporter and President that was epitomized in the jaunty remark FDR, going by in his wheelchair a few weeks before his death, made to Krock, "Cheer up, Arthur, things have seldom been as bad as you said they were."

Pieces of the Year: The collection of the "best" of anything in a book is a little putting off. Lacking the help of unity or design, one is inclined to skim down the table of contents as one would an honor roll and choose. But *Best Magazine Articles: 1968*, edited by Gerald Walker (Crown, $5.95), is in a different category. It is too bad about the title in a way. The book is much more a sociological history, much broader than the title suggests. Reading it, one can recognize the passage through the year as writer after writer takes aim from widely different positions at the two dominant subjects: Vietnam and race relations. There are other pieces: Tom Buckley's plain-shoe view of H. L. Hunt from the other side of the checkers board; Garry Wills's deglamorization of Senator Charles H. Percy of Illinois, and others. But the book is held together by the major themes. There are David Halberstam's deeply pessimistic appraisal of South Vietnam, Jimmy Breslin's dogged tracking of the civilian life of a Medal of Honor winner, Ben H. Bagdikian's enormously sympathetic study of the migration of Negroes from the country to the city, perhaps the finest piece in the collection. The whole is a picture of the struggling country in a mood short of despair but one of the deepest concern.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 81: Mabel, Melba, Blame.



Soviet Outrage Chills World Again

THE hawks have won again in the Kremlin, and not only Czechoslovakia but the cause of peace all over the world may now prove to be the loser.

With the invasion of a peaceful Communist ally which posed no threat to anyone, the Soviet Union has once again exposed itself before the world as a ruthless, totalitarian power, disdainful of the rights of other countries and the rules of international law.

It has further exposed the pathological fear of free expression which now possesses the men who wield Soviet power. They fear free expression so much that they dare not even tolerate it in a friendly neighbor firmly committed to a Communist future.

Czechoslovakia has the geographical misfortune of standing as a buffer state between Soviet territory and the feared and hated Western ally, West Germany. The Kremlin is unwilling to take even the slightest risk that changes in the Czech political system might someday bring West German influence closer to its border.

The risk, to reasonable men elsewhere in the world, appears infinitisimal. But the Kremlin hawks fear even the slightest stirrings of freedom.

Although the Czech regime is committed to communism and closely tied to the Warsaw Pact, it has tolerated some criticism of Russia in the press and to the hawks that is the next thing to having the Germans on their borders.

What is most outrageous is that unprincipled satellite regimes in Poland, Hungary and perhaps East Germany, which ought to be supporting the cause of national autonomy, have bowed to the diseased will of the Kremlin and sent their troops onto the territory of an unoffending neighbor.

THE Soviet Union is likely to find that the cost of its Czechoslovakian invasion far outweighs any benefit that may be derived from it.

The loss to the Kremlin in international good will has been instantaneous and massive. In the space of a few hours, the old image of Joseph Stalin, which new men in the Kremlin sought for years to bury, has come back to haunt the Soviet future.

American-Soviet friendship has unquestionably been damaged, to an extent which cannot yet be calculated. Those who have argued for more cooperation and accommodation with the Russians will find less receptive audiences in the future.

The vision of French President Charles de Gaulle of a Europe stretching from "the Atlantic to the Urals" has been punctured, and the polarization of Europe will now be intensified. Instead of NATO forces being reduced, the prospect is that they will be strengthened.

What effects, if any, the Czech invasion will have on the war in Vietnam are hard to estimate. But the United States now has less reason than ever to count on Soviet help in working out a settlement.

The invasion, in short, is bad from every point of view and for everyone involved or uninvolved. We hope that will soon become clear in Moscow and that the men responsible for this cruel blunder will be swept from power.

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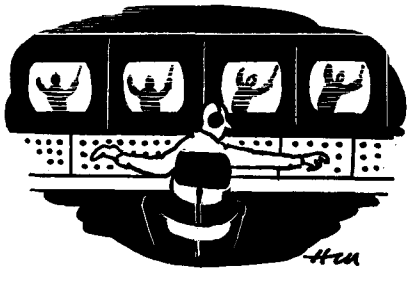
TV-Radio

Continued from page 55

manageable esthetically and relevant to his purpose. He must be judged on his work and not on what others think he might have done. It is a torturous question; and every talent that works in TV, which is the most public and portentous of all the agenda-setters in our society, must search his conscience to draw the shadowy line that separates freedom of choice from public responsibility. But it is also fair game to speculate, as a viewer, what might have happened had the author chosen to deal with the more subtle and inchoate substance of the Dodd story. Aside from Mr. Serling, what other gatekeepers sat as decision points in the communications channels that led from a playwright's private vision of dramatic truth to his national audience?

Item: The production company that bought *Certain Honorable Men* is David Wolper Productions, a wholly owned subsidiary of Metromedia. Item: A vice president of Wolper Productions (would he have checked the script?) is an executive who worked for NBC during the Dodd subcommittee's investigations into violence in network programing—he was a key witness in one of the subcommittee's crucial secret sessions that sought the locus of responsibility for the violence policy. Item: NBC would naturally scrutinize carefully any presentation that dealt with the Senator's career, however fictionalized. It may reasonably be concluded that *Certain Honorable Men* would never have completed its long journey to its TV audience had it, in any way, touched the deeper, more sensitive, and far more significant ethical issues.

The new TV season has been widely touted as one in which the networks will abjure physical violence. The self-restraint reflects a pervasive anxiety in the public, in the aftermath of civil disorders and assassinations, that somehow TV may have been contributory. Congress, by its failures in courage, energy, and detachment, in not fulfilling the Dodd subcommittee's investigations into TV, has stood aside while the Senator gave the green light to violence. Might things have been different if the representatives of the people had not consented to the violent suppression of the truth?



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1801

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Author of *L'Ile des pingouins.*	176 153 145 137 99 93
B. City on the Charente River near the Bay of Biscay.	5 24 48 57 65 75 100 108 115
C. Winner of 1947 Nobel prize for literature, author of *Le Promethee mal enchaine* (full name).	27 33 53 56 85 114 120 168 174
D. "Kiss me as if you entered gay / My heart at some ———." (Browning, *In a Gondola*).	182 44 55 61 84 103 192
E. Sheer, very lightweight clothing fabric (Fr. rag).	94 109 129 151 4 63 82
F. Bright or glorious ensign or symbol.	107 126 142 23 98 110 180 22 35
G. Unauthorized.	60 128 157 165 190 29 37
H. Given a raw deal or the short end of the stick.	88 92 158 54 67 102 105
I. He told David the parable of the ewe lamb (2 Samuel, 12).	36 46 74 78 164 184
J. Small, dark blue trout of Maine.	70 131 161 172 12 18 51
K. Tense, edgy (sl., 2 wds.)	124 144 154 32 62 68 139
L. Usually followed by *up*: increasing the speed, as of a motor or a propeller.	143 156 15 28 81 113 138
M. Humpty Dumpty said he could "explain all the poems that ever were ———" (Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass*).	148 166 34 42 45 121 127 10
N. Indicate, point out (3 wds.)	134 140 149 71 125 191 3 159 181 50
O. Norwegian author of *Oceanography for Meteorologists* (1888-1957).	160 59 89 189 39 47 132 177
P. Leading; up front; loaded (3 wds.)	87 118 163 2 6 64 79 130
Q. Suburb north of Paris having mineral springs and baths.	178 187 31 41 95 117 150
R. Workers who chip trees for turpentine.	14 17 30 171 167 179 146
S. Three wds. after *on*: Where everyone but the good Samaritan passed by the wounded man (Luke, 10:31-32).	19 49 183 76 173 135 13 66 162 112 90 141
T. English engraver and painter (1697-1764; *Shrimp Girl, Captain Coram*).	155 123 83 186 25 1 9
U. King of Northumbria, 616-632.	16 101 119 136 52
V. French dramatist (1710-1792) originator of the modern light opera.	106 58 80 188 77 40
W. Cathedral city in Champagne.	69 26 11 73 43 170
X. Affair, case, sometimes blessed.	38 86 21 7 91
Y. Main part of the interior of a church.	72 169 111 20
Z. Sea cradle.	8 116 97 185 152 104
Z¹. Trademark for a wheat flour that contains inactivated wheat germ.	122 175 96 133 147

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 T	2 P	3 N		4 E	5 B	6 P	7 X	8 Z	9 T		10 M	11 W	12 J	13 S
14 R	15 L	16 U		17 R	18 J	19 S	20 Y	21 X	22 F		23 F	24 B	25 T		26 W	27 C	28 L
29 G	30 R	31 Q		32 K	33 C	34 M	35 F	36 I	37 G	38 X	39 O		40 V	41 Q	42 M		43 W
44 D	45 M	46 I	47 O	48 B	49 S	50 N		51 J	52 U	53 C		54 H	55 D	56 C		57 B	58 V
59 O	60 G	61 D	62 K		63 E	64 P	65 B	66 S	67 H	68 K	69 W	70 J	71 N	72 Y		73 W	74 I
	75 B	76 S	77 V		78 I	79 P	80 V	81 L	82 E	83 T		84 D	85 C	86 X	87 P	88 H	89 O
90 S		91 X	92 H	93 A		94 E	95 Q	96 Z¹	97 Z	98 F		99 A	100 B	101 U	102 H		103 D
104 Z	105 H		106 V	107 F	108 B		109 E	110 F	111 Y	112 S	113 L	114 C		115 B	116 Z	117 Q	118 P
	119 U	120 C	121 M	122Z¹	123 T	124 K	125 N		126 F	127 M	128 G	129 E	130 P	131 J	132 O	133Z¹	134 N
135 S	136 U	137 A	138 L		139 K	140 N	141 S	142 F	143 L		144 K	145 A	146 R	147 Z¹	148 M	149 N	150 Q
	151 E	152 Z	153 A		154 K	155 T	156 L		157 G	158 H	159 N		160 O	161 J	162 S	163 P	164 I
165 G	166 M	167 R	168 C		169 Y		170 W	171 R	172 J	173 S	174 C		175Z¹	176 A		177 O	178 Q
179 R	180 F	181 N	182 D	183 S	184 I	185 Z		186 T	187 Q	188 V	189 O	190 G	191 N	192 D			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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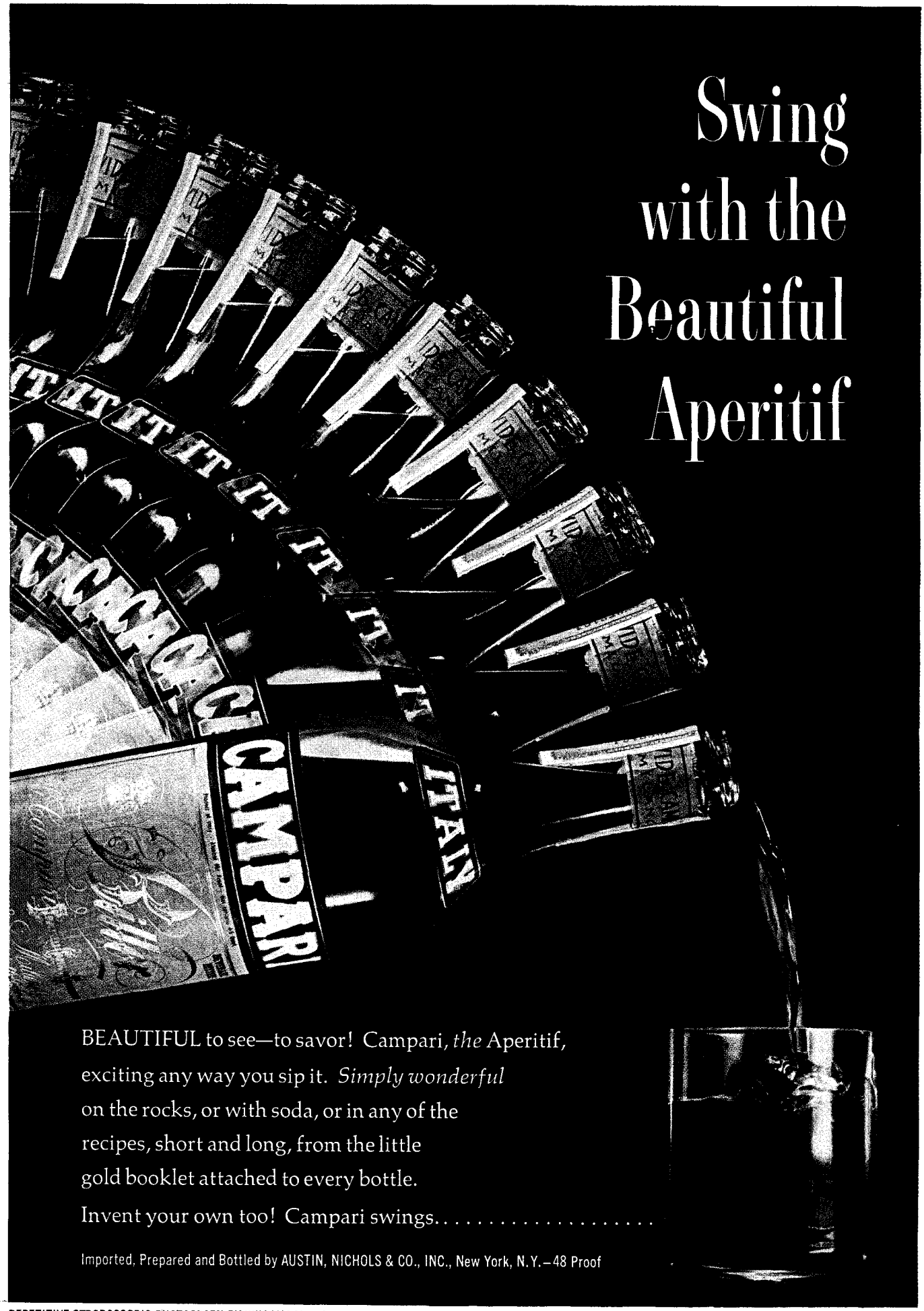
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